June 23, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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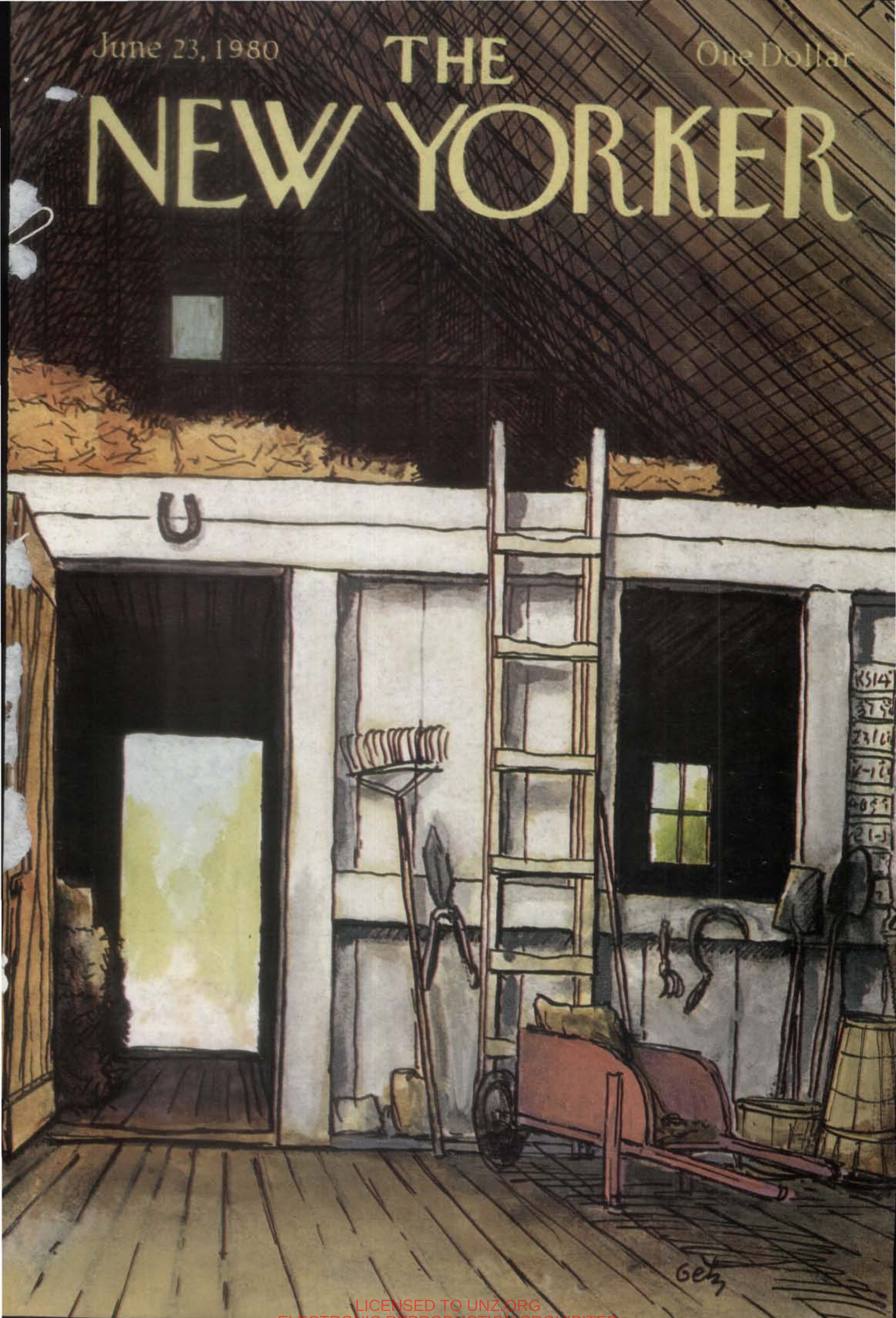

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 22.)

Bent—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Michael York and Jeffrey De Munn head the cast. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—A magic show that is often corny, but the tricks are fantastic. Why on earth is that woman smiling while she is being sawed in half? (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Wedding—The Lorca play in an English adaptation (with incidental music) by Maria Irene Fornés. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, June 22.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, THE WOOLGATHERER, is the final presentation of the season. Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig make up the cast. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except June 20, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, June 20, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 5; Sundays at 3; and Friday, June 20, at 6. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor. Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except June 27, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, June 27, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, June 22, at 3.)

Dialog/Curious George—Christopher Knowles and Robert Wilson are not only the creators but the cast of a new theatre work inspired by a series of children's books written by Margret and H. A. Rey. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Tuesday, June 24, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, June 25-27, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 29, at 3.)

Fearless Frank—A British import that is more a cabaret turn than a true musical. Niall Toibin is delightful as Frank Harris, the scandalous writer, editor, womanizer, and friend of Shaw, Wilde, et al., but a good play could have done far more with such a character. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FOB—David Henry Hwang's original, lively comedy, with tragic undertones, about Chinese immigrants in California, past and present. The title is an acronym for "fresh off the boat." Fine performances by Ginny Yang, Calvin Jung, and John Lone, under Mako's direction. The charming musical direction is by Lucia Hwong. (6/16/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Extra performance Friday, June 27, at 11.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 22: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, June 25-29: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. Previews Wednesday, June 18. Opens officially on Thursday, June 19, at 7:30. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A revival of the George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play, with Ellis Rabb in the title role. Stephen Porter is the director. Previews through Wednesday, June 25. Opens officially on Thursday, June

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

26, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 7. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's musical tribute to his childhood in Iowa is looking a little long in the tooth. So, for that matter, is Dick Van Dyke, who struts across a stage but doesn't command it. (6/16/80) (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Tom Topor has written a play about a woman seeking to prove she is sane and therefore capable of standing trial for manslaughter. A courtroom drama that succeeds in large part because the woman is played by Anne Twomey. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

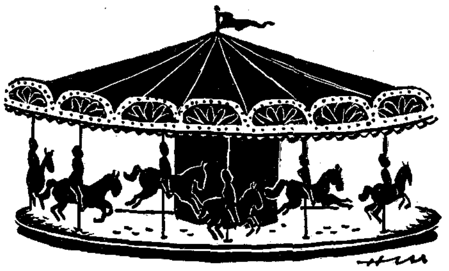
One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. Starting Tuesday, June 24, Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney will replace Mr. Hirsch and Miss Hawkins. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has turned the gospel according to St. Matthew into a scenario for a Southern revivalist passion play. Well-acted and well-sung, but boxing with God is a figure of speech not much in tune with the New Testament. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,376 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **SWEENEY TODD:** A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With George Hearn as the murderer and Dorothy Loudon as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.). . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

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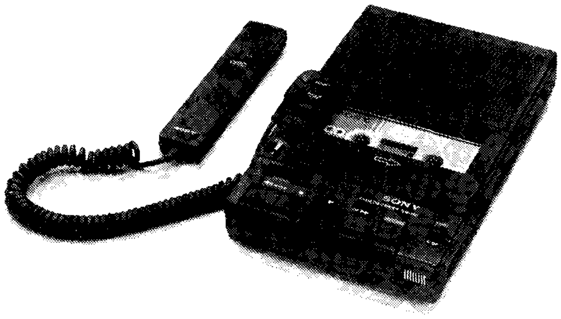

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday at 2:30 and 6:30. Closes Sunday, June 22.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 18, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments."...¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Davidsbündlertänzer (première), and "Agon." ...¶ Friday, June 20, at 8: "Agon," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Union Jack."...¶ Saturday, June 21, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." ...¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Walpurgisnacht," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments."... ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 1: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Sunday, June 22, at 7: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Duo Concertant," and "Union Jack."...¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 8: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänzer," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack."...¶ Friday, June 27, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in Three Movements."...¶ Saturday, June 28, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Davidsbündlertänzer," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."...¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Agon." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, June 18: "Concert Waltzes," "Fall River Legend," and "Etudes."...¶ Thursday evening, June 19: "Les Sylphides." "Fall River Legend," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Friday evening, June 20; Saturday matinée and evening, June 21; and Monday evening, June 23: "La Bayadère."...¶ Tuesday evening, June 24: "Les Sylphides," "Sphinx," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Voluntaries."... ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, June 25; Thursday and Friday evenings, June 26-27; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 28: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 12.)

Jill Becker and Dancers—A program including "Ambulants," "Big Nose," and "Off the Wall." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, June 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 673-0181.)

Afro-Brazilian-Haitian Dance—A performance by three companies: Pearl Primus's Afro-American Dancers; Jelom Vieira's Brazilian-Bahai Dancers; and Kenel Archer's Haitian Folkloric Dancers. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 21, at 8.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—Wednesday, June 25, at 6:45; Saturday, June 28, at 8; and Sunday, June 29, at 3: "The Possessed," a full-length work based on Ansky's play "The Dybbuk."...¶ Thursday and Friday, June 26-27, at 8: "Shore Dance," "Icarus," "Piece for Brass," and "Ladino Songs." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Charles Moore Dances & Drums of Africa—"Moon Dance," "Fast Agebekor," "Dogon Masque," "Dahomey Court Dance," "Sacred Forest," and "Tyiwara." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, June 26; Saturday, June 28; and Sunday, June 29, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. Wednesday, June 18, the Glenn Miller Orchestra will be led by Jimmy Henderson, with the Moonlight Serenaders and Maxene Andrews participating, too; on Thursday, June 19, **LIONEL HAMPTON** will drop in with his band; Friday, June 20, will belong to drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** and to the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA**; on Saturday, June 21, drummer **ART BLAKEY** will be heading a big band, and so will another drummer, **BEAVER HARRIS**, and his co-leader, pianist **DON PULLEN**; on Monday, June 23, rock singer Suzanne Fellini will be here; two rock bands known as the Brains and the Necessaries will appear on Wednesday, June 25; on Thursday, June 26, the stage will be turned over to the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** and a second jazz band that features pianist **STEVE KUHN** and singer **SHEILA JORDAN**; and Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, will constitute a folk festival involving **BOB GIBSON**, **MIMI FARIÑA**, **TOM PAXTON**, and Josh White, Jr. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even of people who don't live in the neighborhood. The piano-bass-duo roster: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, June 21; **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** beginning Monday, June 23. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

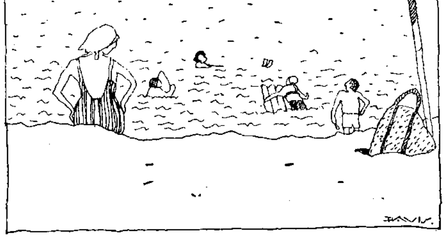
Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is leading a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—It's **BOBBY SHORT** season in the Café Carlyle. Mr. Short is assisted by his usual bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his new drummer, **ROBBY SCOTT**. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining....¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs in the city hang overhead in this rock-and-roll Bowery outpost. The bands: Coolies and Extras Wednesday, June 18; the Brooks Chamberlain-Spedding Tomney quartet and Rank & File Thursday, June 19; and Lenny Kaye & the Lone Wolves Friday and Saturday, June 20-21. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.



City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-mixed bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**. Mr. Whyte and his bassist **JACK SIX** conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, who gestures and smiles a lot in an old-fashioned but charming manner, and who is a really fine blues and ballad singer, has taken over with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and a bassist. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays now belong to singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and pianist **BEN ARONOV**, who go on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, June 22, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head up a quintet featuring tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**. They'll begin at nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. Alto saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD**, a veteran of the Ray Charles orchestra and a basic-blues soloist, heads up his group through Saturday, June 21; on Tuesday, June 24, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will move in with his quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

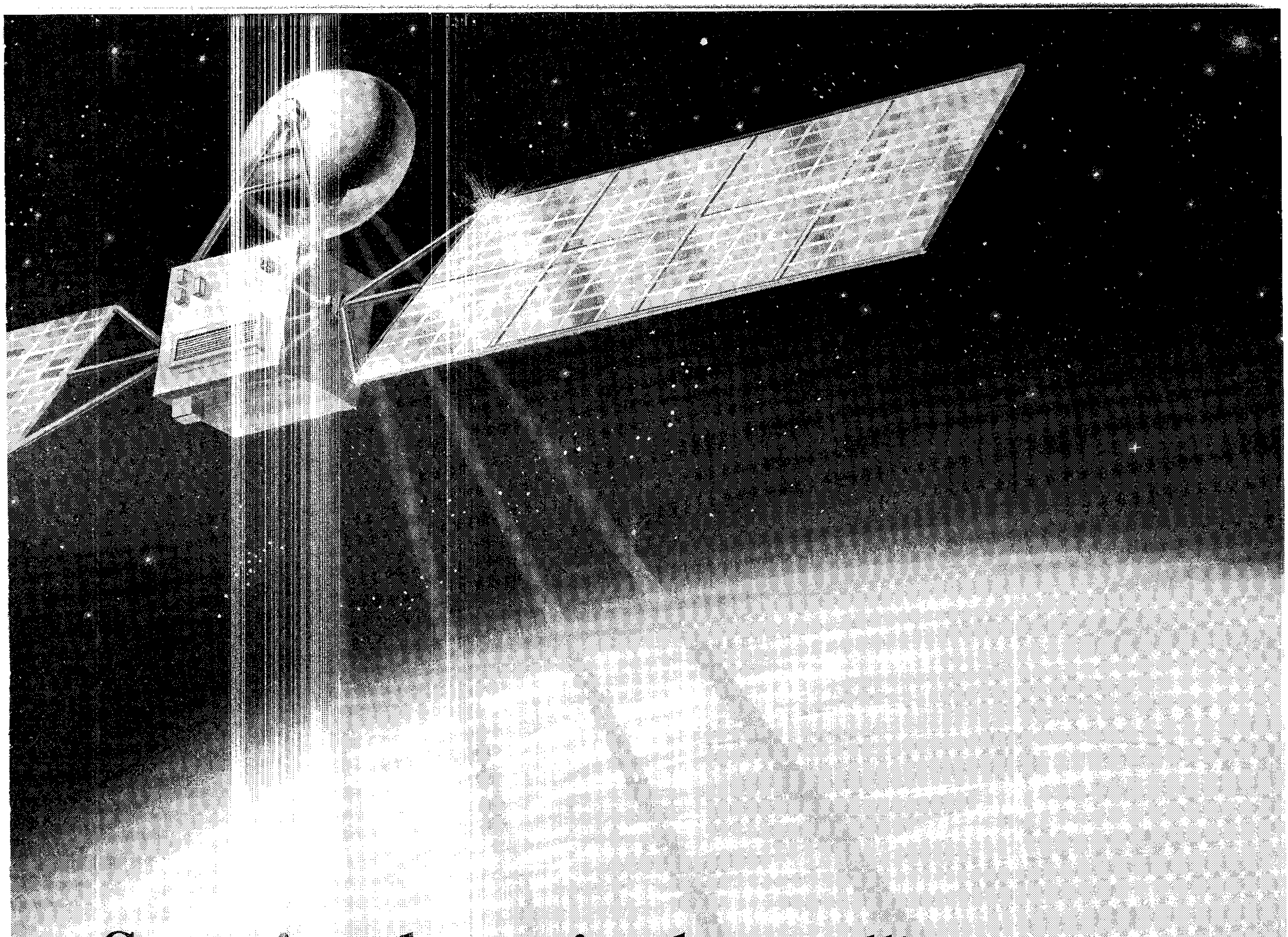
Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—Pianist **RAMSEY LEWIS** and his trio are on the premises along with pop singer Lenny Welch and comedian Rodney Winfield through Saturday, June 21. On Tuesday, June 24, singer **JOHNNY HARTMAN** will come in with trumpeter **CLARK TERRY'S** band. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Monday nights at eleven are reserved for singer Terri Klausner, who shares the title role of the Broadway show "Evita."

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live music: Wednesday, June 18, singer **YOLANDE BAVAN**, pianist **KIRK NUROCK**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will collaborate; Thursday through Sunday, June 19-22, pianist Kenny Brawner's band, Raw Sugar, will take over; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24-25, jazz singer Fred Farrell, backed by pianist **KENNY BARRON** and guitarist **TED DUNBAR**, will appear; and Thursday through Sunday, June 26-29, singer-pianist Kip Kaplan and his threesome will play opposite the Jeff Berman trio. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** heads up a trio; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sundays, when they start at nine. On Sundays from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This Hanratty's offers live music in the form of stride-piano specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD**. Music in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World,



Sweeping the nation by satellite.

Someday, narrow radio beams from a satellite may sweep the nation hundreds of times a second—relaying messages to and from hundreds of earth stations. This concept, now being pursued at Bell Labs, could greatly increase the capacity of future satellite systems and make digital communications services more widely available to businesses.

Today's communications satellites blanket the continental U.S. with one or two broad radio beams. To prevent the beams from interfering with each other, earth stations using radio signals of the same frequency must be separated by thousands of miles. Such broad beams require earth station antennas about 30 feet wide.

Our proposed satellite could cover the nation with as many as 10 narrow beams that use the same frequencies without interfering. Scarce radio frequencies could thus be reused and satellites could carry many more messages.

Another benefit of narrow beams is that earth station antennas could be reduced to about 10 feet in width—small enough to be installed on rooftops or in parking lots and cheap enough to be widely used by businesses.

Relay in the sky

To relay messages from one earth station to another, the satellite—perched 22,300 miles above the equator—would aim one beam at a specific geographic region for a few millionths of a second. During that time, the earth stations in that region would sequentially transmit bursts of digitally coded voice, video, or data messages to the satellite. Then the satellite would sort these messages and transmit them to the appropriate earth stations. The satellite would continue its sweep until all earth stations in the network were covered. This scanning process would be repeated hundreds of times a second—so rapidly that communications would appear continuous to users of the system.

To handle heavy communications traffic in metropolitan areas, the satellite could use combinations of fixed and scanning narrow beams. Fixed beams could stay aimed at cities, while scanning beams would sweep the rest of the country.

Communications satellites have come a long way since AT&T demonstrated their feasibility nearly 20 years ago with the Telstar satellites. Today, we're investing in the future by preparing prototype equipment for an experimental scanning-beam system. Increasing the benefits of tomorrow's satellites is just one of the ways the Bell System is working to meet America's expanding need for communications.

Bell Laboratories
600 Mountain Avenue
Murray Hill, N.J. 07974

Bell Laboratories

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist Lou Forestieri is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: on Wednesday, June 18, **PHILIP GLASS** and Polyrock; Thursday, June 19, Human Switchboard and Swollen Monkeys; Friday, June 20, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO** and Action Combo; Saturday, June 21, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO;** and Tuesday, June 24, Blue Band. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, the guest artists on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays will be playing Brazilian jazz: singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** and her band, Brazilian Nights, on Friday and Saturday, June 20-21; Guanabara on Sunday, June 22; and guitarist Amaury Tristão & Brazilian Roots on Friday and Saturday, June 27-28. Wednesdays are given over to trombonist Ed Byrne's octet. Music Wednesdays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** who is the main event here, performs with the house quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, is collaborating with bassist **SAM JONES** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** work on Sundays and Mondays. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

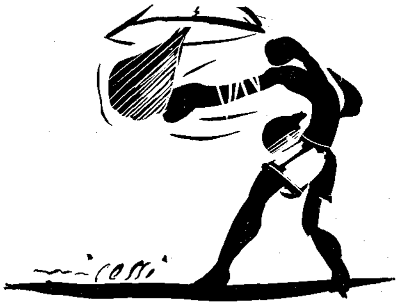
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Canned Heat will be onstage through Thursday, June 19; Moonshine Express will perform Friday and Saturday, June 20-21; on Sunday, June 22, Kinky Friedman will sing about being a Jewish Texas urban cowboy; **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL,** a Texas septet, will play Monday and Tuesday, June 23-24; Wednesday, June 25, will belong to guitarist **LARRY CORYELL;** and the Hank B. Show will be on hand Friday and Saturday, June 27-28. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A complex of dining rooms, with one room set aside for former big-band or pop singers. **DELLA REESE** will be here through Saturday, June 28. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, June 18, Gina Harlow & the Cutthroats and the Alibis; Thursday, June 19, Swinging Madisons; Friday, June 20, Cheap Perfume and Hooks; and Saturday, June 21, Von Lmo and Science. Music after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ADELAIDE HALL,** who starred in "Blackbirds of 1928" on Broadway, sings with the **DILL JONES** quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinetist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but rather in the nineties: it is this club, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. Wednesday, June 18, marks a visit by **DR. JOHN** and his Cajun-swamp-rock entourage; R. & B. singer Jocelyn Brown will be present Thursday through Saturday, June 19-21; Wednesday, June 25, has been set aside for **YOSHIAKI MASUO,** a wonderful jazz and blues guitarist, and his group; and Thursday through Saturday, June 26-28, will belong to electric violinist Noel Pointer, who plays rhapsodic R. & B., and his band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.



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One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sightlines to the stage. On Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, David Roche, another folkie from the Roche family, will perform opposite **GEORGE GERDES,** a funny, off-the-wall monologist and a capable player of sixties-style folk rock; on Tuesday, June 24, the Flying Karamazov Brothers, a comedy juggling team from Oregon, will appear; and guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will alternate with jazz flutist Dave Valentin Wednesday through Saturday, June 25-28. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** septet makes music for listening, dancing, and digging the view through Sunday, June 22. On Tuesday, June 24, the Bob January band will move in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein" is the name of the current production in the King Cole Room. Martha Wright, Steve Elmore, Catherine Cox, and Laura Waterbury perform the words and music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Wednesday, June 18, belongs to saxophonist Denny Morouse and his R. & B. quintet; Thursday through Sunday, June 19-22, trumpeter **JON FADDIS** and his R. & B. band will take charge; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24-25, jazz singer Chi-na Davis will have the floor; and Thursday through Sunday, June 26-29, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will be heading a quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the red-brocade-walled French Quarter, the **DICK SUDHALTER** quintet holds forth with a repertory of pop music from the twenties, thirties, and forties. On Monday, June 23, altoist **PHIL WOODS** and his foursome will take over. Music nightly, except Sundays, between nine-thirty and one.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A relaxed, knotty-pine room. Alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** directs a combo through Saturday, June 21; trumpeter Marcus Belgrave's band will perform on Sunday and Monday, June 22-23; and tenor saxophonist **JAMES MOODY'S** group will arrive on Tuesday, June 24. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—*Boîtes* featuring live jazz used to settle into ground-floor brownstones, but it has become commonplace now for clubs to be transformed ground-floor loftspaces. Syncopation is such a space, and it has a bar with carpeted sides, exposed brick walls, and a tier of tables down the length of one wall. Pianist **AL DAILEY** performs here on Tuesdays and Wednesdays; pianist Connie Crothers and tenor saxophonist Lenny Popkin, both of them Tristano disciples, team up Thursdays through Saturdays; Sundays, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop quartet—saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER,** bassist **CLINT HOUSTON,** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**—occupy the bandstand; and Mondays, bassist **AARON BELL** heads a combo. Music from about nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL'S** trio; Friday through Sunday, June 20-22, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN'S** quartet; Tuesday, June 24, vibraphonist Harvey Sheppard's trio; Wednesday, June 25, the Craig Purpura quintet; Thursday, June 26, a quartet made up of alto saxophonist **JAMES SPAULDING,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** drummer Edgar Bateman, and pianist Bob Neloms; and Friday through Sunday, June 27-29, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet. Music every night but Monday, after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues bands and up-and-coming rock, reggae, and ska bands. Part of the schedule: On Wednesday, June 18, the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS:** Thursday, June 19, Ras Garbi's reggae band; Sunday, June 22, John Ogle's "Radio Radio" interview show; Tuesday, June 24, Rufus Thomas & the Realtones; and Friday, June 27, Chicago-blues slide-guitar master **J. B. HUTTO.** Shows at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the bands: Wednesday, June 18, Cheeky, and the Schoolboys; Thursday through Friday, June 19-20, **CHUBBY CHECKER;** Monday, June 23, Bernie Shanahan and Bruce Carroll; and Tuesday, June 24, Philip Rambo and Tigers. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room, the New Orleans Blue and Swing Serenaders will play for listening and dancing from midnight on Saturday, June 21. Beginning Friday, July 27, solo guitarist **JOE PASS** will share the bill with tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON'S** quartet. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty; on Saturdays at twelve-thirty and two-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Guitarist **JIM HALL'S** trio is here through Sunday, June 22; on Tuesday, June 24, tenor saxophonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET** will bring in a quartet, featuring bassist **SLAM STEWART.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists.

Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by John Weiss; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Robert Condor. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Through Sunday, June 22, former Ellington reed-section player **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will direct his Ellington-minded quartet; the Franc Williams Swing Four will work Monday through Thursday, June 23-26; and Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will be on the stand. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Frank Sinatra—With Sergio Mendes and Brasil '88. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Sunday, June 18-22, and Tuesday through Thursday, June 24-26, at 8:30.)

Third World and **Toots & the Maytals**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, June 19, at 7:30.

"Jazz Guitar Galaxy"—Tal Farlow, Tiny Grimes, the Jazz à Cordes, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, June 19, at 8.)

Tahuantinsuyo—With the Andean Dancers. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Friday, June 20, at 8, and Saturday, June 21, at 5 and 8. For information about tickets, call 877-1585.)

Joe Perry Project—With 38 Special and Laurie & the Sighs. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Fania All-Stars—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 21, at 8.

Eartha Kitt, Marsha Malamet, and **Michael Pace & David McDaniel**—A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, June 23, at 8.)

Vocal Jazz Incorporated—Eight vocalists with Eddie Daniel's Morning Thunder, in a program of new and standard jazz works. Also David Chertok showing film clips of famous jazz singers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, June 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2055.)

Newport Jazz Festival—The opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga. Stanhope is a fifty-five-minute drive from New York: Exit 25 from Route 80. Forget about Saratoga unless you're already there. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 27, at 5: Jaki Byard, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.). . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 7 (at Carnegie Hall) and at 8 (at Avery Fisher Hall): Two concerts, with the same personnel, entitled "The Year of the Bird–A Tribute to Charlie Parker," featuring such notables as Stan Getz, Lee Konitz, the Heath Brothers, Zoot Sims, and about thirty-five or so others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at midnight: The Art Ensemble of Chicago. (Town Hall.). . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 5: "Piano Parade," with Dick Hyman, Tommy Flanagan, Jay McShann, Warren Vaché, Milt Hinton, and others. (Waterloo Village.). . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 5:30: Dardanelle, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.). . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8: "Puttin' On The Ritz–A Jazz Tribute to Fred Astaire," with Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan, Sylvia Syms, Ruby Braff, and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8 and midnight: Angela Bofill, with Rodney Franklin's trio. (Avery Fisher Hall.) Once again for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, June 18: Jaki Byard. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 20-21: Dizzy Reece quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26: Clifford Jordan quartet. . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 27-28: Louis Hayes & James Spaulding quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine-thirty.)

Irving Plaza—Wednesday, June 18: Undertones. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20: Speedies, Boy Friends, and Rousers. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21: Fleshtones, Coma-teens, Student Teachers, Revelons, and Bloodless Pharaohs. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Shows start around 11.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Balthus—About a dozen pencil drawings of (what else?) young women—stepping out of the bath, posed before a fireplace, lolling on a sofa. Through June 30. (Gallery Gertrude Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Saturdays.)

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, designed with the gallery space in mind. Through Aug. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Saturdays.)

Robert De Niro / Robert White—Fresh, lighthearted drawings done with colored pencils, mostly of figures and still-lifes. / Medium-sized representational sculptures. Through July 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Blossom Esainko—The Statue of Liberty has been this artist's preoccupation for the past five years, and in these oil paintings it is shown from almost every angle—against a riotous sunset, against the Battery skyline, against the Jersey lowlands, in heroic closeups. Through Wednesday, June 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through July 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Gaylen Hansen—This artist from a small town in Washington, having worked through classical, Cubist, abstract, and various other styles, has evolved a style unquestionably his own, and put it to work depicting the fish and birds and bears and deer and frontiersmen of his own private dream world. Through Saturday, June 28. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. In a new gallery addition, on the fourth floor, a showing of new talent includes a large canvas crowded with tiny figures taking part in the siege of Leningrad by Robert Donley; a heroic painting of a blue-spotted dog by James De Pasquale; and a pastel of a partly imaginary New Mexico landscape by John Wenger.) The gallery is closed Mondays and open Saturdays.

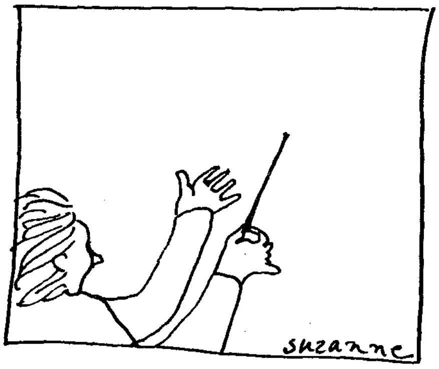
Walter Hatke—Realist paintings: i.e., a barely furnished interior filled with sunlight. Through July 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michio Ihara—Hanging stainless-steel sculptures, plus models and other works. Through July 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Three shows in recognition of the artist's eightieth year: Environmental sculptures at the Whitney Museum (through the summer); fifteen wood constructions from the sixties and seventies, and two dozen recent wood-and-paper collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; and several large-scale welded-aluminum sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (The latter two shows run through Friday, June 27.)

Marilyn Perlman—The gallery floor has been covered with white sand as a setting for relatively small abstract sculptures in bronze, marble, and polyester. Also figure drawings. Through Saturday, June 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)



Jeffrey Plate / Takao Saito—Abstract wall sculptures done in steel and painted wood, mostly black. / Shaped-canvas wall pieces. First one-man show in New York for both artists. Through Thursday, June 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—A benefit showing of more than sixty oils and watercolors that the artist did, for the most part, for family and friends. The subjects include Bedouins, Javanese dancers, alligators, Venetian gondoliers, and mountain streams, and the majority of the paintings are being exhibited for the first time in the United States. Through Friday, June 27. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Saturdays.)

Judith Shea—What seems to be unfinished garments—bodices, stockings, underwear, all made of organza, copper foil, felt, taffeta, paper—hanging from the gallery walls as decorations. The title of the exhibit is "Clothing Construction as a Sculptural Theme." Through July 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Sperakis—Chaotic figure paintings done in an extraordinarily heavy impasto and in wild, raw colors. Through Saturday, June 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures by Charles Arnoldi, Kimber Smith, William Tucker, and other gallery artists. Through July 15. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Current paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Juan Martinez, and Walasse Ting. Through July 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through Friday, June 27.

Sculpture—Fifteen Italian Renaissance bronzes, including a classical male nude statuette by Bandinelli. Through Friday, June 27. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Bronzes and watercolors, mostly. Through July 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jack Brusca—Closeups of metallic-looking flowers in high-key colors. Through July 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Gorchov—A two-gallery exhibit of works on paper. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St. Through July 3. Open Saturday, June 21. . . . ¶ Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St. Through July 25. Open Saturdays.)

Marcia Grostein—Large, colorful semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 21. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Oliver Johnson—Oils, pastels, and drawings by a young artist whose talent began to develop while he was in prison. Through Friday, June 27. (Felicie, a recently opened gallery at 141 E. 56th St.)

Louis Legrand (1863-1951)—Prints of music-hall dancers, Parisian night life, etc., by a contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec. Through Saturday, June 28. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Karl Mann—Large, rich collages in which utterly mundane objects are given new status as elements in a composition. This work is an avocation for the artist, a widely known fabric and furniture designer. Through July 11. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings from throughout her exhibiting career, which began around 1938, and three ceramic tiles. Through Friday, June 27. (Hammer, in a new location at 33 W. 57th St.)

Petros (Petros Papavassiliou)—Paintings

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

teeming with organic-looking abstract forms. Through Saturday, June 21. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

SEM (Georges Goursat) (1863-1934)—Eighty color lithographs by the French caricaturist. Through Friday, June 27. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

WILLIAM SOMMER (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine, Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through Friday, June 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MICHAEL STEINER / KENNETH NOLAND—Large, freestanding bronze and Corten-steel sculptures that have something of the aspect of altars. / Colorful reliefs created from molded pieces of handmade paper. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARJA VALLILA / ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ (1878-1965)—Freestanding Corten-steel sculptures in which geometric forms are stacked together, plus free-form ceramic wall pieces with geometric cutouts. / Small pastel portraits done in the late twenties, mostly full-face. Through Friday, June 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

SELF-PORTRAITS—Sixteen artists seen as they look to themselves, or want to look. They include Robert Rauschenberg as a full-length X-ray, naked except for hobnail boots; Chuck Close portrayed in his typical grid technique; Jim Dine represented in horn-rimmed glasses and by that empty bathrobe; and Alex Katz behind a radiant smile. Through Aug. 8. (Seagram Building, fourth-floor gallery, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Cynthia Carlson, Don Dudley, and Sarah Canright. Through July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by gallery artists. Through July 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The summer show here includes a whole wall covered with small papier-mâché conceits by Claudia DeMonte; large line drawings in ink and oil by Nancy Dwyer; and drawings of architectural forms on heavy rag paper by Andrea Blum. Through Aug. 6. (Open Saturdays.) ... **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Aug. 15.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Isabel Bishop, William Thon, Margit Varga, and others. Through Sept. 5.... **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by five artists—Stephen Brown, Dina Gabos, Ann Chernow, Diana Kurz, and Grace Graupe-Pillard. Through Friday, June 27. (Open Saturdays.)... **SUMMIT**, 101 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by contemporary artists (John Dobbs, Judith Shahn) shown alongside works from the thirties and forties (Byron Browne, Joseph Solman). Through Friday, June 27. (Opens at 12:30.)... **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Early American portraits by John Singleton Copley, William Johnston, Ammi Phillips, Joshua Johnston (one of the first black artists in the country), and Joseph Whiting Stock. Through Friday, June 27. (Open Saturday, June 21.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

DENNIS ASHBAUGH / RONALD DAVIS—Large abstract paintings with a Constructivist bent, done in clamorous oils. / Abstract paintings in which a checkerboard pattern is prominent. Through Saturday, June 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MON LEVINSON / MELVIN EDWARDS—Large-scale colored-paper works. / Abstract steel sculptures. Through Saturday, June 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MILTON RESNICK—Works on paper that amount to a mini-retrospective, ranging from straightaway portraits done in the thirties to the wholly abstract color mélanges of recent years. Through Saturday, June 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

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ARTHUR WEYHE / TINO ZAGO—A single large cedar-pole sculpture, plus maquettes for and photographs of other works. / Semi-abstract paintings. Through July 12. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

THE ITALIAN WAVE—A show organized by the Italian critic Francesca Alinovi. It includes a large, freestanding cutout figure by Bruno Benuzzi which parodies classical sculpture; another takeoff, by Luigi Ontani, of the traditional Cupid; and a ribbony wall piece, clutched by two metal hands jutting from the wall, by Marcello Jori. Through Saturday, June 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BOONE**, 420 West Broadway: Six artists, among them Ross Bleckner and Louise Fishman, showing abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, June 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract works by six artists, including a series in which the phases of the moon are depicted in large pieces of crumpled black-and-white canvas by Susan Weil, and an outsized work by Nancy Brett in which a red panel and an off-white panel are seen on an ochre ground. The other artists are Ellen Phelan, Ted Stamm, Nancy Haynes, and Johnnie Ross. Through July 18. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground. Included are preparatory sketches for a mural on undersea life by Frank Moore; abstract forms in acrylic on paper by James Zwadlo; and lively pencil drawings inspired by music by Maryam Zafar. Through Aug. 9. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here, entitled "Exaggeration," includes an eleven-foot orchid made of painted-industrial plastic by Eric Appel; a painting by David True of a fish leaping toward a cloud; and a sort of Pointillist figure painting in reds by Fangor. Through July 31. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

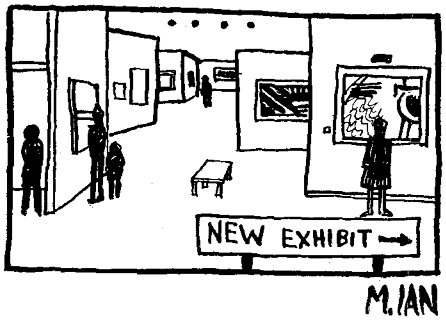
OTHER GALLERIES

DOROTHY EISNER—Bright-colored paintings—people in rowboats, merry-go-round horses, croquet paraphernalia—done in a deceptively offhand style. Through Friday, June 20. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

KAREN SHAW—A cryptographer-artist who uses hand-painted signs and a code to demonstrate her theory that less (12+5+19+19) is more than more (13+15+18+5). Through Aug. 5. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

BATTERY PARK CITY—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CLOCKTOWER**, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Colorful calligraphic flourishes painted on three curved canvases by Brian O'Neill and hung high in the air in an arc that extends almost halfway around the dome on the second floor of the gallery.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures of seven artists in a show assembled by Edward Albee as a counterpoint to Barbara Rose's recent "American Paintings: The Eighties" exhibition. Through Saturday, June 21. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1.)... **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Samplings of work in a wide variety of mediums by eleven young Ohio artists. Through Thursday, June 26. (Open weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

ROBERT FICHTER—20 x 24 Polaroids of the artist's drawings with various objects placed in front of them. A number of the drawings themselves are also on view. Through Saturday, June 21. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

LAURA GILPIN (1891-1979)—Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

CHARLES HARRISON—Black-and-white photographs, together with paintings, drawings, and tapestries adapted from them. Through Friday, June 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HORST—A retrospective of photographic portraits dating from the thirties to the present; the sitters include Bette Davis, Yves St. Laurent, and Gertrude Stein. Through Saturday, June 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

JURO KUBICEK (1906-70)—Nearly fifty photocollages from the forties and fifties by a German Surrealist. Through July 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

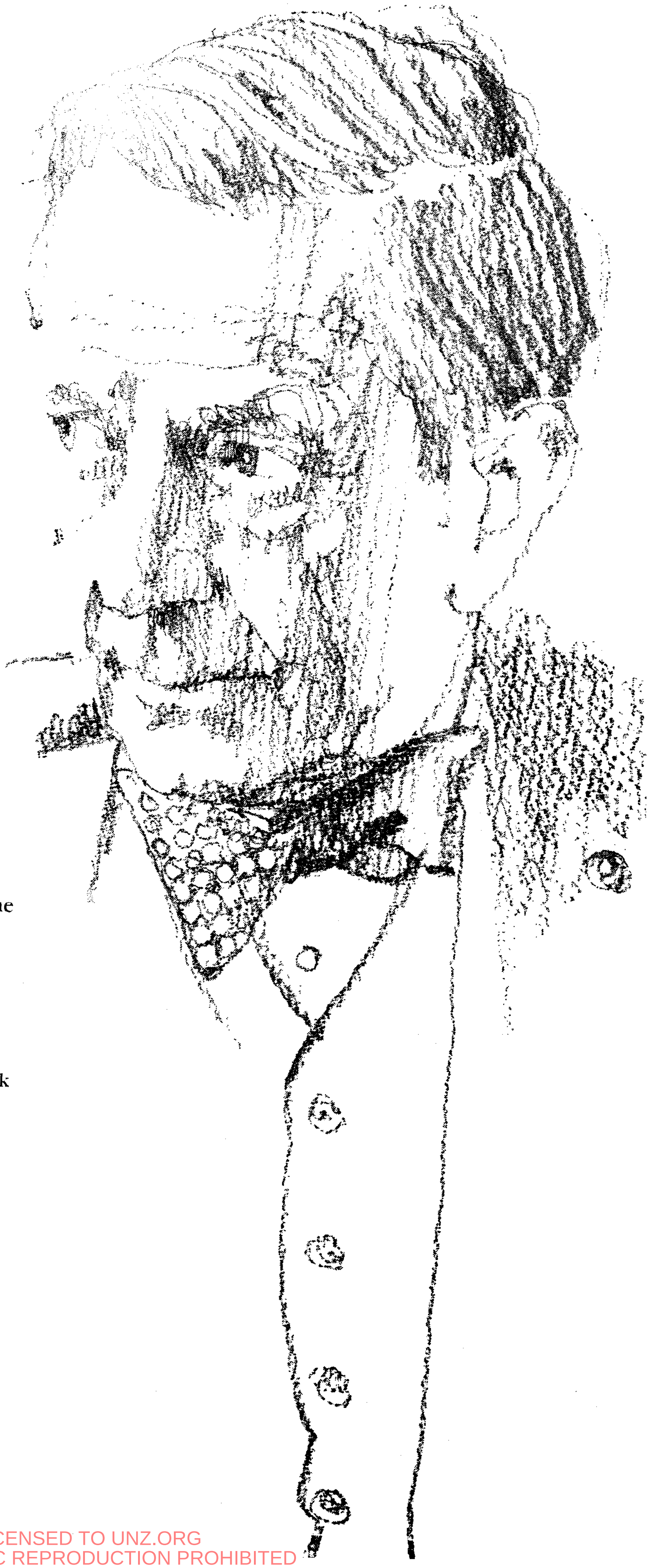
RENA SMALL—Photographic representations of such slang expressions as "In the pink" and "Have one's back up." Through July 11. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Saturday, June 21.)

JUDY TOMKINS—Photographs of people in Hell's Kitchen. Through Saturday, June 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of the nineteen-fifties by thirty-one photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Lotte Jacobi, Irving Penn, and Cornell Capa. Through July 13.... ¶ Portraits of Picasso by Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Arnold Newman, and others. Through July 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)... **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Photographs by Abraham Menashe, Arlene Gottfried, Candice Lenney, and Anthony Barboza. Through Sunday, June 22. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The northwest corner of the museum is the location of the newly opened American Wing: a glass-enclosed sculpture court and an adjacent three-story structure of period rooms and galleries. In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections. The exhibition runs through Oct. 5; the American Wing is, of course, permanent.... ¶ A showing of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6.... ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Sept. 21.... ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through July 27.... ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31.



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25
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective, about which there seems to have been some talk of late. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's spiral. . . . ¶ Nine of Pol Bury's kinetic sculptures, which revolve with the aid of magnets and small motors. One of them was designed for the pool in the museum's rotunda. Through Sunday, June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. Complementary exhibits are at Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through Sunday, June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, the New England coast, and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century photomontages to twentieth-century advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassai, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through July 13. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, it's decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Through Aug. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through Sunday, June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—

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More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. . . . ¶ A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Concerts in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7 (the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York on June 24).

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

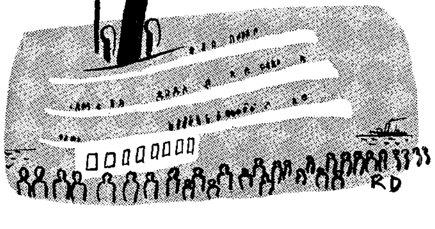
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naive paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two exhibitions tied to American architecture: a group of two dozen drawings (dated 1885 to 1935) by architects rooted in the beaux-arts tradition, among them Charles McKim, Grosvenor Atterbury, and William Delano, and another group of drawings by seventeen contemporary architects, all of whom teach and none of whom is over forty. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)



Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—A special concert—Aaron Copland conducting his "Symphonic Ode" and Klaus Tennstedt conducting Mahler's Fifth Symphony. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 18, at 8.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in the last in a series of concerts, this one a program of Bach cantatas, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and Robert Lyon, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Thursday, June 19, at 8.)

Orchestra of New York—At Abraham Goodman House—Thursday, June 19, at 8: Carl Bamberger directing a performance of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), in concert form. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8: Brian Bruman conducting a program of works by Beethoven, Haydn, and others, with Alexandr Katsman, piano. (129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a lieder program. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Friday, June 27, at 8.)

RECITALS

Janis-Rozena Peri—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 18, at 8.)

Béla Szilági—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, June 19, at 5.)

Ruth Gagnebin—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, June 21, at 2:30.)

Evelyne Dubourg—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, June 21, at 5:30.)

American Chamber Soloists—A newly formed ensemble—Gerald Beal, violin, and Russian emigrés Asya Murtasina, violin, and Efrem Briskin, piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, June 24, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in a program of music by Charlie Morrow. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 25, at 8.)

Christiane Edinger—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, June 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Bel Canto Opera—Frederick S. Roffman conducting a staged version of Victor Herbert's operetta, "The Debutante." (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, June 21, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 22, at 3. Tickets at the door an hour before the performances.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 24—Thursday, June 26, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with the Tokyo String Quartet and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 8:30: Jon Vickers in a performance of Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 17—Saturday, June 21, at 9: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a benefit all-Brahms program, with Youri Egorov, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 5:30: Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Carrol Anne Curry, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a Mozart-Haydn program, with Sharon Moe, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 5:30: The St.

Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Ida Kavafian, violin, and David Oei, piano. (Katonah, N. Y. On Saturdays, except June 21, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, June 20, at 7: Mary Travers, with Tom Paxton and Bob Gibson. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8:15: John Denver. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 7: Utopia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 7: Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8:15: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the New York Philharmonic in a Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:15: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the orchestra in Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture and Mahler's Fifth Symphony. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 22, at 1.

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. California, Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, June 20, at 8; Saturday, June 21, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe Pepitone, Eddie Lopat, Bob Turley, Monte Irvin, Sal Maglie, Don Drysdale, and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, June 22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Monday through Wednesday, June 23-25, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 8.

Boxing: Closed-Circuit TV—Sugar Ray Leonard vs. Roberto Durán, 15 rounds, for the W.B.C. Welterweight Championship, televised from Montreal. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 20. Preliminaries at 9; main bout at about 10:30.)

Fencing—National Championships—Saturday, June 21, at 8 A.M.: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 3: Women's Under-19 individual foil. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 8 A.M.: Men's individual sabre and Under-19 individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 3: Men's individual foil, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Monday, June 23, at 8 A.M.: Women's individual foil. . . . ¶ Monday, June 23, at 3: Men's individual sabre, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 8 A.M.: Men's foil team. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 3: Women's individual foil, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 8 A.M.: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 2: Men's sabre team. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8 A.M.: Women's foil team. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 2: Men's individual épée, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8 A.M.: Men's Under-19 individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8 A.M.: Men's épée team. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 10 A.M.: Men's Under-19 individual sabre. (Manhattan College, Manhattan College Parkway and West 242nd St. Admission is free.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The New York Handicap, Saturday, June 21; the Saranac, Sunday, June 22; the Fashion, Wednesday, June 25; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.). . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 19. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 28.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Ft. Lauderdale. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, June 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 20. . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. Saturday, June 21, through Saturday, June 28.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.) Wednesday, June 18, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, ranging from the Han to the Qing periods. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Dalí, Arp, Rodin, and Modigliani. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, June 21, at 10:15: Wedgwood and related English pottery. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 2: English, French, and other Continental furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24-25, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including many Fabergé objects. Exhibition starts Friday, June 20; additional viewing hours Sunday, June 22, from noon to 3. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and Old Master prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 21. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Final sales of the season. Friday, June 20, at 10 and 2: Continental and English silver and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 10 and 2, and Wednesday, June 25, at 10: Americana, including paintings and Chinese Export porcelain. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 10 and 2: Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, June 20.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—SNUG HARBOR, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "Carmen," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Patricia Craig, Guy Chauvet, and Lenus Carlson; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Cornell MacNeil, and Dalmacio Gonzalez; David Stivender. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens: Saturday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Carmen," with the same cast as June 18. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN: Tuesday, June 24, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "Carmen," with the same cast as June 18, except that Thomas Fulton will conduct. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx: Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Mario Sereni, and Dalmacio Gonzalez; David Stivender. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 27, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "Carmen," with the same cast as June 18, except that Mignon Dunn will replace Miss Cossotto.

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8: Gathering Forces and the Brubeck Brothers Band. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8: L'Arema Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8: New Manhattan Brass Quintet. (East River at Fulton Street.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band (formerly known as the Goldman Band) in this summer's series of concerts, which will start on Wednesday, June 25, and run through Sunday, Aug. 10. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 26. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Walking Tour—"Greenwich Village: The Town House in the City," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 22, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

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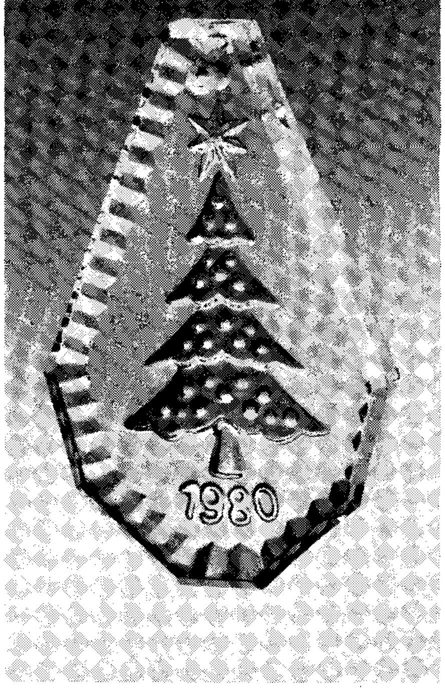

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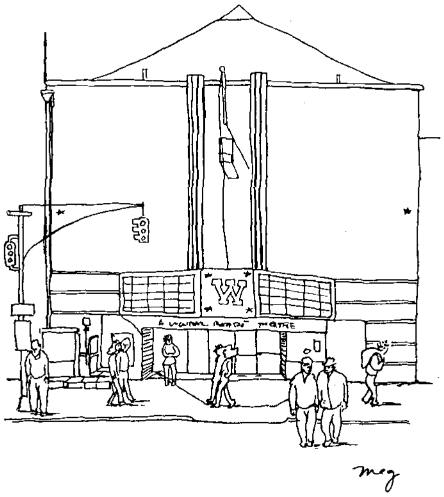

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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 22: "The Pedralbes Murderer."
June 23: Theatre closed.
From June 24: "Pastoral Hide and Seek."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Last of the Blue Devils."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 19: "Friday the 13th" and "Winter Kills."
June 20-26: "All That Jazz" and "The Turning Point."
From June 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 19: "All That Jazz."
From June 20: "Brubaker."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Urban Cowboy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 19: "The Long Riders."
From June 20: "The Blues Brothers."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bronco Billy."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Shining."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 19: "All That Jazz."
From June 20: "Fame."

Manhattan I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through June 19: "The Long Riders."
From June 20: "Brubaker."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through June 19: "Carny."
From June 20: "Brubaker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Outsider." (No evening performances on Tuesday, June 24.)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
June 18: "Fantasia."
From June 19: "Rough Cut."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 19: "Dinner for Adele."
From June 20: "The Canterbury Tales."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through June 19: "The Canterbury Tales."
From June 20: "The Blue Lagoon."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 19: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 20: "The Blues Brothers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Island."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Roadie."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Wholly Moses!"

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 19: "Being There."
From June 20: "All That Jazz."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Island."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bronco Billy."

Loews Orpheum I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Shining."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 19: "Roadie."
From June 20: "Fame."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 19: "Mad Max" and "Humanoids from the Deep." From June 20: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: Through June 19: "Up the Academy." From June 20: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"In a Year of 13 Moons."

Greenwich Playhouse I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Island."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 19: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
From June 20: "Fame."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Roadie."
Theatre 2: Through June 19: "Roadie." From June 20: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."
Theatre 3: "Wholly Moses!"
Theatre 4: "Wholly Moses!"

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 19: "Badlands" and "You Only Live Once."
June 20-21: "Five Easy Pieces" and "Easy Rider."
June 22: "Two-Lane Blacktop" and "Easy Rider."
June 23: "Two-Lane Blacktop" and "The Far Country."
June 24: "The Rain People" and "The Far Country."
June 25: "The Rain People" and "La Strada."
June 26: "La Strada" and "Rancho Deluxe."
June 27: "Rancho Deluxe" and "Two Rode Together."
June 28: "Two Rode Together" and "The Passenger."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 19: Theatre closed.
From June 20: "Can't Stop the Music."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Carny."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 19: "Wifemistress."
From June 20: "The Blues Brothers."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 21: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
From June 22: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 19: "Wise Blood."
From June 20: "Brubaker."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 19: "Mad Max."
From June 20: "The Blue Lagoon."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Carny."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through June 19: "All That Jazz."
From June 20: "Apocalypse Now."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
Theatre 2: Through June 19: "Up the Academy." From June 20: "Brubaker."
Theatre 3: "The Shining."
Theatre 4: "Wholly Moses!"

New Yorker I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through June 19: "Norma Rae" and "The Rose."
From June 20: "Bronco Billy."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through June 19: "Bronco Billy."
From June 20: "Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 19: "Friday the 13th" and "Prophecy."
June 20-26: "All That Jazz" and "Magic."
From June 27: "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Long Riders." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 19: "Don't Go in the House." From June 20: "Humanoids from the Deep." (†)
Theatre 4: "Return of the Dragon" and "Game of Death."
Theatre 5: "Bronco Billy." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 19: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)
From June 20: "Brubaker." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 19: "Roadie." (†)
From June 20: "Friday the 13th." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Mad Max." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Wholly Moses!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Urban Cowboy." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Up the Academy." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
June 18: "Humanoids from the Deep." (†)
From June 19: "Rough Cut." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Island." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through June 19: "Carny." (†)
From June 20: "The Blues Brothers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through June 19: "Friday the 13th." (†)
From June 20: "Fame." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through June 19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.
June 20: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
June 21: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.
June 22: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.
June 23: "Madame Rosa" (1978), in French, directed by Moshe Mizrahi, with Simone Signoret.
June 24: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara,

with Eiji Okada; and "The Vixen" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura, with Ruriko Asaoka and Eiji Okada.

June 25-26: "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978), in Latin, directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress.

June 27-28: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 18: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.

June 19: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

June 20: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

June 21: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

June 22: "Singin' in the Rain." (†)

June 23: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (†)

June 24: "The Milky Way" (1968), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "The Blood of a Poet." (†)

June 25: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "The Clowns" (1971; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

June 26: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

June 27: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

June 28: "The Innocent" (1976), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 19: "American Gigolo" (1980), directed by Paul Schrader, with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo; and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

June 20-21: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

June 22-23: "Swept Away" (1975) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

June 24: "Foreign Correspondent" (†) and "Young and Innocent." (†)

June 25-26: "Little Orphan Sammy" (1977) and "The Little Blue Box" (1980).

June 27-28: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (†); and "Tunnelvision" (1976), directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel, with Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 19: "The Mad Magician" (1954), directed by John Brahm, with Vincent Price, Mary Murphy, and Eva Gabor; and "Man in the Dark" (1953), directed by Lew Landers, with Edmond O'Brien, Audrey Totter, Ted de Corsia, and Horace McMahon. Both in 3-D.

June 20-22: "The Stewardesses" (1970), directed by Alf Silliman, Jr., with Christina Hart; and "Prison Girls" (1973), with Robin Whitting. Both in 3-D.

June 23-26: "Gorilla at Large" (1954), directed by Harmon Jones, with Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, and Raymond Burr; and "Inferno" (1953), directed by Roy Baker, with Robert Ryan, Rhonda Fleming, and William Lundigan. Both in 3-D.

From June 27: "Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 18: "Don Juan" (1926), a silent film, directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore and Mary Astor; and "The Iron Mask" (1929), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks.

June 19-21: "A Yank at Oxford" (1938), directed by Jack Conway, with Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Too Hot to Handle" (1938), directed by Jack Conway, with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, and Walter Connolly.

June 22-23: "The Divorce of Lady X" (†) and "Together Again." (†)

June 24-25: "Charade" (1963), directed by Stanley Donen, with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Darling Lili" (1970), directed by Blake Edwards, with Julie Andrews and Rock Hudson.

June 26-28: "A Song to Remember" (1945), directed by Charles Vidor, with Merle Oberon, Cornel Wilde, and Paul Muni; and "Song Without End" (1960), directed by George Cukor and Charles Vidor, with Dirk Bogarde, Capucine, and Geneviève Page.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 18: "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard; and "Daybreak" (1939; "Le Jour Se Lève"), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty.

June 19: "The T.A.M.I. Show," with the Rolling Stones, Chuck Berry, and other rock performers; and "Stony Island" (1980), directed by Andrew Davis, with Gene Barge and the Stony Island Band.

June 20-21: "Michael Kohlhaas" (1969), directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with David Warner and Anna Karina; and "The Baby" (1973), directed by Ted Post, with Ruth Roman.

June 22: "Flesh" (1968), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

June 23: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery and a program of Koko the Clown cartoons.

June 24: "Billy Budd" (†) and "The Duellists." (†)

June 25: "Rififi" (†); and "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

June 26: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Paris When It Sizzles" (1965), directed by Richard Quine, with Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, Noël Coward, and Marlene Dietrich.

June 27-28: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "The Steppes" (1963), in Italian, directed by Alberto Lattuada, with Charles Vanel.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 18: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Andy Devine, and Fortunio Bonanova; and "Arabian Nights" (1942), directed by John Rowlins, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Sabu, and Turhan Bey.

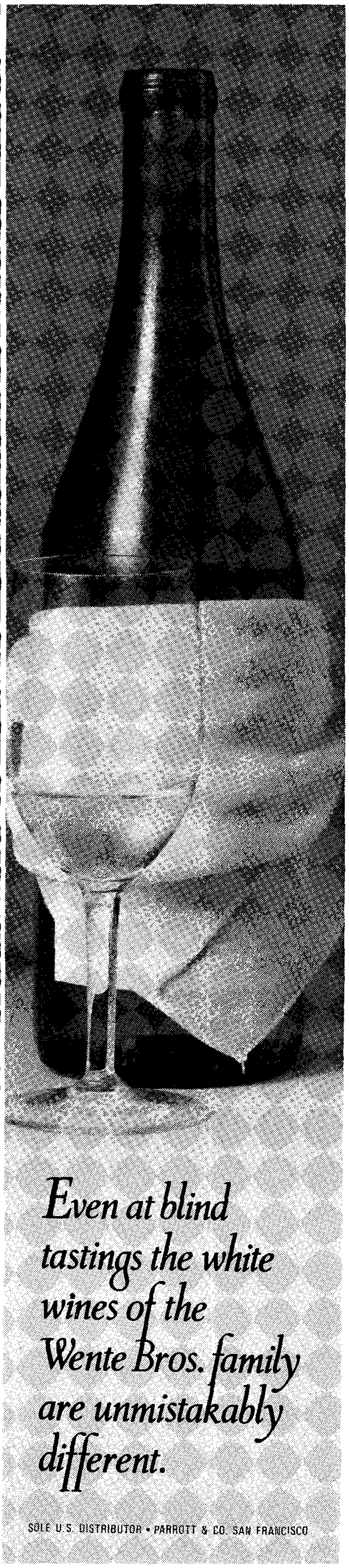
June 19: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck.

June 20-21: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

June 22: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

June 23: "I Could Go On Singing" (†); and "A Child Is Waiting" (1963), directed by John Cassavetes, with Judy Garland and Burt Lancaster.

June 24: "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" (†); and "Bad Sister" (1931), directed by Hobart Henley, with Conrad Nagel, Sid-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ney Fox, Bette Davis, and ZaSu Pitts.
June 25: "Kitty Foyle" (†) and "Roxie Hart." (†)
June 26: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923), a silent film, directed by Wallace Worsley, *with Lon Chaney; and* "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925), a silent film, directed by Rupert Julian, with Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin, and Norman Kerry.
June 27-28: "Kennel Murder Case" (†); *and* "Private Detective 62" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with William Powell, Margaret Lindsay, and Ruth Donnelly.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 18 at 6: "I'll Be Seeing You" (1944), directed by William Dieterle, with Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. . . .¶ June 18 at 8:30: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot, and Robert Armstrong. . . .¶ June 20 at 6: "Crime in the Streets" (1956), directed by Don Siegel, with John Cassavetes, Sal Mineo, James Whitmore, and Mark Rydell. . . . ¶ June 20 at 8:30: "Husbands" (1970), directed by John Cassavetes (who will be present), with Cassavetes, Ben Gazzara, and Peter Falk. . . .¶ June 21 at 6: "Edge of the City" (1957), directed by Martin Ritt, with John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier, Jack Warden, and Ruby Dee. . . .¶ June 21 at 8:30: "Crime in the Streets.". . .¶ June 22 at 6: A *program of three television shows starring* John Cassavetes: "Murder for Credit" (1959) and "Solomon" (1959), both from the "Johnny Staccato" series, and "Murder Case" (1964), from "The Alfred Hitchcock Hour" series. . . .¶ June 22 at 8:30: "Edge of the City.". . .¶ June 23 at 6: "Shadows" (1960), directed by John Cassavetes, with Hugh Hurd, Lelia Goldoni, and Ben Carrruthers. . . . ¶ June 23 at 8:30: A program of three television shows starring John Cassavetes. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6: "Space Coast" (1979), directed by Ross McElwee. . . .¶ June 24 at 8:30: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; English subtitles. . . .¶ June 25 at 6: "Too Late Blues" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes, with Bobby Darin and Stella Stevens. . . .¶ June 25 at 8:30: "A Child Is Waiting" (1963), directed by John Cassavetes, with Judy Garland and Burt Lancaster. . . .¶ June 27 at 6: "Shadows.". . .¶ June 27 at 8:30: "Hamlet" (1976), directed by Celestino Coronado, with Anthony Meyer, David Meyer, and Quentin Crisp. . . .¶ June 28 at 6: "A Child Is Waiting.". . .¶ June 28 at 8:30: "Too Late Blues." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 22: A program of seven *short films* especially selected for children. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 19-22: A *program of sixteen new animated films* by American filmmakers. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Vigo, Warhol, Anger, and others. Showings June 19-21 and 26-28 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out *of this headlong, overblown musical about a* great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils *and an enigmatic smile).* The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Embassy. . . .¶ Gramercy, Plaza, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 19. . . .¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; June 20-26. . . .¶ 72nd St. East; starting June 20.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy. . . .¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 20.)

Badlands (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girlfriend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. *The young lovers are psychologi*cally aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Harold Clurman; through June 19.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as *the old man's wife) are the best things in this* adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (72nd Street East; through June 19.)

Billy Budd (1962)—Melville's short novel is *stripped for action in this tense, straightfor*ward shipboard narrative, directed by Peter Ustinov. Ustinov's efficiency and Robert Krasker's stylized black-and-white cinematography help to release the ambiguities with*out clogging the film with metaphysical spec*ulation or too many homoerotic overtones. As Billy, the beautiful sailor, an American Prince Myshkin, Terence Stamp wears white pants and suggests angelic splendor without falling into the narcissistic poses that juveniles often mistake for grace. Robert Ryan is the depraved master-at-arms, Claggart, whose self-hatred makes it necessary for him to destroy Billy, the image of goodness; Ryan gives the role the requisite satanic ugliness. Unfortunately, Ustinov miscasts himself as Captain Vere; as he plays the part, the Captain is a humane man, a good liberal tragically torn by the demands of authority. But what gives Melville's story its fascination and its greatness is the suggestion that Claggart is merely the underling doing the evil Captain's bidding. As actor, director, and co-scenarist, Ustinov may be too much the relaxed, worldly European to understand Melville's raging emotions; in Ustinov's view, Billy is just a victim of unfortunate circumstances. The film doesn't approach Melville's passion, but it's a good movie anyway. With Paul Rogers, Ronald Lewis, Melvyn Douglas, David McCallum, John Neville, and Niall MacGinnis. The adaptation by Ustinov, Robert Rossen, and De Witt Bodeen comes via a play version by Louis O. Coxe and Robert H. Chapman. (Thalia; June 24.)

The Black Stallion—*A slow, dark, mystical* film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—*Jean Cocteau's* first film is an enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a *chimney topples. Here is Cocteau's own inter*pretation: "The poet's solitude is so great, he so lives what he creates, that the mouth of one of his creations lives in his hand like a wound, and that he loves this mouth, that he loves himself in short, that he wakes up in the morning with this mouth against him like a pickup, that he tries to get rid of it, and that he gets rid of it on a dead statue—and that this statue begins to live—and that it takes its revenge, and that it sets him off upon awful adventures. I can tell you that the snowball fight is the poet's childhood, and that when he plays the game of cards with his Glory, with his Destiny, he cheats by taking from his childhood that which he should draw from within himself." The first time you see this film, you're likely to find it silly, autoerotic, static, absurd, and you may feel cheated after having heard so much about it. But though it may seem to have no depth, you're not likely to forget it—it has a suggestiveness unlike any other film. Almost twenty years later, in "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the *themes of the dreams and ecstasies of the poet* and his obsession with the unknown. Music by Georges Auric. Photography by Georges Périnal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 24.)

The Blue Lagoon—*A remake of the 1949 film,* with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. Directed by Randal Kleiser. (Cinema II, and Paramount; starting June 20.)

The Blues Brothers—With John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, directed by John Landis. (34th St. East, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., 57th St. Playhouse, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting June 20.)

Bronco Billy—With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; through June 19. . . .¶ New Yorker 1; starting June 20.)

Brubaker—With Robert Redford, Yaphet Kotto, Jane Alexander, and Murray *Hamilton;* directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Gramercy, Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, Cinema 3, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; starting June 20.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, *and Jenny Runacre; directed* by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema II; through June 19. . . .¶ D. W. Griffith; starting June 20.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village People, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; directed by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld; starting June 20.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Festival, and Cinema Studio 1. . . .¶ Manhattan 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through June 19.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Olympia; starting June 27.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting June 22.)

Dinner for Adele—An innocent, period-piece comedy-melodrama from Czechoslovakia that pits Nick Carter ("America's Greatest Detective") against a villain named Baron von Kratzmar of Wienerschnitzelberg and an avid, Mozart-loving plant that devours mice and a Great Dane and a police inspector. The movie is so wholesome and openly silly that you keep giving up on it, but it plugs along at its own gentle pace, and you will probably find yourself smiling in the end. Directed by Oldrich Lipsky, with Michal Docolomansky as the strong-jawed, iron-brained hero. In Czech. (6/2/80) (D. W. Griffith; through June 19.)

The Divorce of Lady X (1938)—Expensively produced attempt at a sophisticated romantic comedy; it's rather foolish and a little draggy, and is mainly of interest because of the cast—Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes. They don't do much in the way of acting, but their arch romping is, at least, a curiosity. Alexander Korda produced; Tim Whelan directed. (Regency; June 22-23.)

The Duellists (1978)—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions; what keeps them from palling is that they have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (Thalia; June 24.)

Easy Rider (1969)—A ballad about an eastbound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film. (Harold Clurman; June 20-22.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Plaza, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting June 20.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visu-

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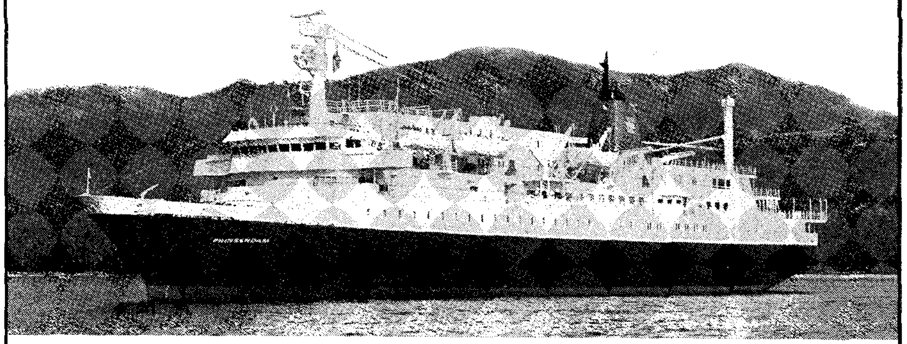

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

al interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing of "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Coronet; June 18.)

The Far Country (1955)—With James Stewart, Ruth Roman, and Corinne Calvet; directed by Anthony Mann. (Harold Clurman; June 23-24.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Harold Clurman; June 20-21.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous *finale* aboard a transatlantic plane from London on the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Cinema Village; June 24.)

Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (St. Marks Cinema, Olympia, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through June 19. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 20.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. Also with Chevy Chase. (Gemini 1; through June 19.)

Humanoids from the Deep—With Doug McClure, Ann Turkel, and Vic Morrow; directed by Barbara Peeters. (National; June 18. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through June 19. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting June 20.)

I Could Go On Singing (1963)—Dreadful, but often fascinating: Judy Garland in the sort of movie that is usually made about a performer long after the events, and with someone else playing the lead. Her face puffy, her manner distressed, she goes through a sort of "Madame X" version of a selfish singer's life, in which she belts out numbers at the Palladium. Made in England and directed by Ronald Neame. With Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 23.)

In a Year of 13 Moons—With Volker Spengler, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly.)

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The Island—Based on the Peter Benchley novel, with Michael Caine and David Warner, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Rivoli.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, and Paul Cavanaugh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27-28.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Gemini 1; through June 19. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; June 27-28.)

Kitty Foyle (1940)—Ginger Rogers won the Academy Award for best actress for her "serious" performance as a white-collar girl whose baby dies. In a long career of giving pleasure, this is one of the few occasions when she failed; it isn't her worst acting (that's probably in "Tender Comrade"), but there's nothing in the soggy material to release the distinctive Ginger Rogers sense of fun. Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart adapted Christopher Morley's novel; Sam Wood directed. With Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Gladys Cooper, Florence Bates, and Eduardo Ciannelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Embassy 1; through June 19. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through June 21.)

The Last of the Blue Devils—A documentary about Kansas City jazz, featuring Count Basie, Jay McShann, and Joe Turner. Directed by Bruce Ricker. (Art.)

The Long Riders—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys. Directed by Walter Hill; with Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Manhattan 1; through June 19.)

Mad Max—With Mel Gibson, directed by George Miller and Gibson. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Paramount; through June 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; through June 26.)

Magic (1978)—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no lightness and shows no capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. It depends just about completely on the morbid visual effect of the devil-doll dummy. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Olympia; June 20-26.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

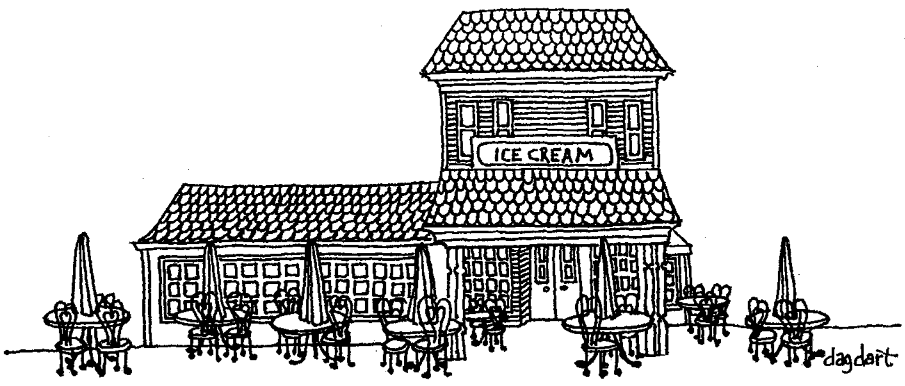
Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; starting June 20.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a good old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (New Yorker 1; through June 19.)

The Outsider—With Craig Wasson and Sterling Hayden, directed by Tony Luraschi. (Baronet. No evening performances on Tuesday, June 24.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—



and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Harold Clurman; June 28.)

PASTORAL HIDE AND SEEK (1974)—With Kantaro Sugo, directed by Shuji Terayama. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 24. The director will be present at the 8 P.M. showing on Thursday, June 26.)

THE PEDRALBES MURDERER—A documentary, directed by Gonzalo Herralde. In Spanish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 22.)

PROPHECY—John Frankenheimer directed this misshapen horror movie with its heavy-footed score. Talia Shire is a pregnant cellist married to a medical man investigating the ecological aspects of a land dispute between a lumber mill and some Indians. The beast de résistance, a product of mercury-polluted waters, pursues all concerned and catches up with nearly everyone. (7/2/79) (Olympia; through June 19.)

THE RAIN PEOPLE (1969)—There's a prodigious amount of talent in Francis Ford Coppola's unusual, little-seen film, but it's a ponderously self-conscious effort: the author-director applies his film craftsmanship with undue solemnity to material that suggests a gifted college student's imitation of early Tennessee Williams. The result is academic, and never believable. Shirley Knight is atrociously mannered as a pregnant woman who leaves home and picks up a brain-damaged hitchhiker (James Caan). With Robert Duvall as a motorcycle cop. (Harold Clurman; June 24-25.)

RANCHO DELUXE (1975)—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimatic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (Harold Clurman; June 26-27.)

RIFIFI (1955)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. It is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on, this movie, made in France (and in French), by the American director, Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," "Public Enemy," and "The Asphalt Jungle" (and of "Macbeth" before them), bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. Along the way, Dassin keeps things actively vicious, with glimpses of underworld prostitutes and hopheads, and a murder, a kidnapping, and the thrashing of a faithless mistress, who is stripped. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, Magali Noel. (Thalia; June 25.)

ROADIE—With Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Beekman, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶86th St. East, and Embassy; through June 19.)

THE ROSE—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (New Yorker 1; through June 19.)

ROUGH CUT—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Coronet, and National; starting June 19.)

ROXIE HART (1942)—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. The scriptwriter, Nunnally Johnson, provided a loving, satiric look at the speakeasies, floozies, and tabloids, with a glance at the forsaken rural boredom. (Roxie's farmer father, summoned to the long-distance phone and informed that she has been arrested on a murder charge, returns to the rocker on his porch, rocks for a while, and then says to his wife, "They're going to hang Roxie." The mother murmurs approvingly, "What did I tell you?") William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio-factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie ("Got a butt, buddy?"); the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman (whose vocal inflections could do as much for dialogue as Lee Tracy's), Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, and Spring Byington as a sob sister. Sara Allgood is the prison matron, Nigel Bruce is a theatrical agent, and George Chandler is Roxie's husband. Even Jeff Corey turns up in a bit. Adapted from the Maurine Watkins play "Chicago," which was also filmed in 1927, with Phyllis Haver in the lead, and which also provided the basis for the 1975 Bob Fosse stage musical "Chicago." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25.)

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN—An airless, pious study of political corruption (which, it is suggested, goes hand in hand with sleeping with Meryl Streep). The obvious is spelled out, and the interesting processes remain vague. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Olympia; starting June 27.)

THE SHINING—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd

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Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Giulietta Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. Even if one rejects the concepts of this movie, its mood and the details of scenes stay with one; a year or two later, a gesture or a situation suddenly brings it all back. Winner of at least fifty prizes, including the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. In Italian. (Harold Clurman; June 25-26.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema 1.)

Together Again (1944)—The title refers to the earlier pairing of Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "Love Affair" and "When Tomorrow Comes." This time, she's a widow, a small-town mayor who doesn't know that she needs love, and he's a sculptor from the big city, commissioned to do a commemorative statue of her late husband. Their patently contrived romance isn't likely to fool anybody. During their various misunderstandings, each becomes engaged to a high-school student, and a million laughs ensue, all of them from the people in the picture. With Charles Coburn, Mona Freeman, and Elizabeth Patterson. Directed by Charles Vidor; among the many writers employed were Virginia Van Upp and Herbert Biberman. (Regency; June 22-23.)

The Turning Point (1977)—A forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scrapping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; it's a swoony romance. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitingly. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (St. Marks Cinema; June 20-26.)

20,000 Years in Sing Sing (1933)—Spencer Tracy as a wise-guy hood, and Bette Davis as his vulnerable, sweet-tough moll. This Warners mixture of social reform, comedy, and sentimentality was very loosely based on a book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes; the plot creaks, but the director, Michael Curtiz, keeps things moving. The cast includes Lyle Talbot, Louis Calhern, Arthur Byron, and Warren Hymer as Hype. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 24.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Harold Clurman; June 22-23.)

Two Rode Together (1961)—A disorienting, cynical, tragicomic Western by John Ford, in which the hero, played by James Stewart, is a mercenary sheriff. The sheriff and an Army officer (Richard Widmark) go off to rescue some white captives of the Comanches; the captives, it turns out, would be better off left where they are. Ford's attempt at a modern ironic tone is peculiarly unbecoming, and the picture doesn't take imaginative hold of the audience. With Shirley Jones, Linda Cristal, Anna Lee, Andy Devine, Jeanette Nolan, Woody Strode, and Ted Knight. (Harold Clurman; June 27-28.)

Up the Academy—With Wendell Brown, directed by Robert Downey. (Loews State 2. . . . ¶R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 19.)

Urban Cowboy—With John Travolta, directed by James Bridges. (Bay Cinema, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (Loews New York 1, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

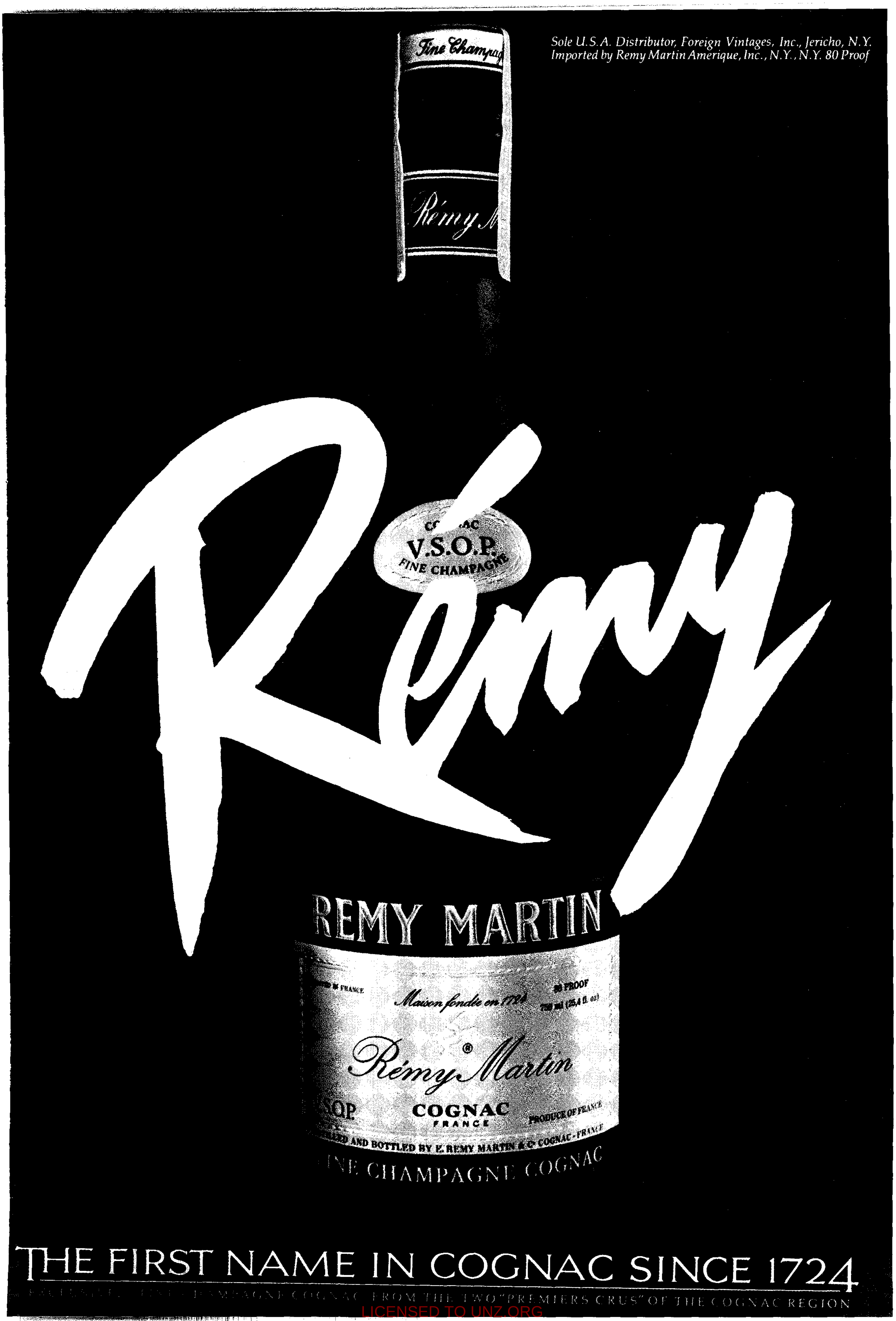
Wifemistress (1979)—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (57th St. Playhouse; through June 19.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 19.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Cinema 3; through June 19.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero's crashing of a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Cinema Village; June 24.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie and Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and even though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Harold Clurman; through June 19.)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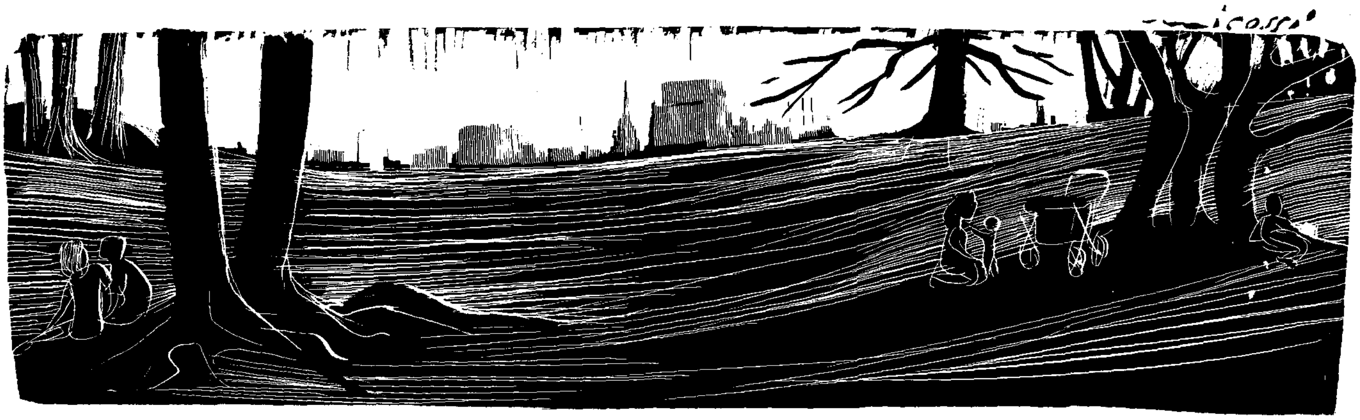
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S the time of year when a number of people are moving to summer quarters. The character of our street is different. In the winter, it is usually empty, but now the cafés have their tables out, and there are people around almost all the time. Whole families—grandparents, children, and grandchildren—sit out in front of their buildings, on the stoops, or on garbage cans, or on milk crates stood on end. Heavy, pleasant-looking gray-haired women in summer shifts sit on milk crates. Fathers toss babies. Mothers wheel them along in prams, talking to them, keeping their voices low and confidential, so you hear only a word as you pass by—no real thread of the discourse. There are lots of children around. They stand on the street below our window and yell for their friends. "Maria! . . . Mareee-ah!" they shout, sounding like an engine trying to start. Or "Josie, Mama wants you *home!*" They ride by on bicycles that have radios (tuned to a disco station) attached to their handlebars, and shout to the boy leading them, "Richie, where you going?" Richie, who has black hair and is wearing a white T-shirt and is probably fourteen, says he doesn't know. He's just out for the ride. They play games, running back and forth, but we don't recognize any of the games as being Capture the Flag, or Hide and Seek, or Ringalevio. The largest number of children gather in the macadam park at the end of the block and light firecrackers they've bought on Canal Street. They toss them high into the air and run. Sometimes they set off a string of something like a hundred small firecrackers at a time. These make bright, popping little flashes, which cause nearby dogs to bark. And sometimes they set off great big ones, one at a time, that sound like a bomb and smoke up the air and make you flinch even if you're ready for them. The old men who wander over to the park from the Bowery, and normally sit at the chess tables and talk, or sleep on the benches, stand now in the far corner by the swings and keep a leery eye on the kids, who sometimes throw firecrackers in their direction, or else they sit in twos and threes in the doorways across the street, sharing cigarettes and a bottle, and waiting for winter, when they can have their park and their peace and quiet back again.

THE June 6th edition of the *Times* brought the usual collection of reports of things that had been going on in the world. Senator Kennedy, who seems to derive a playful, almost mischievous enjoyment from his all but defeated campaign for the Democratic Presidential nomination, had just met with President Carter and told him that he had "every intention of continuing in this campaign as a candidate," even though the President had now won enough delegates in the primaries to get the nomination. Governor Reagan had almost simultaneously met with former President Ford, who said that he would "wholeheartedly campaign" for Reagan. Meanwhile, Europe was "Looking Askance" (a headline informed us) at both Mr. Carter and Mr. Reagan; and one Francesco Izzo, an "assistant at Naples University," was quoted as saying, "There is no choice; they are both shallow persons." Former Secretary of State Vance had given an address at Harvard in which he warned against a dangerous "nostalgia" for "earlier days when the world seemed, at least in retrospect, to have been a more orderly place in which American power could, alone, preserve that order." A bill had been introduced in Congress which would permit patents to be taken out on new types of tomatoes, carrots, cucumbers, okra, celery, and peppers. William Moore, a member of the United Auto Workers, who had been laid off in December, had said of his fellow unemployed workers, "Their dreams have been shattered." In New York, Gucci's had opened a new shop—one in which a



limited group of customers, who have been supplied with special eighteen-carat-gold keys that fit the panel of an elevator leading to the shop, can drink champagne and buy, among other items, a handbag that costs eleven thousand dollars. This year's summer, or horror, films, including "The Hearse" and "Humanoids from the Deep," were making their débuts. The stock market and gold were up; retail sales were down; and "mostly sunny" weather was predicted for the day.

On page 14, however, there was an item that cast all the rest of the news in a different light. The headline read "Computer Error Falsely Indicates a Soviet Attack," and the story went on to reveal that for almost three minutes before dawn on Tuesday, June 3rd, American nuclear forces throughout the world had been placed on alert: B-52 bomber crews had been sent to their planes; land-based missiles had gone through the first stages of preparation for firing; ballistic-missile submarines at sea had been told of the alert; and at least one plane—an electronic-control plane in Hawaii—had been sent aloft. No one knows whether the Soviets got wind of any of these preparations or whether they made any counter-preparations of their own. Officials said that even the American part of the story would not have been made known if it had not been for a leak to the press. On being asked about the possibility that "a series of escalating responses" could have led to what the *Times* euphemistically called "a confrontation," Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas B. Ross answered, "I'm going to duck that question," using the vernacular to cut a very large question down to size. He reported that neither the President nor the Secretary of Defense had been informed of the alert, and said that "we weren't remotely close to World War III." However, simple mathematics reveals that if you subtract three minutes from the estimated fifteen minutes that it would take the first Soviet missiles to reach our country, you are left with a margin of only twelve minutes between business as usual and no business at all—twelve minutes in which the President, who we assume would be informed of a possible attack in the *fourth* minute of an alert, would have to make his awesome decision. Unfortunately, we can never be truly "remote" from so-called World War III until we rid the world of nuclear weapons; at the time of the mistaken alert, the three minutes that elapsed before a correction was made reduced the tiny margin of safety that we do have by twenty per cent. The story of the false alarm occupied only one column on the "Around the Nation" page of the *Times*, but in a way it subsumed all the other news, like a black hole threatening to suck every story in the paper and all future and past stories into itself forever. Two days later, the *Times* reported—this time on page 27—that the same computer had malfunctioned again, causing a second three-minute alert. Then it apparently occurred to someone at the Defense Department that this particular computer might not be the best one for the job, and, according to a Department spokesman, it was "taken off the line to absolutely pinpoint the cause and to correct it." Meanwhile, people were going on buying and selling, running for office, taking out patents, going to movies, drinking champagne, and doing all the other things that people do; but on two occasions in the space of that one week the steady frame of the world, in which every human action must begin and end, was shaken.

• •

Temperence Hill, 53–1 Shot, Wins Belmont Stakes

"I FORGOT the horse was in the race. I bet long shots all day, and I forgot Temperence Hill was in the race. I looked at my tickets. I didn't have one for Temperence Hill. I couldn't believe it."

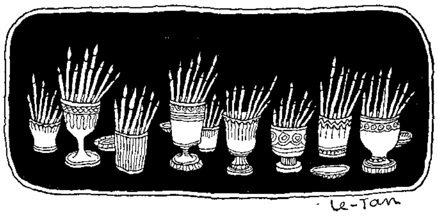
"I stood in the damn ice-cream line at the refreshment stand for eighteen minutes. I got my chocolate cone. All the windows were closed. That's the horse I wanted to bet."

"Stop the Music, Temperence Hill's sire, used to love to run on this track. How could I not think of that?"

"It rains all morning, the track is a swamp, and I neglect to bet the only horse wearing mud calks."

"Is it possible that I was so stupid as to bet on Codex just because he won the Preakness? Codex detests mud. Worst mud horse of all time."

"Why was I so in love with that Mexican horse, that Pikotazo? I thought that horse was the nuts."



"If I had put two dollars on Temperence Hill, I'd have got back a hundred and eight dollars and eighty cents."

"If I'd put five dollars on Temperence Hill, I'd have over two hundred and fifty."

"I could have bet two thousand on Temperence Hill. I could've ended up with a hundred thousand. I'd never have to work again."

"I knew Genuine Risk was not the bet. I knew she could not win at a mile and a half. But that was not enough to know."

"I knew all the favorites would be holding back at that distance. I knew the trainers would have told the jocks to take it easy for the first half mile. It figured that a long-shot horse would be taking it out fast, with nothing to lose. Too bad I bet Bing."

"I was on my way to bet Temperence Hill, and I ran into a guy I met last summer. Jerk cost me a lot of money."

"I don't bet, but if I did, Temperence Hill would have been my bet. I'm from Arkansas. Temperence Hill is from Arkansas."

"Remember those guys with those baseball caps with the miniature Viking horns? Drinking Miller in the picnic bottles? They were running around chanting 'Rumbo, Rumbo, Rumbo.' So, like a dip, I went and bet Rumbo. Serves me right."

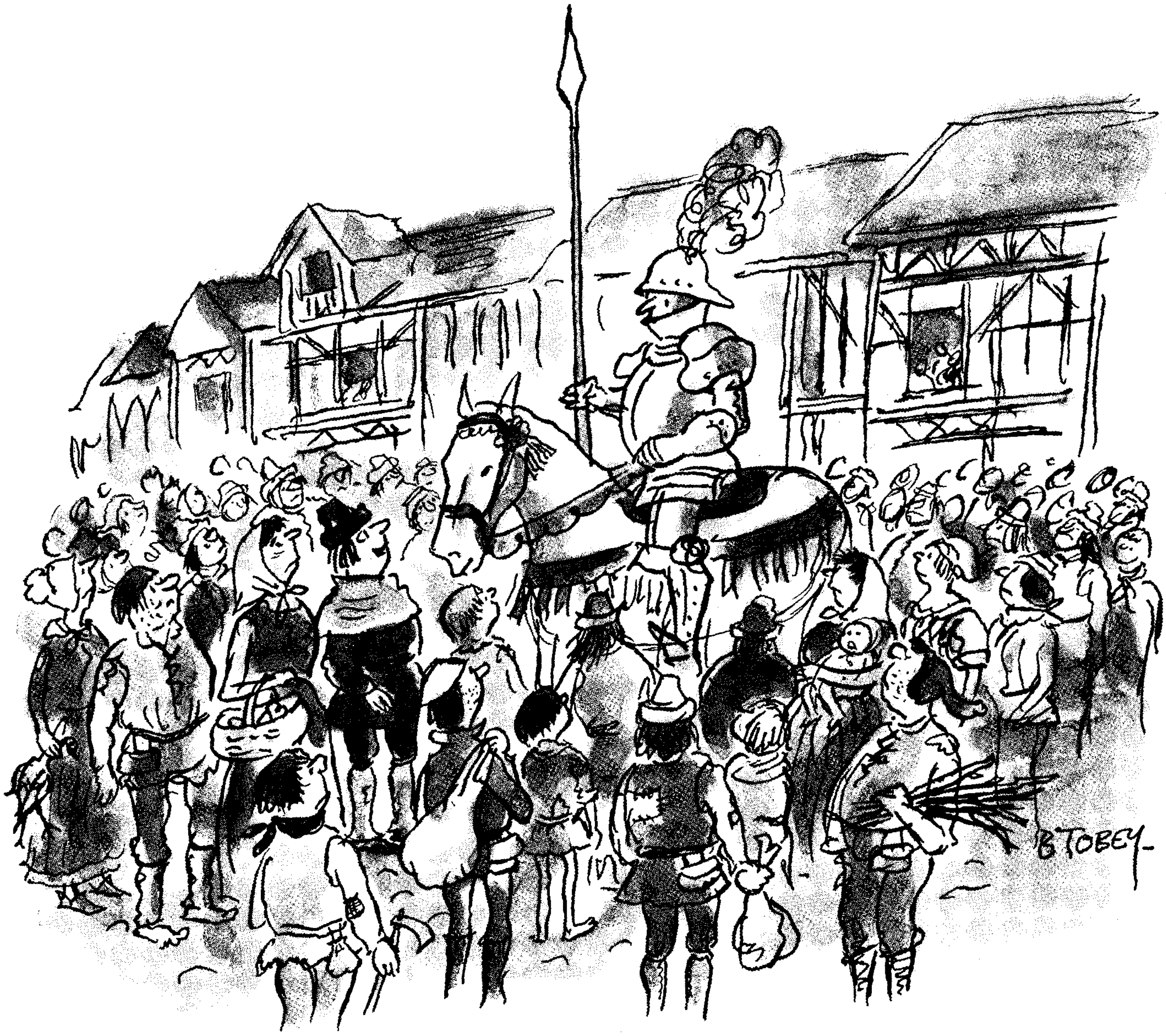
"I lost seventy-five dollars on Rockhill Native. See? There it goes—my seventy-five dollars, with wings, flying off into the sky."

"I saw Temperence Hill get beat by eleven lengths one time. I did not believe that horse could win."

Two Book Parties

ONE: The "Balletomania: A Quizzical Potpourri of Ballet Facts, Stars, Trivia, and Lore," by Andrew Mark Wentink, party:

1. Who wore combs in her hair at this party?
   a. Patricia McBride.
   b. Mme. Marie Taglioni.
   c. Birgit Cullberg.
   d. The Duchess of L'an L'ing.
   e. Marie Merchant.
2. Where was this party held?
   a. At a friend's house.
   b. On the roof of a building.
   c. In a private supper club.
   d. At the Vincent Astor Gallery in the library at Lincoln Center.
   e. I give up.
3. At this party, there was one woman who



“We can’t pay taxes, but give our best regards to the King and Queen.”

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a. said in a loud voice, “This is Ruth Page.”
b. blew kisses across the room to women she obviously didn’t even know.
c. had a huge pile of dry wood on her head.

4. At this party, there was a man in a khaki-colored suit, and his name was
a. Peter Marshall.
b. James Van Allen.
c. Anthony Dowell.
d. Harvey Fuqua.
e. Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca.

5. At this party, there were a lot of
a. things to drink.
b. races to run.
c. closets to clean.
d. babies to feed on time.

6. At this party, one girl said,
a. “I want to live now.”
b. “ ‘Close Encounters’ was a movie, ‘1941’ was a film.”
c. “I have never in my entire life seen anything like it.”
d. “I think being funny is a joke.”
e. “I want to go home now.”

7. At this party, people were
a. talking animatedly to each other.
b. reading the “Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation,” by Jeremy Bentham.
c. looking at decorator colors on a paint chart.

8. At this party, a different girl from the one mentioned earlier said,
a. “Boy, if I never go to another book party I wouldn’t care. This is the best book party I have ever been to.”
b. “I like hot dogs.”
c. “It’s just amazing how good I can be when I put my mind to it.”
d. “Yes, I know what you mean.”
e. “I want to go home now.”

Answers: 1, a; 2, d; 3, a; 4, c; 5, a; 6, a; 7, a; 8, e.

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Two: The “Baseball Diamonds,” edited by Richard Grossinger and Kevin Kerrane, party:

The man from one of the city’s daily newspapers walked up to the bar and asked for a drink. He had to ask for it a couple of times before anyone seemed to even notice he was there. When he finally got his drink, he drank it. In one gulp. The drink obviously went down his throat straight to the bottom of his stomach, and stayed there—at least for a little while. The man from one of the city’s daily newspapers asked for another drink, and after he drank that one he asked for another, and after he drank that one he asked for another. This was one for his stroll around the room. As he strolled around the room, he greeted people, some of whom he knew—they were in the daily-newspaper business—and some of whom he was meeting for the first time. Clearly, he was glad to be in this room, glad to be with these people, glad to have a drink in his hand, glad to be alive. A woman came up to him and said, "Hi, I like your great writing," and the combination of the drinks and the woman's saying such a thing to him made his face turn red with pleasure. He beamed at her, and she, in turn, beamed at him. As he moved on, he shook his head and shaped his eyes into a playful squint. The words "Well, well" formed on his lips, and he put his free hand on his nape, perhaps reminding himself that he was, after all, a man from one of the city's dailies. He said out loud to himself, "I better call my wife." His clear blue eyes suddenly clouded over. He said, "I better get out of here." He looked up. His eyes met those of another woman. She wore a black dress, a white apron, and a little white cap. She was one of the waitresses hired specially for this party. He looked at her, his eyes pleading. She looked back at him, and in looking so closely and deeply at him she knew everything about him there was to know at that moment. She brought him a fresh drink.

Punk-and-Dagger

POSITIVELY the last quiz question of the week:

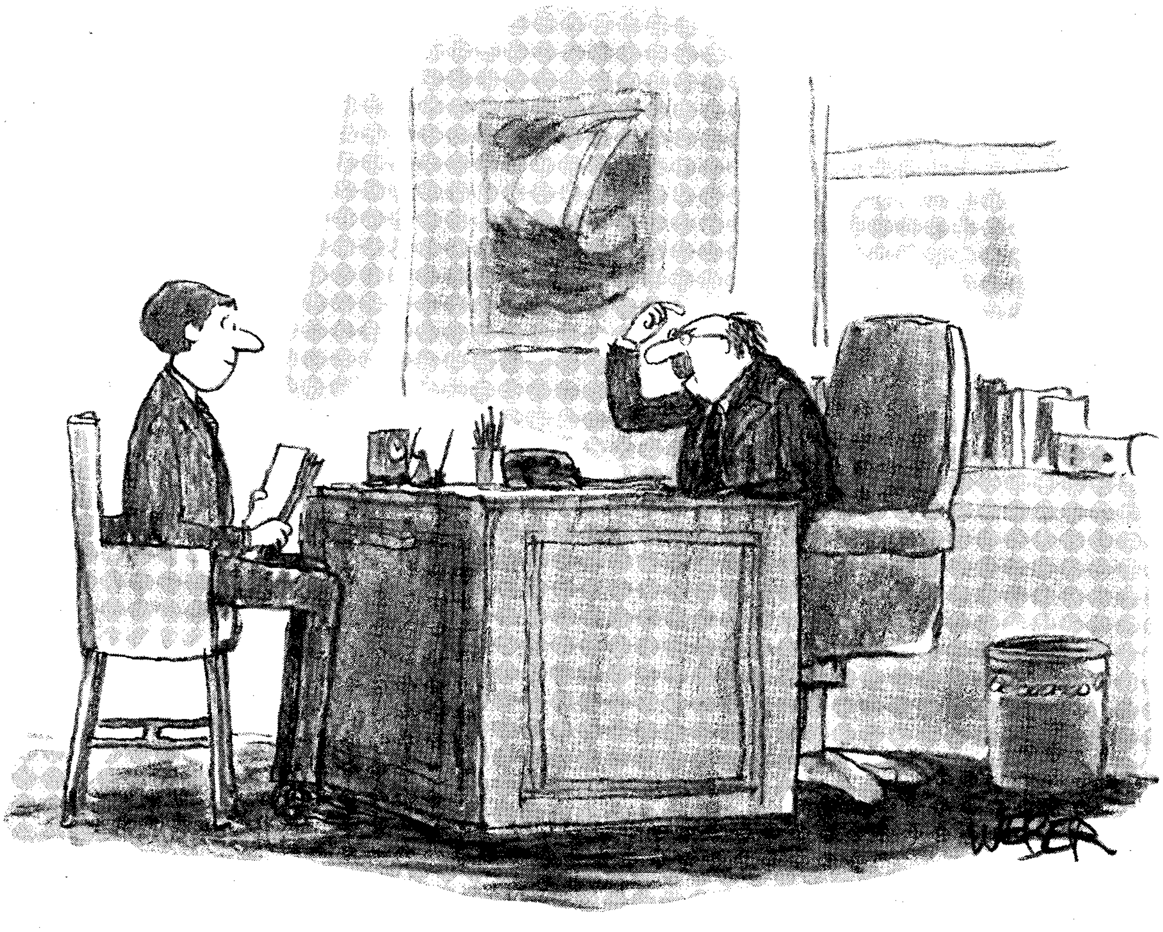
Q—What's the conspiratorial connection between the C.I.A., FBI, IRS, and The Police?

A—Miles Copeland II, a former Central Intelligence Agency official and the author of "The Real Spy World" and "The Game of Nations," has three sons: Miles III, who operates IRS, a London-based record company that produces and manages thirty-five New Wave bands; Stewart, who is the drummer of the highly successful New Wave band called The Police (and named "Best New Artist" in *Rolling Stone's* 1979 Critics' Poll); and Ian, who is the president of FBI (Frontier Booking International), a New York company that books N.W. bands in the U.S., including The Police, Squeeze, Iggy Pop, The Specials, John Cale, Buzzcocks, The Cramps, Chelsea, Skafish, The Split Enz, 999, XTC, Gang of Four, and Robin Lane & the Chartbusters.

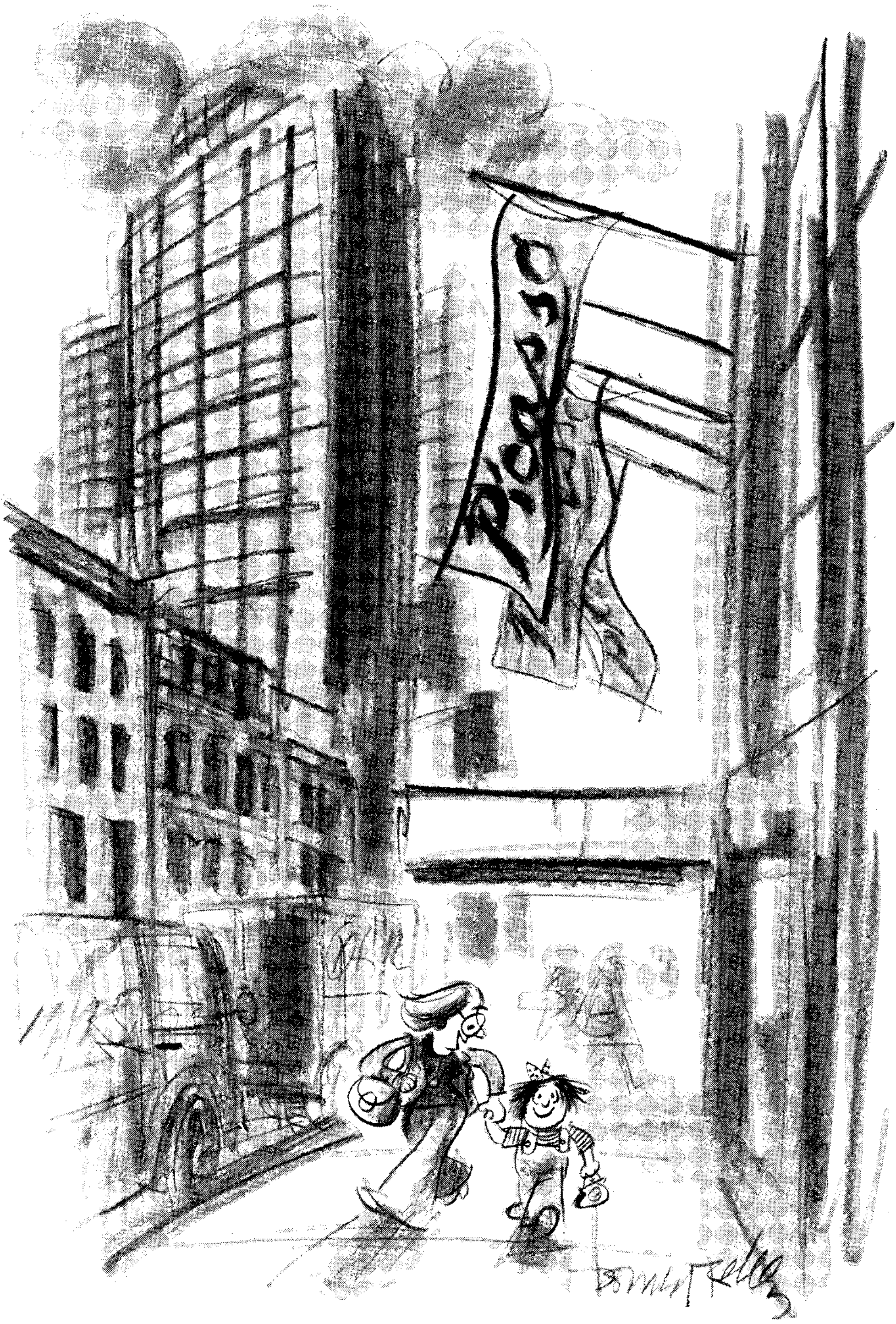
We decided last week to run a check on the operations of Ian, so, on the basis of a tip, we went to the sixth floor of 250 West Fifty-seventh Street. The floor directory listed the National Mah-Jongg League, Inc. (613), the Snar Construction Co., Inc. (615), the Success Research Institute (618), and other firms that sounded like fronts for *something*, but there was no FBI. Room 603—Spy Records, Ltd.; Cheap & Nasty Products, Inc.; Jamrag Music, Ltd.—looked like a good bet, so we went in there. It turned out that we had guessed right. A slim, good-looking young woman in black jeans and a black shirt who was playing a noisy Kiss pinball machine not only confirmed that this was FBI headquarters but divulged that FBI shared the office with Spy Records, etc. Presently, Ian Copeland, a tall, lanky, un-punk, and outgoing young man in a green T-shirt, jeans, and sandals, emerged from his office and invited us in. The office was decorated with framed platinum records (meaning a million sold), and on one wall was a large chart displaying the tour dates of various bands. On a side table sat a copy of "The Real Spy World," by Miles Copeland II.

"When I was a kid," said Ian Copeland, sitting down at his desk, "I never knew exactly what my father did for a living. I just knew we travelled a lot. I was born in Damascus, and lived in Washington, D.C., England, Egypt, and Lebanon besides Syria. I remember standing on the beach in Lebanon in 1958 surrounded by Arab Chiclets-sellers and watching the Marines come ashore. That was when I was eight. When I got to be a teen-ager and started going out on dates, the girl's parents would say, 'And what does your father do?' I'd say I didn't know. Then I'd go home and ask him, and he'd say, '*Who wants to know?*'

"At that time, my father was in Egypt a lot, and he'd come home to Beirut every three months, look at my report card with disgust, tell me to get my long hair cut, and fly back to Cairo, leaving my older brother Miles in charge. I resented that. So when I was fifteen I ran away from home. I got on my BSA 650 motor-



"There may be a recession out there, Willie, but there's no recession in here."



"Yes, dear—the same name as our cat."

cycle and went to the Armenian section of Beirut to hide out. There was a small bridge that led over there, and the Beirut police weren't allowed to cross it. I was very proud of successfully evading my father. He found me after a few weeks, however, and he said if I wanted to run away from home Beirut was not the place to do it. He told me he worked for the C.I.A. and I was too easy a target. So he gave me money to go to England, and let me run away there."

After a grim winter on a British construction crew, Ian went into the United States Army for two years, serving in Vietnam, and on his return to England he started booking mainstream rock bands, including The Climax Blues Band, Wishbone Ash, Jeff Beck, The Average White Band, and Renaissance. "But after a few years music began to bore," he said. "The bigness of it all was a joke. You had to sound like Led Zeppelin plus Fleetwood Mac, and every band had to have fifteen roadies. After recording, somebody would say, 'The sound is not *crisp* enough,' so the band would go back into the studio and spend another thirty thousand dollars. Then the punk scene started. I felt born again! Each band had something new to say. The music industry resisted it—all the experts agreed that it wouldn't work in America—but it spread like a revolution. Stewart was forming The Police, and Miles was recording and booking, and I got right into it.

"Our father had directed us toward music. Before the Second World War, he had been a jazz trumpeter, and had played with Glenn Miller. By the time I was born, in 1950, he had lost his lip, but he played piano all the time, and there were always Stan Kenton records playing in the house. My father is a perfectionist. When Stewart was a kid just starting on the drums, he could immediately do dazzling things. But my father worried that Stewart couldn't keep time. He kept telling Stewart, 'That's the most important thing for a drummer—keeping the beat.'

"My mother is an archeologist. She spends a lot of time at a mountain dig in Syria. She's written some books about prehistoric man and about flints they've found in Lebanon. When we were kids in Egypt, every Sunday we'd go on a picnic to a different pyramid or ancient temple. It was like going to church. Our family photograph albums are full of us standing in front of some enormous ruin in the middle of the desert—something that one of the invaders, Phoenicians or Romans or Crusaders, had left behind. A few weeks ago, I went back to Egypt to see The Police play. We arrived on Friday for a Saturday concert, but we'd forgotten that Friday in Egypt is like Sunday here. Everything was closed, including Customs, and all the band's gear was locked up until Monday. Miles called Dad in Washington, and Dad gave him the name of a guy to get in touch with. The next thing we knew, Mrs. Sadat had personally authorized Customs to open up, and the concert went on as scheduled."

An amiable-looking New Waver in dark glasses appeared in the doorway, and Copeland greeted him and asked, "Just fly in?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Jet lag?" Copeland inquired.

"Not yet," the man said, in a British accent. He headed for the pinball machine.

"When did your father retire from the C.I.A.?" we asked Copeland.

"Several years ago," he replied. "He became a business consultant in Washington." Then he smiled. "At least, that's what he says."

A LATE SHOW

ON my way home after graduation, I looked in the rear-view mirror a lot and thought about how pretty I was. I admired my straight nose and strong chin and my eyes as large and round as the moon. There is something ageless and kind about my face. Even I look to it for solace. But that afternoon I was surprised by how mournful I looked. For the six hundred miles between Denver and Kansas City, I talked to myself in a voice so reassuring it seemed borrowed from someone else. I had a lot of explaining to do. Something had gone wrong. Somewhere along the line I had paid too much attention and, at the same time, too little attention to failure: there was no job and I was going home. And I was trying to be optimistic. When I was fourteen, I'd won a trophy from the Modern Woodmen for my optimism. That day my father had held me close and touched the hair behind my ear.

"A girl with smarts," he had said. He was whispering. Two weeks later he died. It was league night at the Pla-mor Bowl, and he had made a seven-ten spare. There was something in the way he threw his arms up over his head, something in the way he pivoted smoothly to face his team, that offered everyone in sight a kind of celebration. Then he fell and died. A vein in his head had exploded. Since then I have had to be especially convincing.

On the highway, night came abruptly. There were no lighted houses and very few cars after dark. I stared at the shadowy animal carcasses on the road and spoke to myself softly and directly about opportunity. But I was losing energy. I couldn't hear myself over the rumble of the road. The prairie opened like a lengthening wound, and just before dawn I reached under the seat for the Scotch I kept for emergencies. I toasted my father and all dead optimists. I drank most of the morning. By noon, I was one hundred miles from home. The green highway signs flew over my head like startled birds. That was the right mood, I thought, for a person driving sixty miles an hour into the melodramatic obscurity of the future.

My mother met me at the door of r year-old house, which was so far in new suburbs that no tree on the k stood over five feet tall. My er was different. She had changed air, her wardrobe, and her ad- lost forty pounds, and was "a new person." Nothing was the same. She walked faster and she was jumpy. Even her smile made me nervous, because it was a new smile—a twisted, hesitant smirk, as though she'd just accidentally told me a secret that she still wanted to keep for a very long time. No one else I knew had a mother who had changed like that. Some of them had died, but none had changed.

At the door, she kissed me and apologized for missing my graduation. The kiss was dry and detached, as though she were kissing not me but the space I occupied.

"The bed is made up downstairs," she said. "You go ahead and sleep. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Thanks," I said.

She stood at the top of the stairs and watched me go down. I took them slowly, shyly, because I could tell she thought she should say something else and was trying to think of what it could be. I stopped at the bottom and looked up at her. She was staring at her hand on the stairwell door, jiggling each finger. "Honey," she said. It was what she had always called everyone—me, my father, salespeople, the dog. "Honey, good work is hard to find. I mean, you can do anything, *anything* at all. It's a slow business, this first starting out. The thing to do is jump right in. Get going. You know." She said the words slowly, without feeling, like a threat.

"I know," I said.

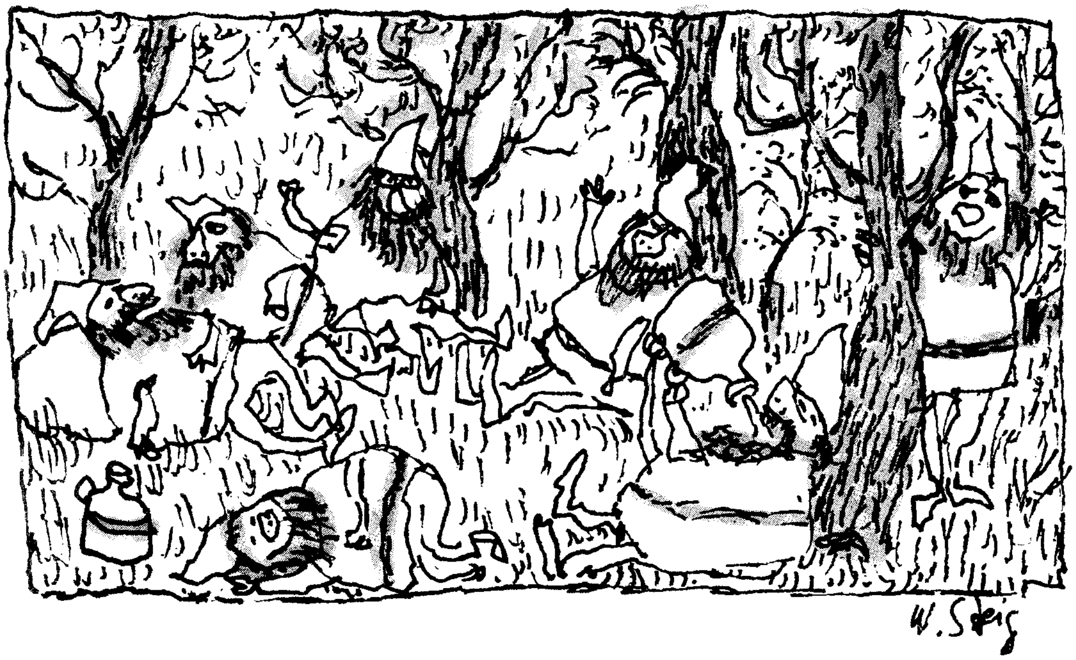
I didn't recognize anything in the room downstairs. There was a yellow sofa bed, yellow pillows, and yellow drapes. My mother had always been able to do two things well: she could dance the polka and she could decorate a cheerful room. I looked in the mirror over the bureau in order to feel at home in my own eyes, and wondered if I should cry. Instead, I turned on the television.

YOU'RE not supposed to identify with Lauren Bacall in "Young Man with a Horn." There is something too alone and insular about her, something uncommitted in her leaps from one profession to another. And you're not supposed to think that Kirk Douglas, or anyone else for that matter, should spend his life trying to hit that one note no one has ever heard before. Alone in my Hide-A-Bed in the suburb of short trees, I did both of these things. In 1952, someone like Doris Day would have said to me, "You need a hobby," or would have wept. But I wasn't drinking as much as Kirk Douglas, and I didn't have pneumonia, and even with my interest in cultivating a quietly growing death wish, I took my vitamins.

I read the want ads every morning. There were three pages of them on weekdays, one on Saturdays, and six to ten on Sundays. I would read each ad carefully, pondering possibilities, identities, remembering that I could do *anything*. It was like choosing a lover with closed eyes. Jobs and men held the same threat of definition for me, required the same degree of caution. Clerk-typist meant learning to wear breezy dresses and trim cuticles; a lover with hard leather shoes and monogrammed hairbrushes meant learning to cook and to wear paper hats on New Year's Eve. Once I had thought I would be like Edna St. Vincent Millay in the Village—that I'd gather all lovely men to me and live with them for the rest of my life. Like Millay and Wilson and their companions, we would share a common soul. But that just wasn't so. The men I knew had in mind a much closer embrace. The first time a man slapped my behind and smiled a satisfied, possessive grin, I was confused. Alone in the bathroom, I consoled myself with the knowledge that I was young, that people make mistakes. But it meant I needed a new strategy. I liked what Billie Holiday had said: "A man can leave home one morning and come home that night whistling and singing to find there ain't nobody there but him." So I became a rude surprise. It was difficult, but clean and final.

THERE was no job in the paper even remotely close to acceptable, and though I wasn't sure what was acceptable, I knew it had more to do with Lauren Bacall wanting to do everything and Kirk Douglas wanting to do just one small important thing than it did with retail sales or stenography or dance instructing.

While I soaked in my morning bath, I talked to myself, formally, offering a report, as though not certain I was listening: "You have exactly thirty-seven days until there is nothing left. Your money will be gone. If you indulge in frivolity, you will be cutting your time in half. The choice is yours. Good luck to you." I had a tendency to dramatize—the movies, I guess. At times, I believed I was an actress in a role that hadn't yet been completely defined. I could hear the camera rolling over my shoulder when I fingered oranges in the supermarket. I played



In the Catskill Mountains

to it. I was drawn subtly into the extravagance of acting out my own life—waiting for cues and the right light, watching my face rearrange itself in the bathroom mirror of my mother's house until it became the face of Hedy Lamarr turning to meet the eyes of her accusers. I knew that my father would have disapproved. He always said a person had two choices: you succeed or you fail. It wasn't fair to do neither; it was poor sportsmanship. Still, when the phone rang I picked it up and played it: Young Woman Calmly Explains Late Payment to Insurance Man. At the end of such conversations, the man always apologized, and I am sure he hung up smiling. I shuddered and returned to a kind of stillness in the wings. I composed my eulogy: She enjoyed no lasting fame in life, but she did live a series of pleasant pictures.

Every second day, I went to a movie. It helped me relax and forget, and there was something about the cool darkness in the afternoon that I found compelling. When the movies were over, I felt eloquent. I was bold and new with things I hadn't known before. Most of the time, I'd come home and tell my mother everything I could remember. She would stare at the fruit basket on the table until I was sure that what I'd said was somehow for her associated with wax bananas and peaches. "Honey," she'd plead in a questioning, uncertain way. "Speaking of movies, that filmmaker friend of yours called again today. Why don't you call him back? Maybe you could work for him. You really should do something, don't you think?" Even after I closed the door, I could feel her waiting.

THAT filmmaker friend of mine wasn't really a filmmaker and wasn't really a friend. His name was Frank, and he'd worked on one movie—a drive-in item about promiscuous teen-agers terrorizing gas-station attendants. After that, he was content to sit on the terrace of a popular café downtown, sipping gin and brushing the hair off the forehead of a woman who was rumored to be fifteen. Frank and I had spent time together a few summers before—mostly on the stretch of highway between the center city and the airport, where he was always going to make a late-night connection with a producer or a producer's lawyer or the nephew of a producer's lawyer. We didn't know each other well, but we seemed able to leave it at that. Our trips to the airport were silent but not awkward. I liked to ride the freeway through the dark, when the lights from theatres and restaurants six blocks away seemed warm and friendly. Once out of the city, I liked the double rows of street lights that climbed the hills. They made me feel sort of drably festive. I'm not sure what Frank liked. Once he reached over quietly and placed his hand on my knee. His touch in the darkness so startled me that my knee came up and hit the dashboard. Frank pulled his hand away, held it in the air between us for a moment, and then put it back on the wheel. He didn't say anything until we pulled into the harsh light of the terminal. For a moment, he sat there—long enough for me to feel guilty for being startled (which, I think, is what he wanted me to feel) and for me to say I was sorry (which is what I wanted to feel). Then he said, "I guess it's good to drive." I'm not sure what he meant for me to feel by that.

THREE weeks after I got home, my mother began leaving the room when I came in. I decided to call Frank back.

The woman was with Frank when I met him the next night at the café, as was a paunchy local man, a self-styled producer. He and Frank talked movies. I pretended to listen, and wondered why I'd come. The woman drank seven Coca-Colas. Her name was Sandra, and she looked to be either fifteen or fifty—nowhere in between. Her eyes were heavily shadowed in shades of dark brown, and her mouth had discovered a perfect rosy pout. Her nails were meticulous, painted a tomato red with the small half moon at the base of each left bare. I thought she must take herself very seriously. Only bad women in forties movies had the time to paint their nails like that. Her look of boredom was flawless, but every now and then she would straighten her skirt with a great deal of childish commotion and follow that with a very loud sigh that was just undirected enough to make me wonder what I could possibly have done to upset her. I tried to be friendly.

"What do you do?"

"Nothing," she snapped.

It caught Frank's attention. "Don't mind her," he said. "We're supposed to be in Beverly Hills. She's holding it against me." Frank moved closer to the table and smiled. Suddenly he reminded me of the last man I'd left, a man who doled out sensitivity and understanding like small piles of grain to a hungry bird. It was a ploy, that selfless offering. One day the deception would fall away, quickly and finally, like a quiet seizure, and Frank, like the man I'd left, would reassert

THREE POEMS

CALIFORNIA SPRING

At dawn the dove croons.
A hawk hangs over the field.
The liquidambar rinses its hundred hands.

And the light comes on in the pepper trees.
Under its flat surfaces horns and noises are starting up.
The dewdrops begin to shrink.

How sad the morning is.
There is a tree which rains down in the field.
There is a spider that swings back and forth on his thin
strings in the heart.

How cold the wind is.
And the sun is, caught like a kite in the drooped limbs
of the tree.
The apricot blossoms scatter across the ice plant.

One angel dangles his wing.
The grass edges creak and the tide pools begin to shine.
Nothing forgives.

DOG DAY VESPERS

Sun like an orange mousse through the trees,
A snowfall of trumpet bells on the oleander—
mantis paws

Craning out of the new wisteria, fruit smears
in the west. . . .
De Staël knifes a sail on the bay;
A mother's summons hangs like a towel
on the dusk's hook. . . .

Everything drips and spins
In the pepper trees, the pastel glide of the evening
Slowing to mother-of-pearl and the night sky.
Venus breaks clear in the third heaven.
Quickly the world is capped, and the seal turned.

I drag my chair to the deck's edge and the blue ferns.
I'm writing you now by flashlight
The same news and the same story I've told you
often before.
As the stag-stars begin to shine,
A wing brushes my left hand,
but it's not my wing.

LAGUNA DANTESCA

I want, like a little boat, to be isolate,
slipping across one element
Toward the horizon, whose lips know something but
stay sealed under the heaven of the moon.

There's something I want to look on, face to face.
Like a rock, or some other heavy thing, I want to
descend through clear water
Endlessly,
disappearing as she did,
Line after leached line, into the lunar deeps.

I want, like these lavender bells from the jacaranda
tree,
To flare with the fixed stars,
used up and self-satisfied.

Tree frogs drum in the dark. The small brass
of the natural world
Is drumming and what I want
is nothing to them.

Above me, the big dog lies low in the southern sky
and bides its time.

Like a scrap of charred paper, I want to return.
There's something I want to look on whose face
rises and falls like a flame.

I want to sit down there, the dog asleep at my feet.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

• •

himself. His caress would leave a blue-black bruise. I pushed back my chair.

"You see," Frank went on, "the great American dream has eluded us."

Sandra laughed when he said it. "The only way we'll ever dream is to back the car into the garage and forget to turn the motor off." Sandra pushed back her own hair this time. Frank ignored her. The producer and I stared.

"So you're looking for work," Frank said.

"Yes."

"Then we'd dream." Sandra wasn't finished yet. "*Then* we'd dream." The producer snickered. Frank looked me.

"Have you found anything inter-ng yet?"

Vell, no," I said. "I've never anything, so I can't do anything. 'm afraid that if I do something I'll become that something, and I don't want to become any one thing."

Sandra slammed down her glass and said, "Wait a minute. We don't even have a garage." Even Frank laughed at that.

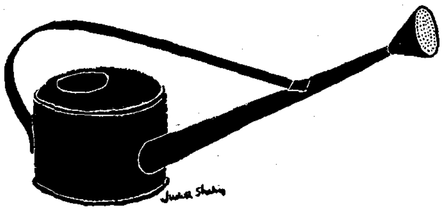
The producer said, "Kid, I'll rent you a garage. Just for the occasion. Have another Coke."

"No. I have to go to the bathroom."

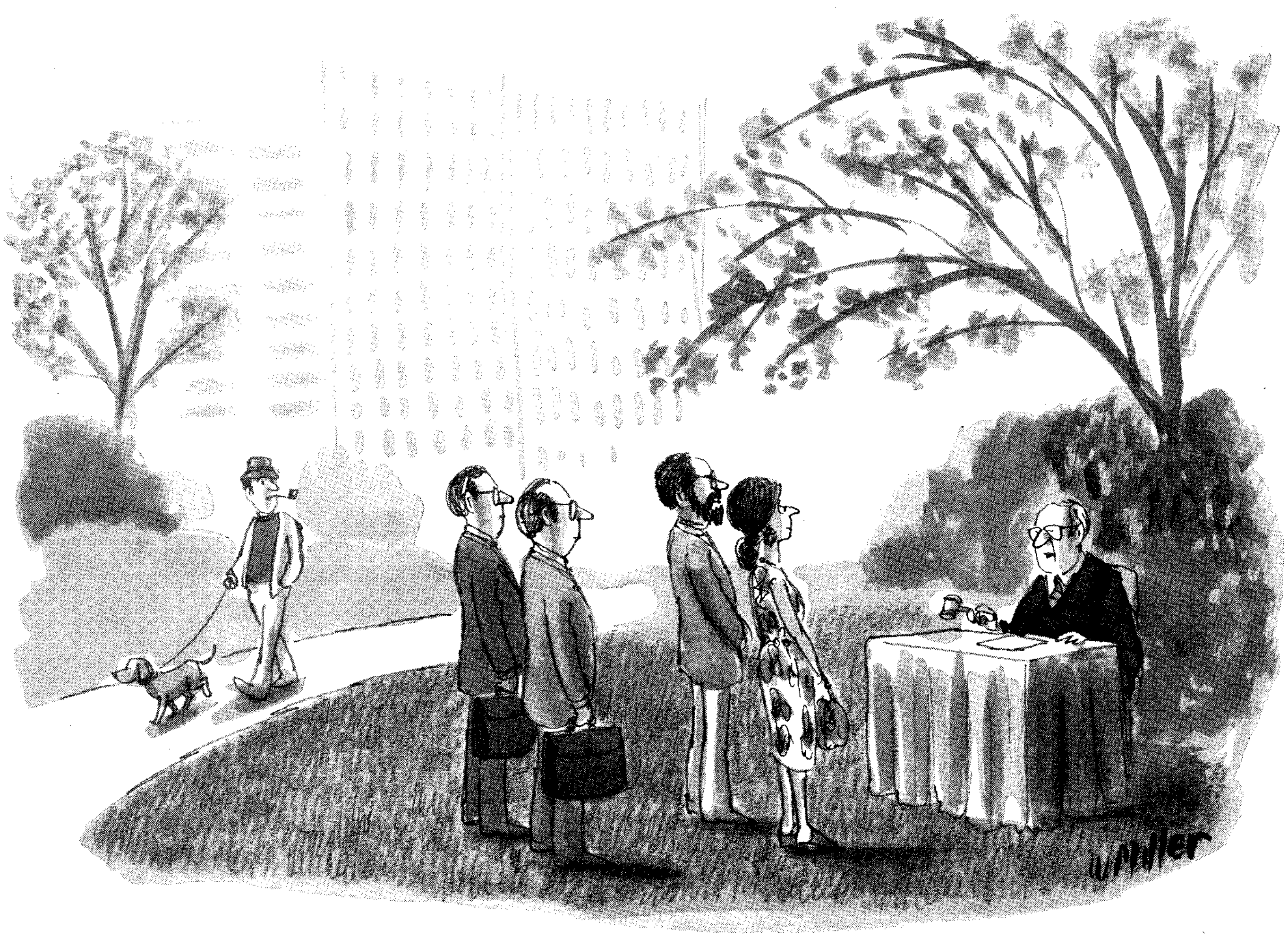
"Go," Frank said. She didn't leave.

"But people have liked you," Frank said to me. "I heard. They said good things."

"People talking isn't enough, I guess," I said. "Someone has to do something."



I was sure I had to leave. I thought of my father and the things he'd done. I thought of him folding beer cans into tiny squares and tossing them over his shoulder to land in the wastebasket. He never missed. My father was a master of details like that. Things fell into place where he was. On Sundays when I was young, my father and mother and I ate together at Nellie's Steakhouse. Whenever we came in, a hush fell over the place while Nellie, in a kind of fit, would hover and move chairs. People stopped eating until my father had taken Nellie's hands between his own and held them for a moment. Then, after a respectful pause, everyone in the place, even my mother and I, would resume talking with a new, giddy energy. My father touched people with order and quiet. Nellie loved him; so did my mother and I.



"Divorce granted."

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On Sundays, I could think of no one who did not love my father.

Frank would have disdained those things; so would the producer. There was no question about Sandra. But my father had done them, and next to the memory of him sitting down late each evening, discarding his tie with a weary grace, these people faded.

Sandra announced she was going to a hotel down the street to buy some gum. I went with her. We walked far into the hotel district in silence. It was nice to walk. I liked the breeze. There were prostitutes out on the corners. They stared boldly at us, with their elaborate wigs and strong, bitter smiles. I stared back at them and then, like a penitent intruder, down at the sidewalk.

"That's something you could do." Sandra was looking at me for the first time that night. "You could do it," she said. "I couldn't. I have too much face. The best prostitutes never have as much face as I do."

I stared at her slightly parted lips. "How dare you," I said. "You haven't any face at all." I was nearly shouting. She went into the hotel, and I waited under the awning near the doorman. The prostitutes had moved up the block. One was leaning far into the window of a blue sedan. Every few seconds, the breeze would lift her dress to expose the tops of her stockings and, above that, a band of thigh so white it seemed to glow. Suddenly I wanted to sit down. My clothes fanned softly against my body, and I thought I might float away with them in the breeze. I leaned back against the hotel. It was covered with a layer of soot as fine as a woman's face powder. The hotel doorman was old. He had dirty cuffs and a slouchy hat and was whistling softly under his breath. It sounded like the song from "Casablanca." That made me feel better, and I wanted to go stand right next to him. I wanted him to hold my hand. He caught me looking at him and smiled with all his teeth.

"Nice night for fishing, isn't it?" He was looking at my legs. I looked at my legs with him, because I didn't understand.

"What did you say?"

He didn't answer and went back to whistling. I didn't like him anymore. My legs were weak, and I was afraid I might collapse, though I knew I wouldn't. Sandra came out of the hotel with her gum, and when we passed him he sort of sang out over his shoulder, "Happy hunting, ladies." That's when I walked away from Sandra. I didn't even say goodbye. I was afraid. I picked my way up the middle of the street, away from the awnings and porticoes, as though the suction from a revolving door might pull me in.

AT home, in the yellow room, I looked in the mirror and watched my image move in and out of focus. One moment, it was my mouth quivering, my eyes blinking back at me; the next, it was the heavy flat face of someone I didn't know. In bed, I pulled the sheet over my head, then took it down again. The moon cast odd shadows on my yellow wall. I drifted into sleep and out again, hearing strange men's voices mumbling in hushed, throaty tones. Amid them all, I heard my father call my name. I spent most of the night trying to separate his voice from the others.

—JANET DESAULNIERS

MIZPAH

IT is a Wednesday noon, early in the spring of 1945. A minuscule cottage, white shingle with gray trim, faces the highway that runs up from near Edinburgh past Aberdour and Kirkcaldy, two towns close by. On the far side of a gentle rise behind the cottage there is a steep slope, and beyond that the North Sea hisses around twin black rocks, and rolls on up the shore. Inside the house—tiny, in scale with it—an old woman, her handbag on her arm, dusts a bare table. Her name is Jane Macdevitt. Now she lays the cloth down and counts the money that is in the bag, nods, and goes on with her light chore. She is well into her eighties, and frail, but still holds herself quite straight. She is wearing a thin brown sweater and a full tartan skirt that reaches her ankles. Her eyes are alert and blue. Her hair is pulled to an uncompromising knot on top of her head—a style she has favored through the years.

Done with her dusting, she goes to her bedroom, puts on pince-nez from a case that lies on top of her Bible, which itself is on top of "Pilgrim's Progress," and takes two letters from an envelope with an American APO return address, and reads them. Both conclude with the word "Mizpah" and are signed "Matthew." The first and longest says that Matthew is in Britain, is expecting a leave before long, and wants to visit her. The second, dated the week before, says that he will take the bus up from Edinburgh and will arrive at about noon the next Wednesday, if that should be convenient.

Jane returns the letters, puts her glasses in their case, and goes to the kitchen, where a long-handled spade stands in a corner. She takes it out-of-doors and to the far end of a line of rosebushes—small bare sprigs, merely—that runs across the front of the cottage and back in the direction of the sea. She lays her handbag on the grass, and, panting a little, loosens the earth around the last bush with her tall spade, then moves on to the next and then the next, bringing her bag along with her. When she has reached the turn in the row, a young man in an American uniform comes up the road from the direction of the local bus stop. He sees her and waves and walks faster. She leans on her spade, peers at him, then goes toward him slowly. She grasps his left arm and shakes it fondly. They kiss. "Cousin Jane!" he says. "You're looking wonderful!"

"Well, Thomas," she says briskly. "You've come early to surprise me, and a pleasant surprise it is. A whole day early."

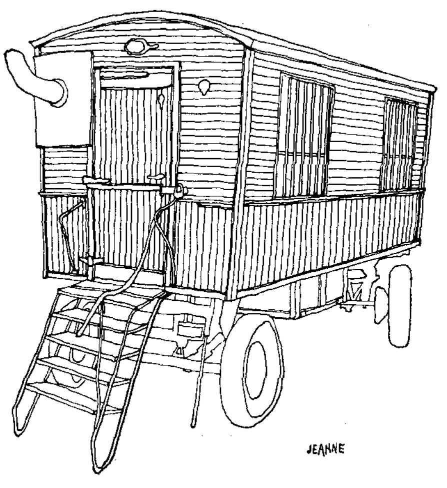
The young man looks puzzled. He is Matthew—Matthew Ramsay—and he is exactly on time. Thomas, Jane's first cousin, was his father. "Matthew, of course—dear me," Jane says after a moment. "Well, early as you may be, there's tea in the house and scones, and a drop of the auld kirk, if you're agreeable."

"In *your* house?" he says, laughing.

"I've told you a drop, and it's all you'll get," she says. "It keeps the chill wind off."

MATTHEW was a few weeks from being born when Jane Macdevitt, already middle-aged, had gone to America in 1922. Leaving behind Joseph, her younger brother, whom she had all but raised after the death of their parents—raised scrupulously in her own Calvinist faith—Jane went to visit her older brother, William, who had emigrated to Iowa. She did not visit him long. He had lived in America ten years, and they were strangers. She could agree with him on almost nothing. For William, the world had become fluid, complicated. He found no certainties in it. To her mind—and she told him so—he had rebuilt his house upon the sand; her own was founded on rock. Among other things, she learned soon after her arrival that he had become a Unitarian—an enormous heresy—and she stayed only the time that elementary courtesy required.

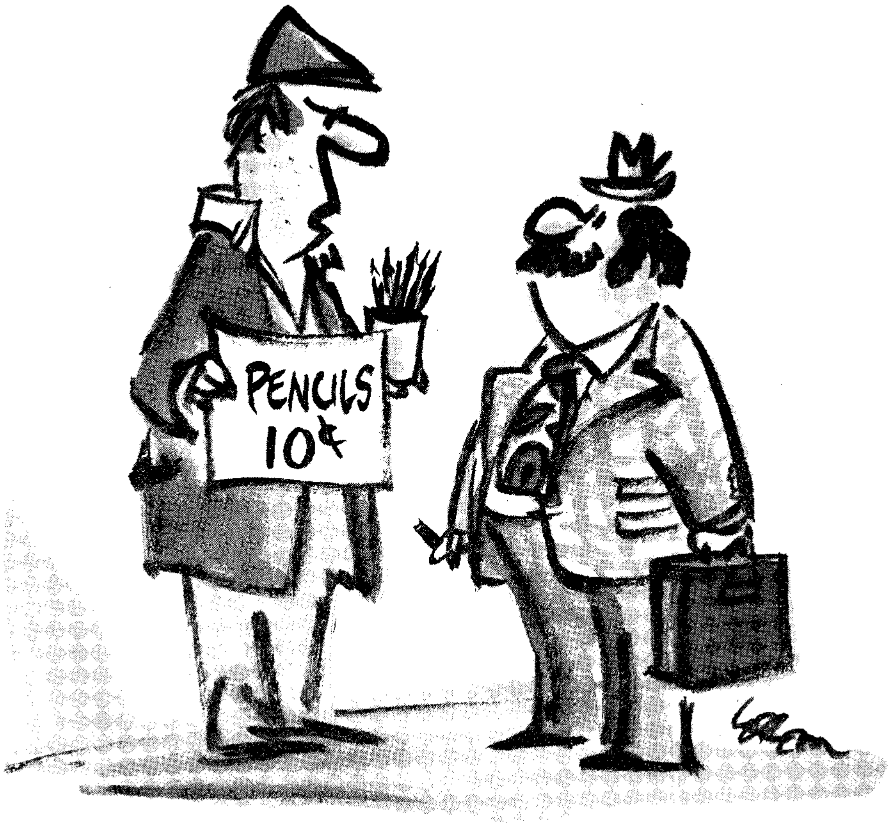
But there was Thomas, living on the outskirts of Chicago, and, to give her trip more substance, she stopped off to see him on her way back to Scotland. Matthew had been born, his mother had died, and Jane, meaning to stay a week or so, agreed, at urging, to stay on longer: business kept Thomas as travelling, and now there was the child. So Jane remained in Thomas's house, much of the time alone with Matthew, for sixteen years, raising a second boy as she had the first.



The house was clapboarded and rambling, and its old softwood floors were given to creaking—a companionable sound, in Jane's opinion. She tended the baby, cooked and sewed, made scones, and read the Bible in her small room off the parlor—scones on Friday, the Bible morning and night—and went to church on the Sabbath day, leaving the child in the care of a less God-fearing neighbor. (Jane had never heard the day called Sunday before she came to America.) Sometimes when only she and Matthew were in the house, she played ballads, sad and spectral, on the old piano, humming or singing them softly in her unsteady soprano. On trips to the stores—a long walk on a sparsely settled street—she wheeled Matthew in his pram and took quite a parental pride when other shoppers stopped to admire him.

When Matthew was four, she taught him the simplest of her songs, and when he was five she found that he was struggling to read, so she began to help him, and she wrote to her brother Joseph, who lived in Edinburgh and was now an engineer, asking that he send the hieroglyphic Bible that she had owned as a child and had passed along to him. This was a book written half in symbols. Where the text spoke of the Kingdom, it showed a king and a dome. She was sure that Joseph still had it; he took great care of old things. So, in due time, the Bible arrived. She gave it as a present to Matthew, and suggested he read aloud from it as she worked in the kitchen or sewed at night in her room. In many ways, Matthew had begun to remind her of Joseph, who was, and always had been, a devoted reader.

Again and again, she told Matthew tales of Joseph, citing him as an example of wisdom, goodness, and piety. And Joseph, for his part, wrote every other Saturday. The letters were careful and formal, recounting his doings since the last one. They told of his reading—Shakespeare, Locke, and John Bunyan (the Bible was understood; no need even to mention it). They told of what he had eaten recently. So the letters had a sameness. Still, Jane would summarize their contents for Matthew, and, when Matthew's father was at home, for him, listing with respect her brother's latest forays into literature or philosophy. She saved them all and modelled her re-



“Look, fella, for the last time—I don’t want any P.R.”

• •

plies on them as far as her ability allowed. And she signed them with “Mizpah,” as Joseph also signed his.

“The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another,” she would say. “That’s the meaning of it, Matthew. Genesis thirty-one, forty-nine.” And Matthew would find the passage in his Bible, illumined by a haloed head of Jesus, who did not by right belong in Genesis.

ON the way to the stores, there was a speakeasy, and Jane would cross the street with Matthew to avoid passing too close to it. It was an ordinary brick-and-stucco house, but the whole neighborhood knew its function. The owner was a gray-haired, quiet-seeming man—Jane knew him by sight—who never presumed to speak to her until one bitter cold and snowy day. Matthew had been ill and the trip back home was too much for him. He had on mittens, but when Jane looked at his hands she saw that they were purple. She feared they might be frozen, and there was no house she knew nearby, so in desperation she took him into the covered doorway of the speakeasy, and the owner, seeing them there, stepped out, saw Matthew’s hands, and took a scoop of snow and rubbed them with it. Matthew shouted with outrage, but soon his hands got back their normal color. Not wishing to seem ungrateful, Jane thanked the man gravely, and after that he raised his hat to her and she bent her head if they passed, but she always spoke of him to Matthew as “the publican” and was nagged by the thought that there was evident good in sinners—a troublesome shade of gray in a world of primary tones. It was Thomas’s contention that her term had got back to the man and he felt honored.

WHEN Matthew was six, it was time to send him to public school. His speech was strongly Scottish-tinged, and the other children, he said, made fun of it. Jane told him to try to speak when at school as the others did—he was, after all, an American. He and she could continue to speak properly at home.

She missed Matthew in the daytime, but it was almost possible to make the time up later. She taught him her large repertoire of hymns, of which the more military—“Onward, Christian Soldiers,” “Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus, Ye Soldiers of the Cross”—were favored by them both. Once, Matthew took Jericho single-handed in the parlor, charging so fast when the walls came down that he fell and split his lip on the radiator. But there were no military games on Sunday, though Matthew could play as he pleased after church, if quietly.

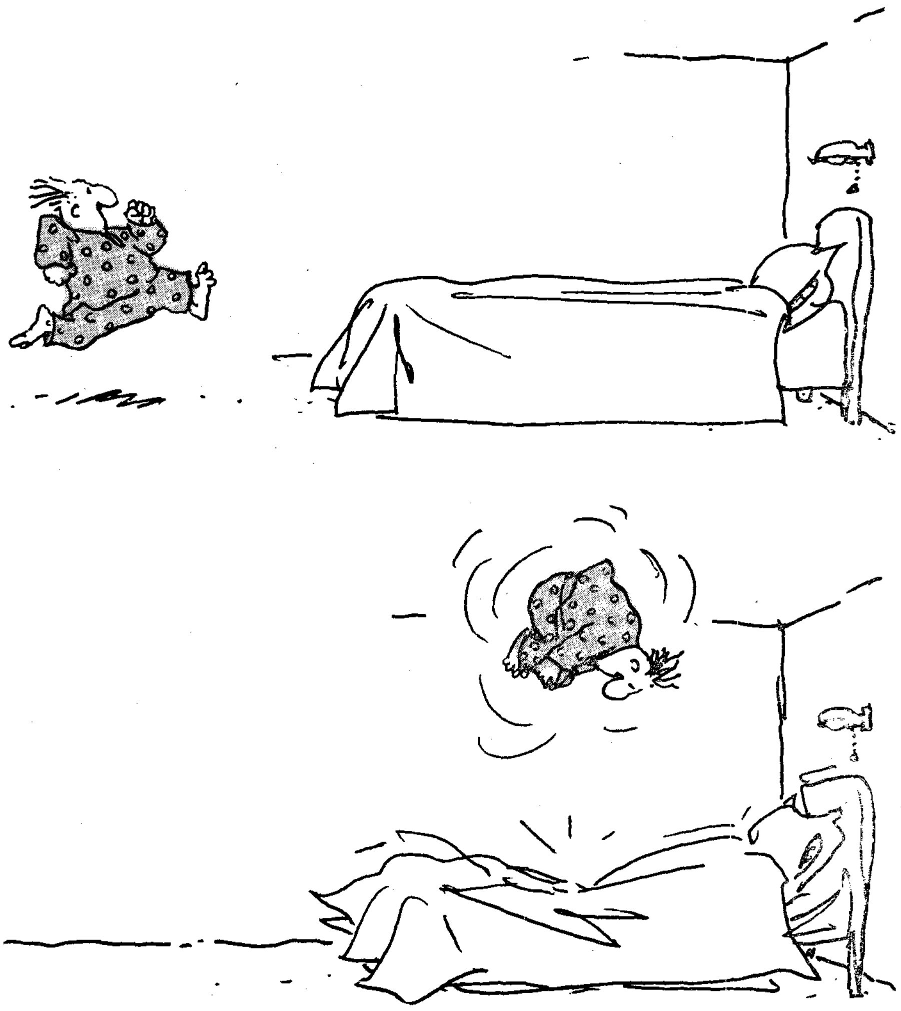
If Matthew played some small prank on Jane, as she encouraged his doing, she would reply with words of affront. “A fearful scoundrel,” she would say, trying not to smile. “A fearful knave.”

THE letters from Scotland came without fail, and one of them brought a snapshot of Joseph, stiffly posed—a sober-looking man in a bowler hat. His dark mustache drooped, his watch chain glinted on his dark vest. (“He is small in stature but a *large* man,” Jane said to Matthew. “You have his very eyes.”) In the spring of the year Matthew was eleven, Joseph wrote that he was sending a brooch “in recognition of” Jane’s coming birthday. He also listed his current reading, this time naming Charles Darwin along with Goethe and Hobbes. The mention of Darwin so startled Jane that she could not take her usual pride in Joseph’s other reading. Goethe and Hobbes were only names—formidable names—to her, but she knew something about Darwin. She had followed the Scopes trial intensely, hungering for Mr. Bryan’s victory, rejoicing when it came. And Darwin had played a significant part in the arguments. She omitted him from her account of the letter to Matthew, but she did speak of him to Thomas one night after Matthew was in bed. “He held that mortals are descended from the apes,” she said. “Surely that is an unforgivable thought.”

“He didn’t put it quite that way,” Thomas said. “And he *was* a distinguished naturalist.”

Up under the roof of the house was a long, narrow attic with a pointed ceiling and a dormer window at one end. And when Jane was assailed by anger (as she sometimes was), or by some Caledonian darkness arising from her sins, or by thoughts that disconcerted her, she would repair to the attic, her room being an insufficient refuge. She would take her Bible with her and would sit in a decrepit morris chair by the window, the book on her lap and her eyes on the landscape beyond. She went there that night. She did not at all absolve Darwin, but still—a learned man such as her brother did see fit to read him, and a man as clever as her cousin clearly could find extenuation. Then her head righted itself, to a degree. It must be that Joseph read Darwin to refute him, and that Thomas was only trying to be fair, as his nature was. But even so, she felt confused and lost. There was uncertainty. There was disorder.

Later that same week, Thomas fell ill. He came down with influenza and then pneumonia. The case was said to be grave. A crisis arose. Jane sat with Matthew all that night in her room, keeping the light dim, as seemed appropriate. A nurse was upstairs with Thomas. Jane could hear the nurse's footsteps—a quick, soft padding, tiny creaks. Jane could not guess their meaning, but when they came she strained toward the ceiling. Matthew spoke little. Jane had her large old Bible open on her lap, and Matthew had his hieroglyphic one open on his. He was long past the age for it, but its being there comforted him; it made him feel safe. Now and then, Jane would pray briefly—she believed in healing by faith alone—or read part of a passage, and Matthew would find it in his book and finish it. Then the silence, except for the sounds overhead, would come again.



"*I watch, and am as a sparrow alone* upon the housetop," Jane said abruptly toward morning, not bothering to look for the Psalm, and Matthew turned away and cried. For the peril was theirs as well as Thomas's. If he died, *they would have only each other*—and Joseph, thousands of miles away. Then the nurse came (padding, creaking) and told them that the worst was over, and Jane knew for certain that she and Matthew, much more *than the* nurse, had saved Thomas. They had all been watched over, interceded for, as all of them always were, now and forever. Thomas was safe, and by an extension that Jane perfectly understood, Joseph was now also safe—safe in his faith.

THE brooch arrived—silver, with a moonstone surrounded by small agates—along with the news that Joseph had bought a small cottage up the coast from Aberdour. He enjoyed the sea air, which was bracing and fine for the lungs. The cottage was a quiet spot, a capital place to read and think. He had taken many of his books there. He had been reading Hume and rereading much of Dickens.

From time to time, as the years went by, Jane counted her small savings and yearned within Thomas's and Matthew's hearing for Scotland. However, she returned each time to what she spoke of as her duty—"seeing to" Matthew and Thomas, who were incompetent in domestic matters. She also had the duty, which she did not mention, of rearing Matthew in the ways he should go.

Then, when Matthew was fifteen, Joseph died. It was sudden; no word of an illness had reached Jane. She grieved, but eventually she could take comfort in the certainty that he would at once have got his reward. Later came the deed to the cottage, notice of a modest sum deposited in her name in an Edinburgh bank, and the longest letter of them all.

For Joseph had entertained serious doubts—had become, in fact, an agnostic, though this he did not say outright. The letter was full of references to writers he had mentioned before: Locke and Huxley, Mill and Spencer—great names that had meant nothing to Jane beyond her pride that Joseph had read them. The letter had been written long before Joseph's death and left in the keeping of his solicitor. It was a confession that Joseph had felt he owed her.

So her darkness rose in her again and engulfed her. For days, she stalked the house in silence, or spent long stretches in her attic haven. She showed the letter to Thomas, but not to Matthew. Once, she forgot to close the door to her room, and Matthew came on her weeping—something she had not done even when Joseph died—and *he fled the* sight. But early one evening he found her sitting alone in the parlor. Perhaps recalling that mention of Joseph had always refreshed her, even after his death, Matthew spoke of him now, and of his learning. Jane bent forward in pain. "I cannot pray for him," she said. "He is lost in body and now in soul, and I cannot pray."

Matthew, puzzled, not knowing what had befallen Joseph, sat on the floor beside her and took her hand. "Would it help if I prayed, too?" he asked after a moment.

She shook her head. The silence grew long, the room became darker. "Try," Matthew said.

A little later, she sighed and began in a low, shaking voice scarcely above a whisper. "Mercy," she said aloud, and in a short while, "Forgiveness." And Matthew began echoing—mumbling—the few of her words he could distinguish, but now he could not pray earnestly, as he always had. At last, she stopped and peered down at him. "I thank you, Matthew," she said sadly.

"You did not pray, but I thank you," and she patted his shoulder and got up and went to her room.

The next day, she burned all of Joseph's letters except the last one, which she locked in her suitcase, and she put the brooch on her closet shelf and did not wear it again.

NOW Jane was pressed and uncertain. She had twice lost Joseph, first to apostasy—her belief in his belief had always sustained her own—and then to death. For a while, she went to the meetings of a fundamentalist sect, looking for some lost strength, but she did not find it. The group's tenets were no more literal than those she had always clung to. And it seemed that Matthew could be slipping away. So she returned to her Presbyterian church, whose familiar plain walls and sober pulpit protected her each Sunday from a world adrift. Matthew went with her. He always had. But now she was aware that his prayers and responses were spoken largely by rote, and one Sunday she left the house while Matthew was still at breakfast. She walked the neighborhood, marching briskly, until church time. Later, neither she nor Matthew mentioned this departure from custom, but after that she always went alone.

Because Jane had a house—*Joseph's* house—in Scotland she was faced with a dilemma. She longed for Scotland and had the means to go, but, in the first place, she had no one there. She tried to imagine the cottage, luring herself to it. She talked to Matthew about the roses that surely grew around it and of the booming of the sea below. And she never spoke of Joseph or his books, but she knew that both would be there, waiting for her.

Then, suddenly, Thomas's house was to be sold. Thomas was to be transferred to the West as soon as his affairs could be settled, and Matthew was to leave his high school for a prep school. Jane did what she could to delay this. When prospective buyers came, she gently disparaged the house, and even, a few times after rains, poured water on the basement floor, then took herself to the attic for having borne false witness. But at last the house was sold, and, clinging to Matthew and weeping a little—the second time in his life he had seen her weep—she left for a train to New York and a ship to Scotland. The brooch remained on the closet shelf.

WHEN Jane reached the cottage, seven years before Matthew's wartime visit, she found Joseph's books scattered on tables and chairs throughout its few rooms, and she picked them up and put them in a closet off the kitchen and locked the door.

Matthew finished school and went to college, dutifully writing her from time to time, and Jane promptly replied. Like Joseph, Matthew reported (filling space, perhaps) what he had been studying and reading, but, with Joseph in mind, Jane often wondered whether Matthew was telling her all that he was reading.

There were no roses growing around the cottage after all, so she planted a number of bushes. She coddled them, sent photographs of them to Matthew when they were in bloom, sent photographs of herself, tiny and trim. The knot of hair had long since turned white. She walked, breathing the sea air, and sewed and read her Bible. Joseph's solicitor attended to such matters

ACCIDENT

Never to remember
New York City
Mingus's splendid tirades
Chico   Max
The MJQ   or early Gerry
He rides
His bike shooting out of woods like a switchblade
Onto the lane
In our meadow   where night air
Leaves a slick on the gravel. This dawn
Has no steam breathing through pavement cobbles
But a purple moth struggles
With the wet burden like Elvin
Jones in a gin-soaked club
And with his half-shucked shell
Into such brief improvisation
Of beauty that if the boy were nearer
Or it were an hour later
(Daytime frogs on the beat
Like morning cops—Ninth at Broadway, dawn,
Twenty years gone—
Or our daughter doing her scat
Voices drowning
The riff of wings like tiny high-hat cymbals)
I would never have noticed

The muted sun like Miles cuts through
The mistflumes' chorus
On the river where mayflies
Loose their shifting hold on pebbles
At the bottom and make their way up
And trout at their stations hover like trebles
In the haysweet hills
The I I think I am
Beats against the snare of the past
And sleep and dream
Hard case
My son repeats
The terrible solo again
And again in his seventh summer
That decrescendo
Dreaming his bike a flyer
Set for the moon like Diz
Last night our baby daughter
Poked a thumb at the ofay moon
And sang, "I want it." She thinks
It's Big Rock Candy. Meatfat and drink
Clash in my sour intestines
Like Monk's odd clusters in the old Half Note
The moth flies up
And clings in splendor to a screen

Hanging in country air
There's the boy's high wail
As his fender shivers like a tambourine

—Sydney Lea

• •

as her taxes, and sent her what spending money he could from her inheritance. It was enough for her needs, and even allowed her to have a woman come in and "do" for her occasionally, for now Jane was having weak spells.

Once, the woman, coming to clean the cottage, had found Jane senseless in a chair in the parlor, and sent for a doctor. He brought Jane around, and though she had no faith at all in doctors, she was grateful and considered it only courteous to submit to the tests he said were necessary. When they had been made, he told her that she had an illness of the blood and could count on only a few more years. She thanked him and did not believe him, and never took the medicine he left her, though she prayed for continued safety, if God should will it.

War broke out, and when America went in Matthew wrote that he had joined the Air Force. And then there was the letter saying that he would like to visit her. She was struck by its formal and hesitant tone—the tone almost of someone performing a duty. She answered in her letter that of course she wanted to see him, but she added that the cottage was too small for her to keep him overnight, and—though she did not know where his station was—she hoped the journey would not be too long to be worth his while. And then, having mailed her own letter, she got out Joseph's final one and reread it for the first time.

She frowned as she did so, and shook her head, and then, startled, she went back and read again a passage she had passed over in her shock the other time. "I believe I have always had doubt," it said. "Who can have faith without it? Faith is *faith*, not certainty."

She repeated the words aloud several times and folded the letter away, and it seemed to her that in the words the germ of Joseph's rehabilitation might lie. He had not necessarily, perhaps not wholly, renounced his faith.

SO now, at last, Matthew has come to visit, and, indoors, he receives from Jane the protective drop, and tea with scones and jam. He admires her cottage. "And what do you hear from your father?" Jane asks.

There is a small pause, and Matthew says softly, "Father died late last year." Another pause, and he adds, "I did write you, you know."

She frowns at him and finally says, "You did. I'm quite sure you did," and she sighs and crosses the room to fetch her handbag.

Her mind drifts. She says she is planning to go to America. Joseph left her extremely well off. "I should like to see Mr. Elling again, and Mr. Schultz."

"The grocer and the druggist? Yes. They go back to the time when you were consorting with publicans."

She stares. Then, "The man was neither so unregenerate as I had thought, nor was he unhelpful."

"Do you recall the water you threw on the basement floor to discourage buyers?" Matthew asks.

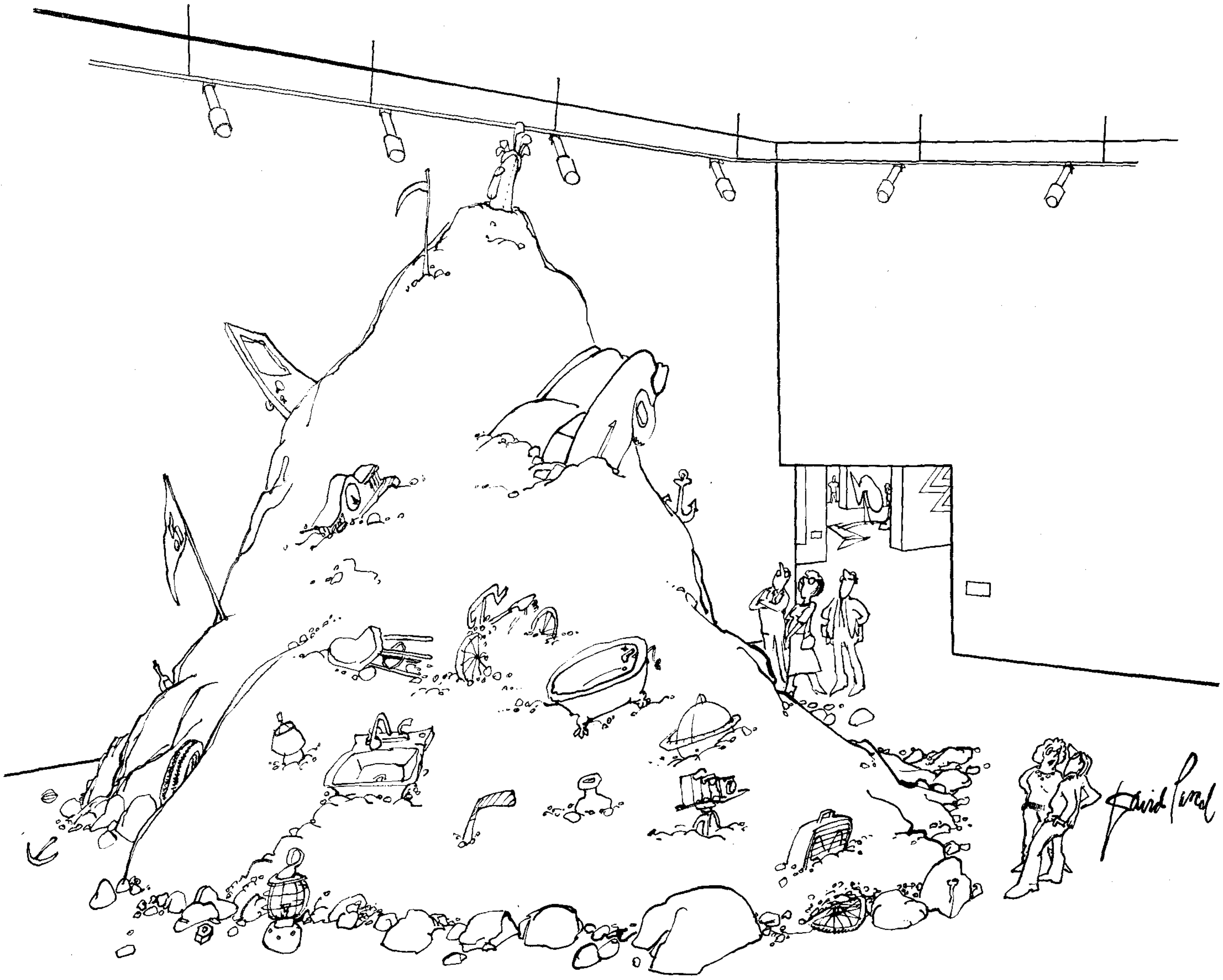
"Not at all. The basement was a veritable sieve." She waits, beginning to smile. "A fearful knave," she says.

"True," Matthew says.

"Insupportable."

"Oh, yes."

THE day is pleasant, and soon they go outdoors, passing along the line of scrawny bushes. "My roses," she says. "I've had to put them in new. We'd a terrible winter."



"Have you found the recurring theme?"

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"But new ones can't bloom this year," Matthew says. "Why, maybe not even—"

"Then in two years," she says. "Or three," and she sets her chin and walks quickly toward the knoll above the sea.

"We'd a battle high in the sky," she says, pointing out over the water. "The Lord prevailed."

Matthew smiles. "Did He have no help from the R.A.F.?" he asks.

She grins. "It might be considered reciprocal," she says.

But the sky and the name of the Lord have entered, and she broods as she and Matthew go back indoors.

"I have heard the air fleets go out by night," she says. "It's a terrifying sound, Joseph. I think of the killing."

"Matthew."

"To be sure. It was Joseph lost his faith. He entertained doubt."

"*You* never did," Matthew says.

She waits a long time, then rises and goes to a window. " 'Who can have faith without it?' " she says quietly. " 'Faith is faith, not certainty.' "

She is murmuring, almost whispering to herself, but Matthew hears. "That has occurred to me," he says. "Something I got in philosophy class, I guess. Anyway, I believe it."

She goes back to her chair. The silence stretches, then she says, "Come," and goes ahead of him into the kitchen. She unlocks a closet door and opens it. "Joseph's," she says, pointing to three shelves of books. "I want you to choose one and take it with you. You are very like him." And she leaves and returns to the parlor.

In a few minutes, Matthew joins her, carrying a book.

"And what may you have chosen?" she asks, looking at the book with suspicion.

" 'King Lear,' " Matthew says. "If that's all right. It's a handsome edition."

She is surprised. But "Yes," she says. "That's *quite* all right."

THE rest of the afternoon they talk politely—about Matthew's Air Force experiences, about the climate of Scotland. Then it is time for Matthew to leave. Jane sees him to the door, and they embrace warmly, clasping each other awhile. They wave until he vanishes down the road, then she turns and goes to the kitchen and locks the closet door. "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop," she says, and nods, smiling to herself. "But the house is founded upon a rock."

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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One of Mr. Muskie's State Department associates predicted that "we'll have to go to the mattress early" over issues surrounding the running of foreign policy.—*The Times.*

We've come a long way since Cyrus Vance.

PROFILES

FERDINAND LA MENTHE

JELLY ROLL MORTON, though long celebrated by jazz admirers, has yet to find his rightful place. The Morton industry has been going almost steadily since 1938, when Morton, threadbare and down on his luck, sat at a piano in the Library of Congress with the folklorist Alan Lomax and talked, sang, and played his life into a recording machine. The jazz revivalists took him up after his death, in 1941, and in 1950 Lomax culled an autobiography, "Mister Jelly Roll," from the Library of Congress recordings. The critics began enthroning Morton in the fifties, and the shrewd trombonist Wilbur de Paris assembled a long-lived band patterned on Morton's 1926-27 Red Hot Peppers. In 1958, Riverside Records issued a twelve-L.P. selection from the Library of Congress sessions, and Morton seemed to be everywhere. A pianist named Bob Greene put together a group in the mid-sixties that eerily played Morton's recordings almost note for note, and RCA Victor, which did most of Morton's recordings, reissued four L.P.s. In 1971, Twyla Tharp fashioned a new dance, "Eight Jelly Rolls," on the Red Hot Pepper recordings. The decade closed with a scholarly but dull Morton repertory concert given under the auspices of the Smithsonian and with Louis Malle's film "Pretty Baby," in which Morton figures as a pianist and composer. Now Time-Life Records has brought out a three-volume set of Morton reissues, and we have the best of his music squarely before us on L.P. for the first time.

Morton properly belongs in the nineteenth-century American mythology of Paul Bunyan and Johnny Appleseed and Davy Crockett, of the Yankee peddlers and tall-tale tellers, of the circuses and minstrel shows. And he certainly belongs in the black renaissance of the past decade—with Scott Joplin and Eubie Blake and Fats Waller and Alberta Hunter, not one of whom is his superior as an entertainer, composer, player, or singer. Morton made hustling his life's work. He was a pool player, a pimp, a bellhop, a tailor, a peddler, a cardsharp, a minstrel, a night-club manager, a fight promoter, and, when he had the time, a musician. He was a nomad, who lived or worked in New Orleans, where he was born, around 1885, and in Meridian, Jacksonville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, Los Angeles, Memphis, Vancouver, Casper, Denver, Las Vegas, Tijuana, South Bend, Seattle, Davenport, Houston, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., and New York. He was outsize because of his variety and his ubiquity, and because he was a champion braggart. Morton bragged so much that his bragging took on an autonomous quality. He was already blowing his bugle in 1917, when he worked at the Cadillac Café in Los Angeles with Ada Smith, later known as the inspiriting cabaret owner Bricktop. "His biggest conversation was always himself," she said recently. "He'd run you out of your mind talking about himself. He was a Howard Cosell. And he wasn't kidding. He meant it. He was always very temperamental, very hard to get along with. But Jelly was a genius before his time." Seven or eight years later, Alberta Hunter sang with him at the Pekin Café in Chicago, and she regards him somewhat differently: "He was a braggadocio and very good-natured." Morton told Lomax how, in his pre-Los Angeles days, he would disarm the female population when he landed in a small Southern town:

> I would . . . get a room, slick up, and walk down the street in my conservative stripe. The gals would all notice a new sport was in town, but I wouldn't so much as nod at anybody. Two hours later, I'd stroll back to my place, change into a nice tweed and stroll down the same way. The gals would begin to say, "My, my, who's this new flash-sport drop in town? He's mighty cute."
>
> About four in the afternoon, I'd come by the same way in an altogether different outfit and some babe would say, "Lawd, mister, how many suits you got anyway?"
>
> I'd tell her, "Several, darling, several."
>
> "Well, do you change like that every day?"
>
> "Listen, baby, I can change like this every day for a month and never get my regular wardrobe half used up. I'm the suit man from suit land."
>
> The next thing I know, I'd be eating supper in that gal's house and have a swell spot for meeting the sports, making my come-on with the piano and taking their money in the pool hall.

Morton claimed that he invented wire brushes, adapted "Tiger Rag" from a French quadrille and named it, started using the word "jazz," originated scat singing, and first used the washboard and the string bass on a recording. He claimed that "The Pearls" and "The Fingerbreaker," which he wrote, were the two most difficult jazz piano pieces of all time. But he floated his biggest balloon in 1938 when, piqued by a Robert Ripley "Believe It or Not" radio show in which W. C. Handy was described as the inventor of jazz and the blues, he sent an immense letter to the Baltimore *Afro-American* and to the magazine *down beat*. Here are parts:

> It is evidently known, beyond contradiction, that New Orleans is the cradle of *jazz*, and I, myself, happened to be the creator in the year 1902.
>
> I decided to travel, and tried Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, and many other states during 1903-04, and was accepted as sensational.
>
> I may be the only perfect specimen today in *jazz* that's living.
>
> Speaking of jazz music, anytime it is mentioned musicians usually hate to give credit but they will say, "I heard Jelly Roll play it first."

Morton should have been genteel and reserved, for he was a Creole—

a black Creole, or "Creole of color." In their great days in the nineteenth century, Creoles considered themselves the only genuine aristocracy in America. Morton was born Ferdinand La Menthe, and changed his name to Morton because, as he told Lomax, he "didn't want to be called Frenchy." His father, a carpenter and sometime trombonist named F. P. (Ed) La Menthe, soon vanished, and his mother, a light-skinned Creole named Louise Monette, died when he was fourteen. He apparently had little schooling, and he became a musician early. He tried the harmonica, the Jew's harp, the drums, the violin, the trombone, and the guitar before he settled on the piano—having cleared his head of the popular New Orleans belief that only sissies played the piano. He studied classical piano, and he learned from Tony Jackson, who wrote the song "Pretty Baby" and who appears to have been one of the few musicians whom Morton ungrudgingly admired. Jackson was "the greatest single-handed entertainer in the world," Morton told Lomax. "His memory seemed like something nobody's ever heard of in the music world. He was known as the man of a thousand songs. There was no tune that come up from any opera or any show of any kind or anything that was wrote on paper that Tony couldn't play. He had such a beautiful voice and a marvellous range." After Morton's mother died, he was left in the hands of an uncle and a great-grandmother, Mimi Pechet, but he was ostracized at fifteen by his great-grandmother when she discovered he had become a musician. (This snub may be one reason that Morton spent the rest of his life justifying himself, but it never deflected his loyalty to his family. Broke or not, he invariably sent money home.) Morton took off for Biloxi, where his godmother, Eulalie Echo, had a summer place, and he didn't settle down again for any length of time until he landed in Chicago twenty-odd years later. In Biloxi, he played piano in a whorehouse, started carrying a pistol, and had his first taste of whiskey, which didn't agree with him. (Booze may have gained on him as he grew older, for he pauses now and then on the Library of Congress records to say, "This whiskey is lovely.") Back in New Orleans, he played at Hilma Burt's whorehouse in Storyville. (There is a fine photograph in the Time-Life booklet which purports to show Morton playing the piano at Hilma Burt's. He is seated at an upright with his back to the camera in a room lined with mirrors. Six pretty women in white gowns, one in a dancing pose and one with a lapful of flowers, are on one side of the room, and two older women look on from a leather sofa.) He took off down the Gulf Coast again and, turning up through Mississippi, was mistakenly arrested for having robbed a mail train. He was sentenced to a hundred days on the chain gang but escaped. He told Lomax that "it was some terrible environments that I went through in those days, inhabited by some very tough babies." In 1905, he returned to New Orleans, where he got in a fight in Pete Lala's saloon with Chicken Dick: "I hauled off and hit him with a pool ball and he jumped like he was made of rubber." Morton's sinning always had a testing, adolescent air; beyond a diamond or two, it never did him much good, and he never seems to have harmed anyone. He played more piano in Storyville, and he started writing music. At Tony Jackson's behest, he went to Chicago, where nothing was happening, and he then went down to Houston, where there were "only Jew's harps, harmonicas, mandolins, guitars, and fellows singing the spasmodic blues—sing awhile and pick awhile till they thought of another word to say." He paid his first visit to California, returned to New Orleans for the last time, and took off through the middle South with one Jack the Bear, selling Coca-Cola laced with salt as a cure for tuberculosis. He met W. C. Handy in Memphis in 1908, and three years later passed through New York, where he was heard by James P. Johnson. He joined several minstrel shows, was stranded in Hot Springs and St. Louis, turned up in Chicago again, and in 1917 landed in Los Angeles. He took up with Anita Gonzalez, a clever Creole he had known in New Orleans. They ran hotels and night clubs, and she may have bought him the famous diamond that moved back and forth the rest of his life between pawnshops and one of his front teeth. He turned up in Denver, where he played for the bandleader

Gahan Wilson

"I like this view. It lets you alone."

George Morrison, who was responsible for first bringing Paul Whiteman to New York. Morrison told Gunther Schuller, "He couldn't stay in one band too long, because he was too eccentric and too temperamental, and he was a one-man band himself . . . Oh, but he could stomp the blues out. When he got to pattin' that foot, playing the piano and a cigar in his mouth, man, he was gone—he was gone—he was gone!"

MORTON lived in Chicago from 1923 to 1928, and it was the best part of his life. His reputation as a musician must have preceded him, for he made over thirty sides in his first year, including piano solos, duets and trios with King Oliver and with a clarinettist named Voltaire de Faut, five numbers with the young white New Orleans Rhythm Kings, and almost a dozen numbers with bands of his own. He also worked his mouth. In the autobiography "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," the New Orleans trumpeter Lee Collins recalls that he and Morton ran around together. Morton "talked to me about making some records with him," Collins writes. "So one day I went over to see him [and] there he was—in bed with two women, one sitting on each side of him . . . Jelly wanted to know was I going to stay in Chicago or run on back home like a lot of other New Orleans musicians did. Then he asked me to come to work with him. 'You know that you will be working with the world's greatest jazz piano player.' . . . I told him I knew he was one of the greatest jazz pianists, but he said, 'Not one of the greatest—I am *the* greatest!' " Earl Hines remembers Morton, too. In "The World of Earl Hines," he told the critic Stanley Dance, "The three of them [the pianist Glover Compton, the dancer Lovey Taylor, and Morton] were the loudest fellows I ever heard. When they were standing on the corner, you could hear them for blocks. We used to go to ball games together, and you didn't have to know where they were sitting because you could hear them all over the White Sox park . . . If I came to the game late, I just followed their voices and found them." He also told Dance:

> Jelly Roll Morton . . . was the most popular underworld pianist around. [He] was a fair-complected man and sort of handsome. Nowadays you'd say he was overdressed, but he was the kind of fellow who carried his pearl-handled pistols with him and had plenty of money in his pocket at all times. If anybody tried to put him in a corner . . . he'd say things like, "I've got more suits than you've got handkerchiefs!" or, "I've been further around the world than you've been around a teacup!" He had written any number of tunes and everybody thought a lot of him. Whenever he needed money, he'd write a tune and sell it to one of the downtown publishers like Melrose for fifty or seventy-five dollars. Tunes like "Milenberg Joys" were very popular, and when the bands began to play them he made a lot of money.

Morton may have made some money, but the Melrose brothers made a lot more, having also taken over Morton's "Jelly Roll Blues" (which was famous enough in 1917 to be mentioned in the lyrics of "The Darktown Strutters' Ball"), "The Wolverine Blues," and "King Porter Stomp," an anthem of the big-band era. (When Morton was sounding off years later in a Harlem club, an exasperated listener turned up a radio to drown him out, and "King Porter Stomp" came blasting out.) Late in 1926, the Melroses, intent on ballyhooing Morton's sheet music, got a recording contract for him with Victor, and during the next nine months he set down sixteen classic small-band sides under the name of Jelly Roll Morton and His Red Hot Peppers. He used two bands: George Mitchell on cornet, Omer Simeon or Johnny Dodds on clarinet, Kid Ory or George Bryant on trombone, Stump Evans on alto saxophone (six sides), Johnny St. Cyr or Bud Scott on banjo or guitar, John Lindsay on bass or Quinn Wilson on tuba, and Andrew Hilaire or Baby Dodds on drums. Morton had spent the previous twenty-five years as a hustler who also played the piano and led bands, and it has never been entirely clear where the originality, drive, lyric beauty, and rococo flair of these recordings came from. There is nothing as good anywhere else in Morton's musical life, nor is there anything quite like them anywhere in jazz. Roughness and delicacy, lyricism and straightforwardness, tension and relaxation, simplicity and complexity, campy humor and high seriousness, melody and improvisation, ensemble

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and solos—all are kept in an easy balance. Morton wrote the tunes (most of them a unique combination of ragtime and the blues), arranged them elaborately, and taught his musicians how to play them. Baby Dodds told Larry Gara, in "The Baby Dodds Story," what Morton did in a recording studio:

> At rehearsal Jelly Roll Morton used to work on each and every number until it satisfied him. Everybody had to do just what Jelly wanted him to do . . . We used his original numbers and he always explained what it was all about and played a synopsis of it on the piano. Sometimes we had music and he would mark with a pencil those places which he wanted to stand out in a number. It was different from recording with Louis [Armstrong]. Jelly didn't leave much leeway for the individual musician . . . His own playing was remarkable and kept us in good spirits. He wasn't fussy, but he was positive . . . I never saw him upset and he didn't raise his voice at any time.

Morton's arrangements prefigured Duke Ellington's. He used organ chords behind soloists and counterbalancing fragments of melody and riffs. He used a lot of breaks. He experimented with rhythmic devices and with the makeup of his rhythm section. And he ceaselessly changed his instrumental combinations—a clarinet solo backed only by guitar, an a-cappella piano solo, a guitar solo backed by organ chords—which gave the effect of a larger, more varied group. He often wrote out the reed solos and the connective ensemble passages, but the main ensembles were jammed and are perhaps the best instances we have of New Orleans polyphonic playing. The sixteen Victor sides range from the stark to the baroque. "Jungle Blues" is deceptively simple. It is based on a blueslike twelve-bar figure, set over a medium-tempo, two-note, rock-rock ostinato bass that persists until the last two choruses. An ad-lib four-bar unison ensemble serves as an introduction, and in the first chorus the cornet plays a melody over the ostinato bass, which is done by the trombone and piano. Morton has Baby Dodds hit a sour-sounding Chinese cymbal every four bars or so through much of the record. The alto saxophone repeats the melody in the second chorus, and a different melody, descending and lyrical, is played by the ensemble for a chorus. Johnny Dodds repeats this melody for a chorus, and there is another ensemble stretch, accented by Baby Dodds' weird cymbal. Morton comes out in a clearing with an unaccompanied piano solo, but he carries on the ostinato bass in his left

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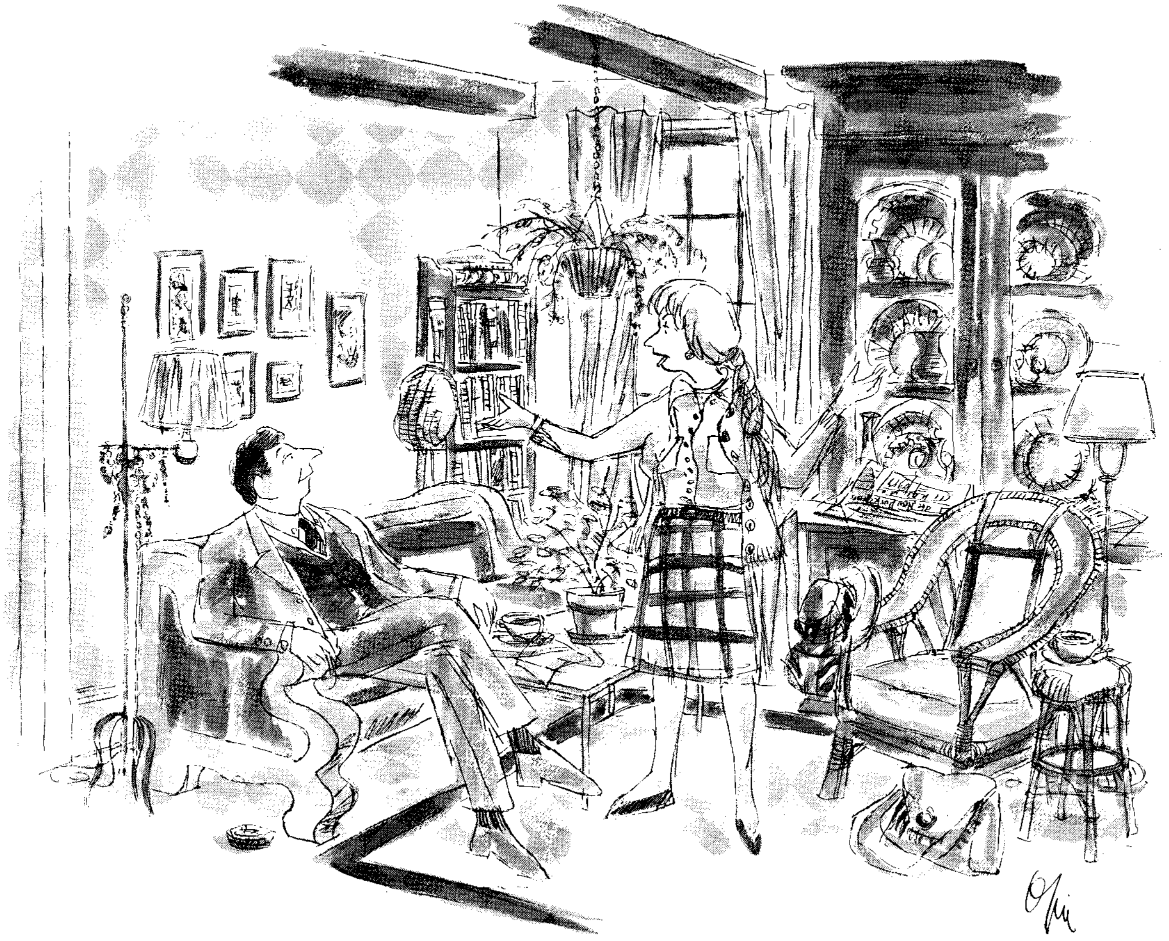
hand, and near the close of the chorus he exchanges delicate two-bar bits of melody with the guitar. The ostinato bass stops, and the tuba, trombone, trumpet, and reeds play connected ascending two-bar breaks; then there is a fine closing two-chorus ensemble and a four-bar coda that echoes the introduction. Morton establishes a monochromatic, metronomic air in the first chorus and spends the rest of the record slowly breaking it down with affecting melodic breezes, loose, ambling ensembles, and the lyrical, summer-evening exchanges between him and the guitar.

Morton's bands were his sounding boards. There are no stray hairs or ragged cuffs on the 1926-27 sides. Everything fits and flows, and there is never any loss of spontaneity or swing. Each side is multilayered but clear, highly tinted but not gaudy, tailored but not stiff. The records are a distillation of what Morton heard around him in New Orleans during the first decade of the century. They combine with great ease absolute opposites: ragtime, a complex written music that depends on the fluency of its performers and the grace of its melodies for the rather thin emotional responses it provokes; and the blues, a loose harmonic progression, often clothed with notes that don't exist (the so-called blue notes), and mysteriously capable of evoking almost every kind of emotion.



“What do you mean ‘we're polarized’? You're polarized!”

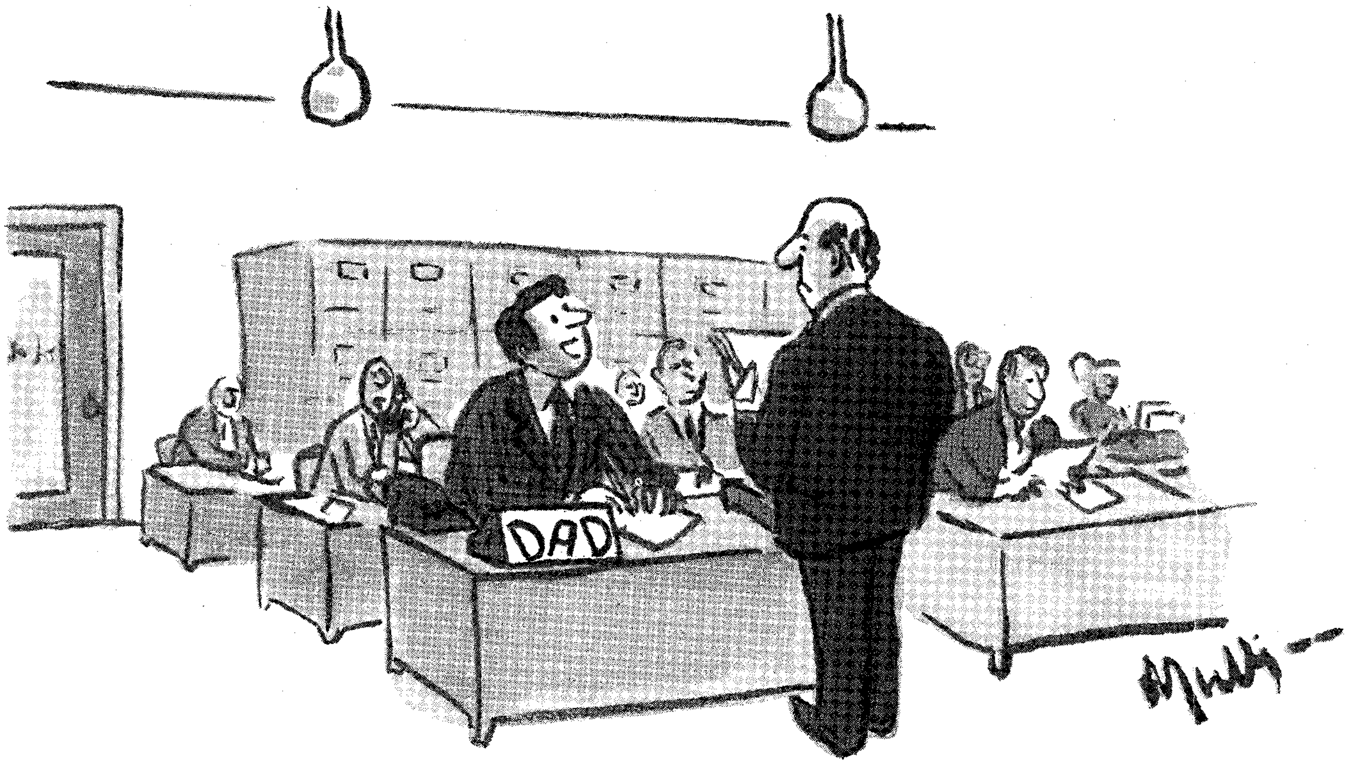
• •

NOT long after Morton had recorded the last of the Chicago Red Hot Pepper sides, he moved to New York, which was rapidly becoming the center of the music. One of jazz's lightning shifts in musical emphasis had preceded him, and when he arrived he found he had gone out of fashion. His music was basically an ensemble music, an arranger's music, and jazz had suddenly become a music of soloists—Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Jimmy Harrison, Jabbo Smith, Benny Goodman. Nonetheless, Morton made more sides for Victor between 1928 and 1930, when his contract ran out, than he had made in five years in Chicago. Some are minor classics—“Georgia Swing,” “Kansas City Stomps,” “Boogaboo,” “Shoe Shiners Drag,” “Shreveport Stomp,” “Mournful Serenade,” “Deep Creek,” “Tank Town Bump,” “Smilin' the Blues Away,” and “Turtle Twist”—but none quite match the freshness and originality of the Chicago recordings. Morton had an infallible ear for talent, and the young musicians on his New York recordings who became well known include Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Cozy Cole, Russell Procope, Walter Foots Thomas, Sandy Williams, and Tommy Benford. When he wasn't recording, he scrambled. He fronted bands briefly at the Rose Danceland, the Checker Club, and the Lido Ballroom. He put together a revue, “Speeding Along,” and worked in Laura Prampin's band in Coney Island. He took pickup groups to country clubs around New York for Saturday-night dances, and he took bands on the road in Pennsylvania and Ohio and New England. He played solo piano at the Red Apple Club, at Seventh Avenue and 135th Street. In photographs of him taken in the thirties in Harlem, he seems always to be talking and gesticulating and smiling. He was a striking-looking man, with a long, aquiline nose, a strong chin, and a high forehead. (Alberta Hunter found him “tall and ugly, with the longest fingers I ever saw.”) A number of people who knew him are still around, and here are some of their voices. The first is the guitarist Lawrence Lucie:

> Jelly was a walking encyclopedia, and he was very entertaining. He always smiled after he said something outrageous. He knew exactly what he wanted in his music, and he believed in his style. Some people thought he was old-fashioned, but he was greater than we all thought he was. He'd been ahead of his time for a long time before times caught up to him.

Walter Foots Thomas (reeds):

> Jelly sent for me in Indiana. I was afraid to come to New York. I could read, but I didn't play too much jazz. Jelly influenced my style and my musical thinking, and he inspired me to write. I used to watch him sit down and write a



"My son made it for me, sir. A Father's Day gift."

• •

piece off, just like that. He wrote a lot of the clarinet solos in his arrangements, but he didn't write the brass solos. I always felt that his melodies came from New Orleans but that his rhythms came from the Latin countries. When he went on a tour of colleges in Pennsylvania, I drove the band bus. He used to talk all the time about "that good Gulf gas," how he couldn't live without "that good Gulf gas."

Doc Cheatham (trumpet):

Jelly was a born player, he just naturally stomped. In Chicago, he knew he was the king. He had gold coins in the tips of his shoes, and he wore diamond rings. But he was in bad shape in New York. I think I was one of the few friends he had. He liked me, and when I played he'd say, "Damn! That's the way to play the trumpet. These somebodies don't know *nothing!*"

Bernard Addison (guitar):

Jelly was fine people. He talked aplenty, but I presume he knew what he was talking about. I used to hear him bragging on street corners in Harlem, and he used to hold audiences at the Rhythm Club, where there would be ten or twenty musicians around him. I only made recording dates with him. We rehearsed an hour or so, and then went on wax. Most of what we recorded was by head. I don't think he was in the capacity of Willie the Lion Smith or James P. Johnson. He was more in the honky-tonk style.

Morton was a very different pianist from Smith or Johnson or Fats Waller. He used the stride bass sparingly, and his right hand was less lacy and staccato. He used tenths in his left hand, boogie-woogie basses, offbeat chords, single notes, and silences. His right-hand figures were often more daring than those of the Harlem stride pianists. He liked advanced chords, and he liked to double or triple the time, or slow it down, or use arrhythmic figures. Unlike the stride pianists, he was a good blues player. Stanley Dance thinks that Morton had more influence on Earl Hines in the twenties than is generally acknowledged, and he is probably right. Morton is visible in Hines' accompanying, in his arrhythmic bursts, and in his over-all legato attack. Mary Lou Williams has long admitted that Morton was her first model.

More voices. The first is the recording executive Ahmet Ertegun:

My brother Nesuhi and I used to drive up to New York from Washington for the Sunday-afternoon jam sessions. It must have been 1939 or 1940. Jelly Roll appeared for a short while in a band led by Sidney Bechet. Big Sid Catlett was there, and Sidney de Paris and Albert Nicholas and Claude Jones, and possibly Omer Simeon. Jelly talked a lot between numbers—about how he invented jazz and that sort of thing. He always looked dapper and had style. If anybody invented jazz, he did, because he predicted so much that was to come. The greatest jazz record of all time is "Shreveport Stomp," with Simeon and Tommy Benford. It was bright and brassy and seven years ahead of the Benny Goodman trio. Obviously, Jelly was the greatest person in jazz—with all due respect to Louis and Duke.

Nesuhi Ertegun (recording executive):

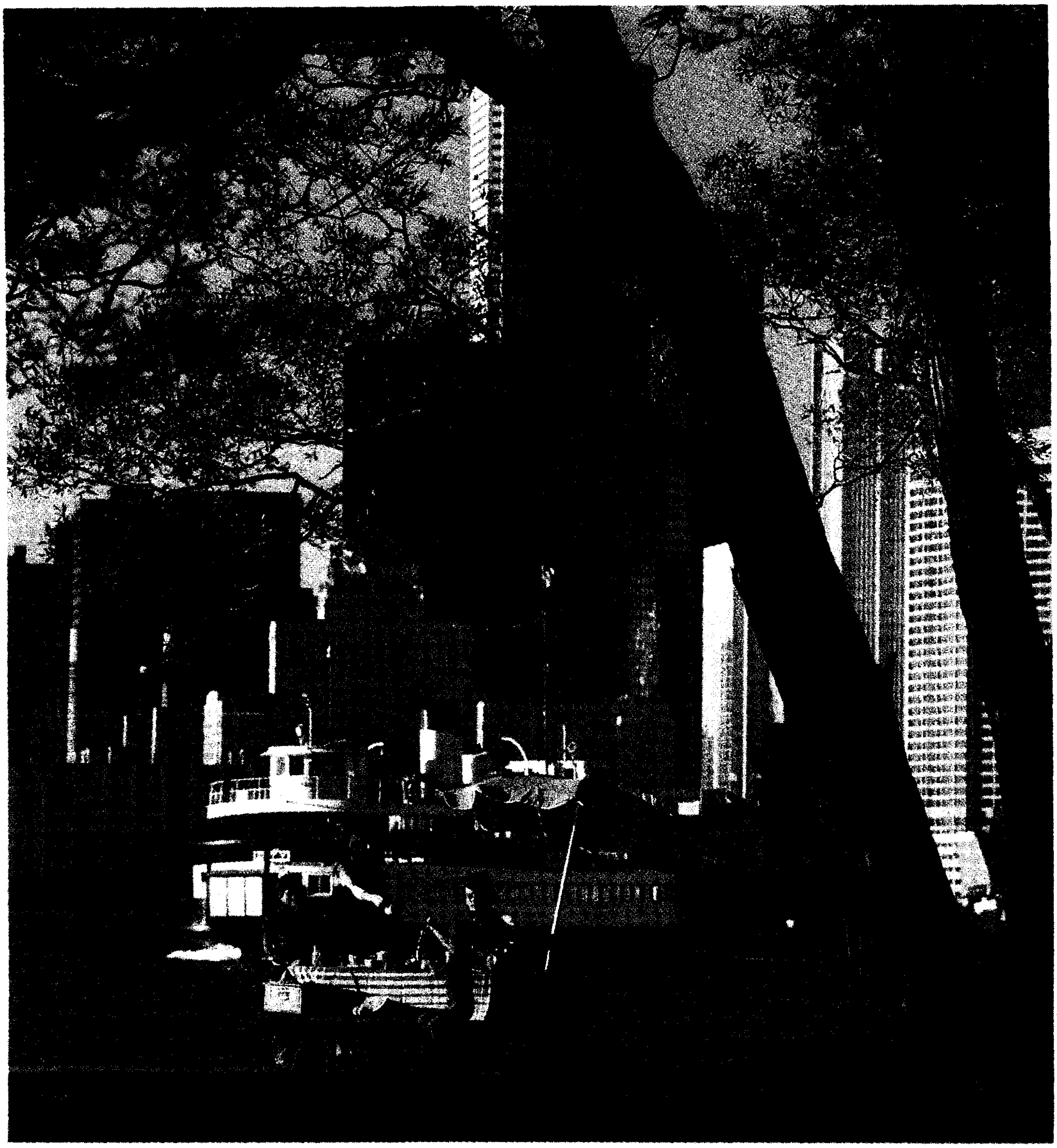
Kid Ory told me about a record session Morton had in Chicago in 1923 on the old Okeh label. Zue Robertson was on trombone, and he refused to play the melody of one of the tunes the way Morton wanted it played. Jelly took a big pistol out of his pocket and put it on the piano, and Robertson played the melody note for note.

John Hammond (recording executive, critic):

I used to see Jelly around New York during the depths of the Depression, around 1934 or 1935, and he was seedy and disillusioned. He sang and played at a place on Seventh Avenue called the Red Apple. Lester Young used to drop in there after Basie came to town. In 1934, I did a Wingy Manone date for Vocalion, and Wingy insisted on bringing Jelly Roll in. He was sloppy that day, and nobody on the date felt good about him. Somewhere around that time, I read that Duke Ellington was to appear at a theatre in Queens, and I went out, but who should turn up but Jelly Roll and a non-union band that included the trombonist Charlie Irvis. I don't think there were sixty people in the whole place.

Willie the Lion Smith had little tolerance for fools, and in his "Music

"green &
gracious"



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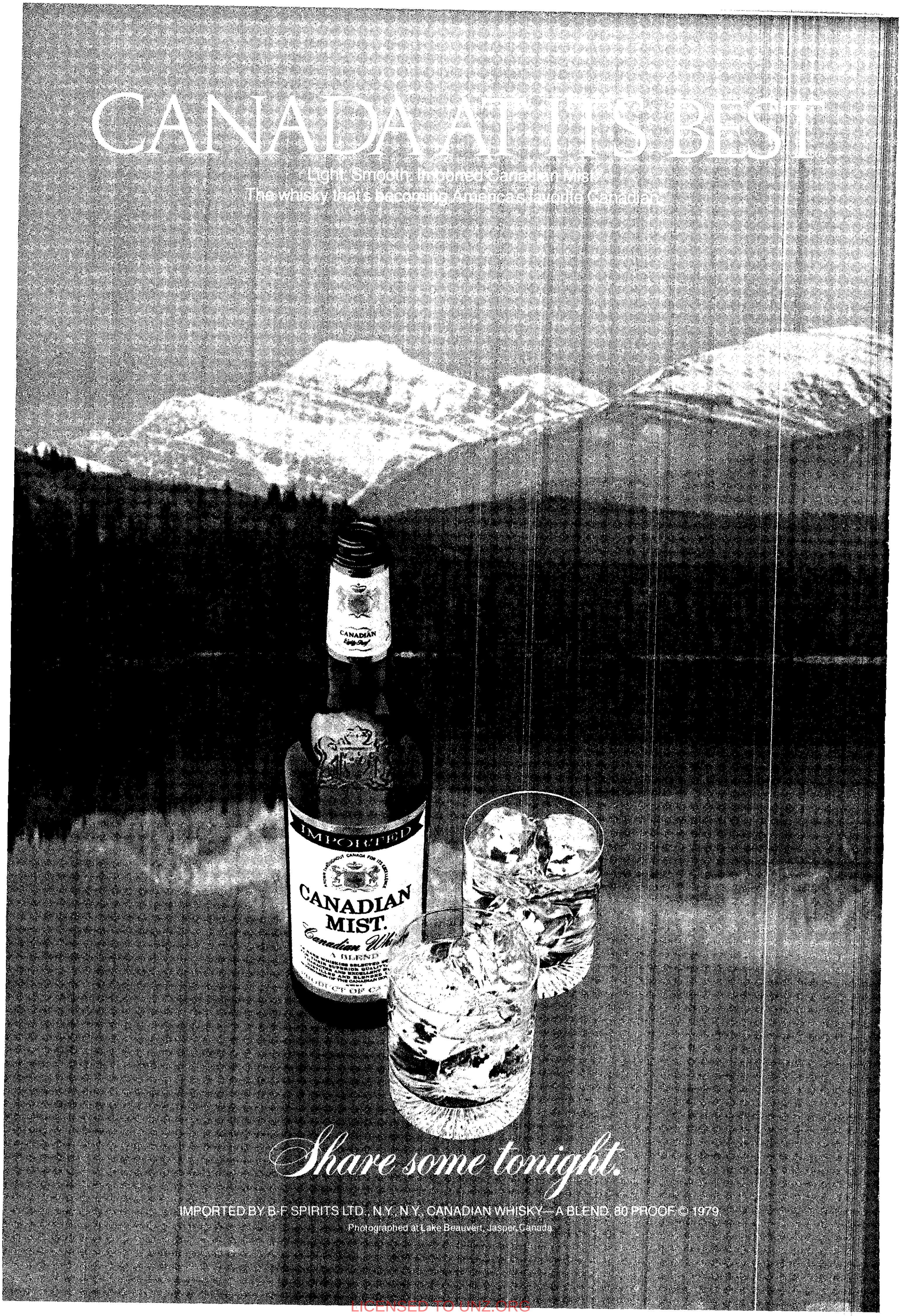
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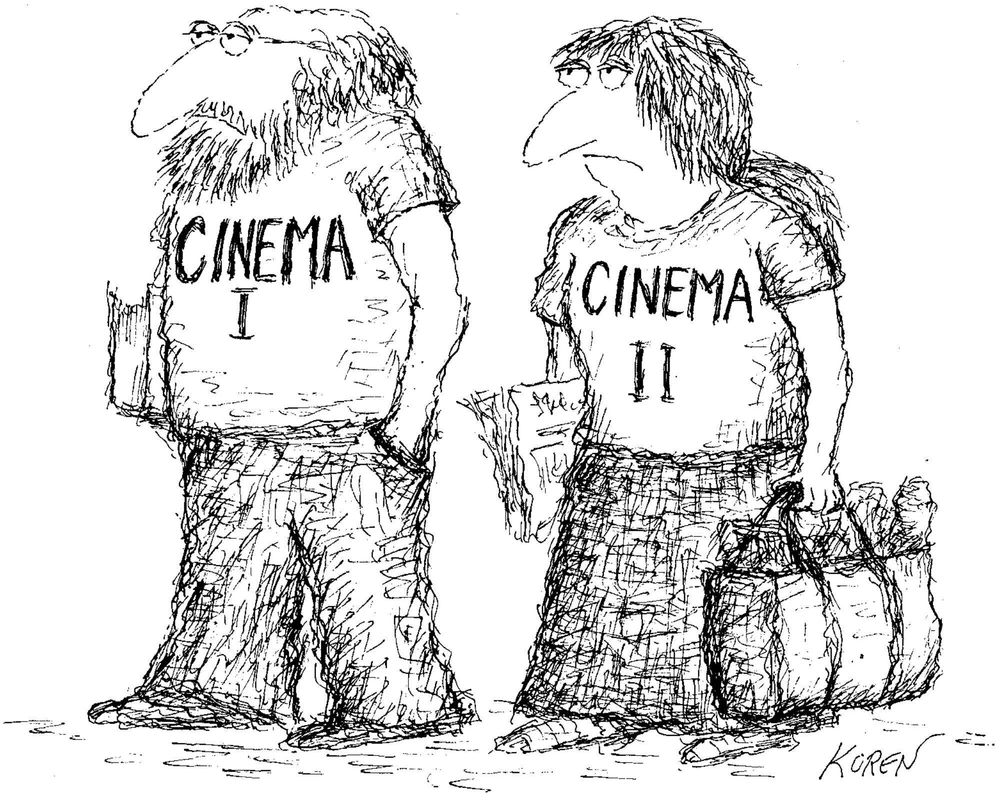


on My Mind" he wrote, "Morton was a man with strong spiritual and magnetic forces; when he sat down to play he could hold an audience by the strength of his strong personality. He was a sharpshooter and had always travelled in fast company. He was intelligent, had something to offer, and as far as I could tell, he was always able to back up what he said." When Alan Lomax was doing his book on Morton, he went to see Mabel Bertrand, a dancer whom Morton had married just before coming to New York. She talked of Morton's fastidiousness:

> He was very particular . . . When he'd taken a shirt off, he would miss it if I didn't launder it that day . . . He would go through the drawer, looking for that particular shirt.
>
> I'd say to him, "What you looking for?"
>
> "I'm looking for that pink-striped shirt."
>
> "It must be in the chiffonier," I'd say, but he'd go straight to the bathroom, find it in the clothes basket. "Is it getting too hard for you to do the laundry?" Jelly would say.
>
> "No."
>
> "May, I'm trying to make it easy on you. Isn't it easier to wash and iron *one* shirt just when I take it off than to wait and let them pile up?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "You don't have a thing in the world to do but keep my laundry clean."

Morton got a little crazy in the mid-thirties. He lost money in a business venture, and he became convinced that a voodoo spell had been put on him. In 1935, he moved to Washington, D.C., and ended up in a little second-floor club in the black district. The photographer William P. Gottlieb remembers him there: "It had a piano and a few chairs, and Morton would tend bar and seat people and sometimes play piano. It was a pretty bare place, and I never saw more than a handful of people. Jelly had a big hole in the front tooth where he'd had his diamond, and his face got all crinkled when he smiled. He had a routine he used to go through about how he needed such-and-such a break to reëstablish himself. He had plenty of bravado, and he exuded optimism. It was a front he never let down." Lomax recorded Morton in the spring of 1938, and Morton wrote his famous letter to the papers. People suddenly remembered that he was alive, and in 1939 he was asked to record eight sides for Bluebird with such as Sidney Bechet, Sidney de Paris, Zutty Singleton, Lawrence Lucie, Claude Jones, and Albert Nicholas. During December, 1939, and January, 1940, he made his last records—a dozen or so piano solos and a dozen band sides. The band sides are dumpy and shrill, but the piano sides, particularly those with Morton vocals, are splendid. He was a beautiful singer, with a gentle baritone voice and marvellous phrasing—one of the best of all jazz singers—and it's a pity he didn't sing more. In the fall of 1940, he heard that Eulalie Echo, his godmother, had died in California, and, fearing that some diamonds she had would be stolen, he decided to head West. He still owned two big old cars, and he hooked them together and set off by himself. On November 9th, he wrote to Mabel Bertrand from Yreka, California, telling her, in fine Morton fashion, that he had hit snowstorms in ten states, that he had slid off the road in Wyoming, that he had had to abandon one car in Montpelier, Idaho, and that he had got stuck on a mountain in Oregon and had to be rescued by the police. The diamonds were gone, but he stayed on. David Stuart, who now owns an art gallery in Los Angeles, got to know Morton:

> I had my Jazz Man Record Shop, and Jelly used to come in, and we became friendly. He loved to talk about the past, and he had a terrific memory. He said that he'd written fourteen hundred songs, that there had been a period in the twenties when he'd write a song a night. One afternoon, a friend and I were driving Jelly around with the thought of stopping to visit the trombonist Zue Robertson. Robertson had a sister in Los Angeles, and he lived in a kind of chicken coop behind her house, and he wanted nothing so much as to get back to New Orleans. Jelly figured out what we had in mind before we got there, and he absolutely refused to go. "No, sir. He hates me, he hates me," he kept saying. Sometimes we'd take him out to hear music in the evening—Kid Ory and Mutt Carey, old New Orleans people like that. The musicians called him "The Roll," and when he appeared they'd all stand up and say, "Here comes the Roll." He got sick before he died, and they put him in a kind of broom closet in the hospital, and they treated him shabbily. I'd go over in the afternoon and sit with him. He'd hold my hand hour after hour, even though I'm sure he had no idea who I was anymore.

Morton died July 10, 1941. The Ellington and Lunceford bands, both in their prime, were playing in Los Angeles, but no one from either group went to the funeral.

—Whitney Balliett

•

The main on Main Street broke again. The break appears to be a mystery. The pipe is only 40 years old, Sheiffer told the board and should last 100 years. All breaks are occurring at off-peak hours, Sundays or early mornings. Sheiffer indicated that the cause may be mental fatigue which would require a rethreading of the main (put a new pipe inside the old one).—*Concord* (*Mass.*) *Patriot.*

After all, a pipe has a lot on its mind.

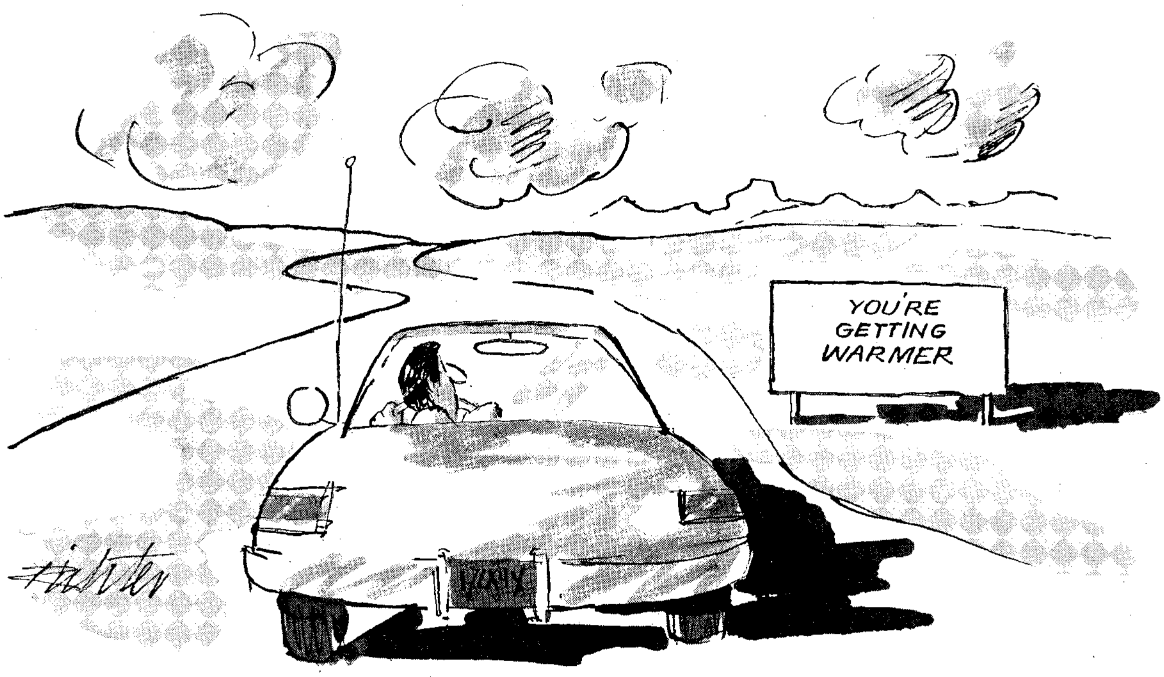
A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980: THE FINAL ROUND

THE last stage of the primary contests for the Democratic Presidential nomination had, in what was already a strange political year, its own form of strangeness. It was not just that the outcome of the final primaries was in question; it was also uncertain what that outcome would mean—whether, after the long, bitter struggle between Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy, the nomination would finally be settled. In addition, the fall campaign had backed into the primary campaign, presenting at times the picture of a free-for-all: Kennedy running against Carter; Carter running against Kennedy, Ronald Reagan, and John Anderson; Reagan, apparently not at all displeased with Anderson's presence in the race, running against Carter; and Anderson, of course, running against both Carter and Reagan. The final round of primaries offered Kennedy his only hope of keeping the nomination contest alive, for whatever purposes he had in mind, and presented others who were so inclined with what might be their last chance to substitute some other nominee for Carter. Carter was far ahead in the delegate count; but more than a third of the number of delegates needed for the nomination remained to be chosen, and primaries were to be held in eight states, among them three of the nation's largest, on the final date—Tuesday, June 3rd. The Kennedy people knew that it was impossible for them to catch up mathematically, but they—and some others—argued that there was a difference between the "arithmetic" and the "psychology." They argued that if Carter did not do well in the three big primaries—California, Ohio, and New Jersey (how well he had to do in how many of these states depended on who was making the judgment)—this, on top of Carter's defeats in other industrial states, might lead the Party to deny him the nomination. All manner of schemes for having the Party nominate someone other than Carter, or Kennedy, had been floating about. So, for all the Carter people's professions of a lack of interest—their insistence that the nomination contest was over and they were concentrating on the contest to come in the fall—they knew that they not only had to win some on the last Tuesday but to win well, so as to get on with raising money for the Party and preparing for the fall campaign. Meanwhile, a three-way contest between Carter, Reagan, and Anderson was already under way.

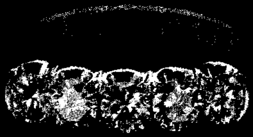
ON Thursday afternoon, May 22nd, Edward Kennedy is at the Martin Luther King, Jr., Hospital in Watts. He arrived in Los Angeles yesterday afternoon for this, his second-to-last campaign swing through California before the primary. (He will make other stops here as he crisscrosses the country in the last days of the campaign.) In a speech before an A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Cincinnati yesterday, Kennedy said that if Carter was the nominee he would come in third in November, behind Reagan and Anderson. (Anderson, who has met the requirements for getting on the ballot in every state whose deadline has come up since he announced he was considering an independent race, and who is planning suits in states with earlier deadlines, said in Los Angeles yesterday that he is in the race to stay. "There's no doubt in my mind. Sure I'm in. Sure I'm in.") Kennedy must do what he can now to get attention. He is relentlessly carrying on his campaign—his schedules are heavy, and there are few days off—which was widely dismissed as hopeless at several points this year, but the question is whether very many people are paying attention. He is followed by a press corps much diminished from earlier in the campaign, and several of the reporters are along simply in case something dreadful should happen to him. Kennedy keeps pressing his argument against the Carter Administration, but that is no longer news. So he must take other tacks, like saying that Carter would come in third (this to give Democrats pause) or, as he did last week, challenging Carter to debate him and saying that if, after a debate, Carter won a majority of all the votes on June 3rd, he would concede Carter the nomination. This was, of course, a no-lose proposition for Kennedy, but it also offered Carter a possibility of getting Kennedy to step aside. The White House, as was to be expected, dismissed the proposal out of hand.

Carter was certainly no more likely to share the stage with Kennedy at this point than he was earlier in the year. (In the conservative counts, Carter is given between thirteen hundred and fourteen hundred delegates, and Kennedy between seven hundred and eight hundred—sixteen hundred and sixty-six are needed for the nomination.) The President's political advisers have begun thinking of ways of trying to get Kennedy out of the race after the primaries are over, so that he won't take his campaign to the Convention. Three



On our wedding day,
I thought you were the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

Some things never change.



THE DIAMOND ETERNITY RING.

The anniversary gift that says you'd marry her all over again.

The ring shown (enlarged for detail) is valued at about $2,795. Prices are subject to change. A diamond is forever. De Beers.

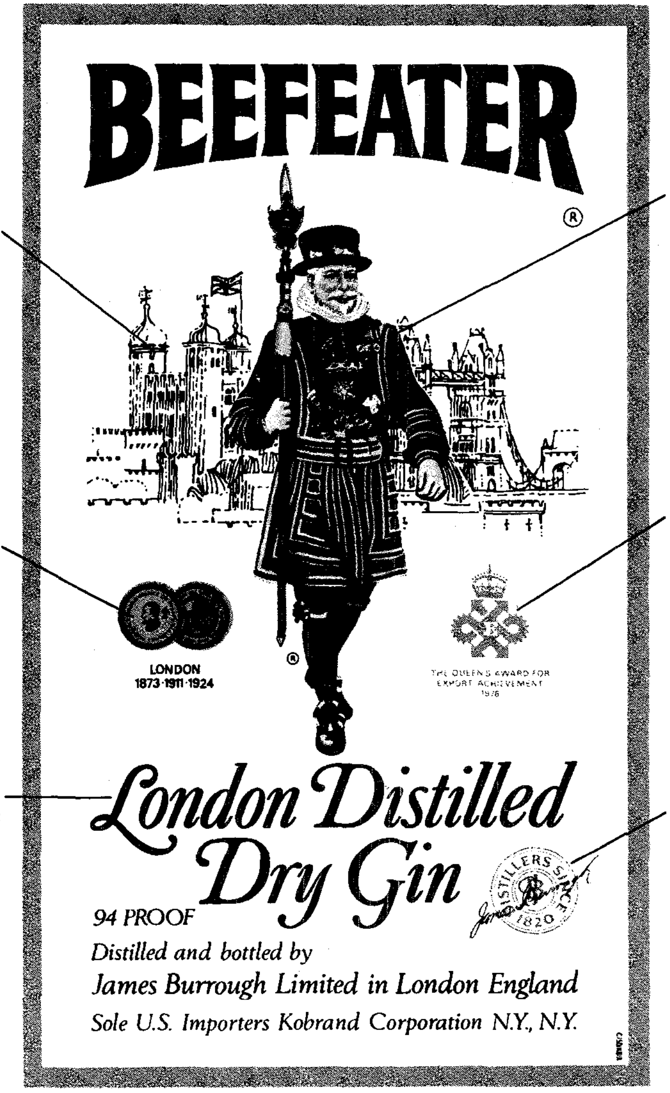
What's missing on

If you know, you could win a $25,000 first prize, $5,

The Crown Jewels of England are guarded in the Tower of London. You may look, but you may not touch. Beefeater is the only Crown Jewel you can own.

What's missing is not colored gold. But its color is important.

Beefeater is distilled, bottled and sealed in London. We know of no other English gin that can make this statement.


BEEFEATER
®
LONDON
1873·1911·1924
®
THE QUEEN'S AWARD FOR EXPORT ACHIEVEMENT 1976
London Distilled
Dry Gin
94 PROOF
DISTILLERS SINCE 1820
Distilled and bottled by
James Burrough Limited in London England
Sole U.S. Importers Kobrand Corporation N.Y., N.Y.

The link between the Beefeater and the Crown Jewels of England goes back over 900 years.

The Queen's Award. Beefeater is the only gin ever so honored.

Four generations of the same family have distilled Beefeater since 1820.

Front

Be sure to read this whole ad carefully. Clues are written all over it!

Our present label, front and back, is shown here.

One tiny detail is missing. It may be on the front of the label; it may be on the back.

We're not saying. Yet.

Get your own bottle of Beefeater from your liquor cabinet. Or, should you be in your favorite bar, ask your friend behind the bar to hand you the Beefeater bottle for a moment. Compare the label with the one shown here. Something here is missing! Tell us what it is, and you could win a great deal of money.

Incidentally, there is no rule against pausing now and then, as you study the Beefeater bottle, to savor what's inside it.

After all, what's *outside* is not the main attraction.

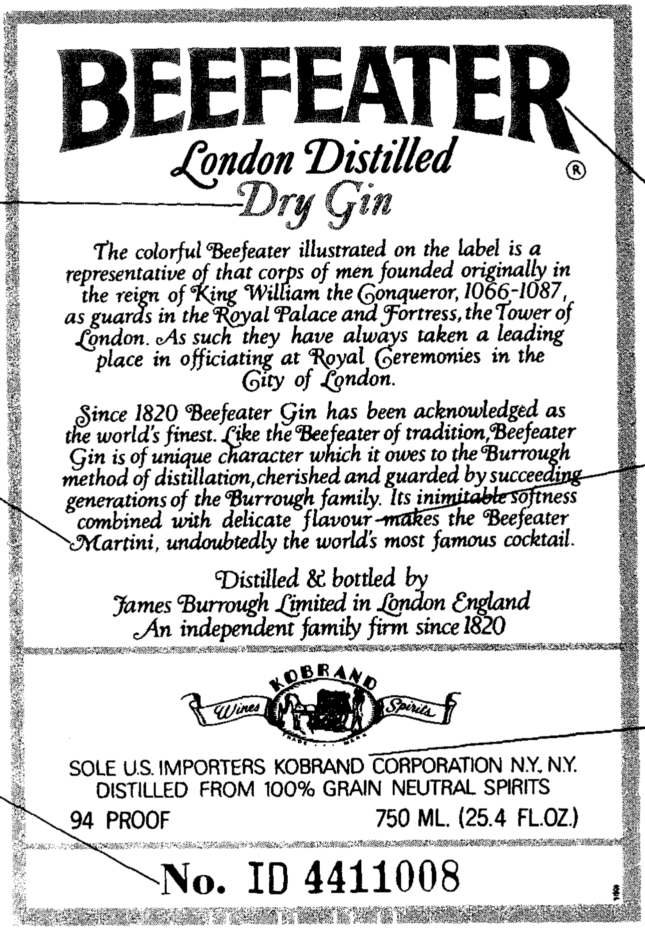
is Beefeater® label?

econd prize, or one of five runner-up $1,000 prizes!

One word (not necessarily this one!) is worth a thousand pictures. And maybe $25,000!

The Beefeater Martini is justifiably famous – but not the only way to enjoy Beefeater. Excellence is excellence, in whatever you drink.

Each bottle of Beefeater has its own identification number. It helps us keep track of your bottle from the time it leaves the distillery.



BEEFEATER®

London Distilled

Dry Gin

The colorful Beefeater illustrated on the label is a representative of that corps of men founded originally in the reign of King William the Conqueror, 1066-1087, as guards in the Royal Palace and Fortress, the Tower of London. As such they have always taken a leading place in officiating at Royal Ceremonies in the City of London.

Since 1820 Beefeater Gin has been acknowledged as the world's finest. Like the Beefeater of tradition, Beefeater Gin is of unique character which it owes to the Burrough method of distillation, cherished and guarded by succeeding generations of the Burrough family. Its inimitable softness combined with delicate flavour makes the Beefeater Martini, undoubtedly the world's most famous cocktail.

Distilled & bottled by
James Burrough Limited in London England
An independent family firm since 1820

KOBRAND
Wines Spirits

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS KOBRAND CORPORATION N.Y. N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
94 PROOF 750 ML. (25.4 FL.OZ.)

No. ID 4411008

The most famous name in gin. Call it out, loud and clear, in a bar, a restaurant, or a store. Or you might get a lesser gin.

"Flavour" is spelled the English way. But you can savour it any way you choose.

Kobrand is the sole United States importer of Beefeater Gin. So Beefeater gets excellent care on both sides of the ocean.

Back

OFFICIAL RULES: (No Purchase Required) **1.** Compare the Beefeater label shown in this ad, front and back, with the label from an actual bottle of Beefeater Gin, 750 ml size. **2.** On the official entry form or a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper hand-print your name and address and tell us the one tiny detail missing on the label shown in this ad. **3.** Mail in a hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4⅛" x 9½" (#10 envelope) to: Beefeater Gin Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9423, Blair, Nebraska 68009. **4.** **IMPORTANT:** In order to be eligible for a prize, you must hand-print on the lower left hand corner of your mailing envelope the same answer as on your entry form. **5.** Entries must be received by August 31, 1980. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. **6.** Winners will be determined in a random drawing from among all correct entries received. If fewer than seven correct entries are received, prizes not awarded via correct entry will be awarded via random drawings from all entries received. Drawings are under the supervision of the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All prizes will be awarded. **7.** If you wish a reprint of the 750 ml front and back label, send a **SEPARATE** self-addressed, stamped envelope for each reprint you wish to: Beefeater Label, P.O. Box 7117, Blair, Nebraska 68009. Your request must be received by July 31, 1980. **8.** This sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States of legal drinking age in their state of residence at time of entry. Not eligible: employees of Kobrand Corp., its distributors, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies and their families. Sweepstakes is void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and wherever prohibited by law. Limit one prize per family; no substitution of prizes; all Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. All applicable taxes are the responsibility of the winner. **9.** For a list of prizewinners, send a **SEPARATE** self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Beefeater Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 6387, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

Clip out this coupon and tell us what's missing on the Beefeater label. Write your answer below and also on the lower left hand corner of your mailing envelope.

(NO PURCHASE REQUIRED)

Mail to: Beefeater Gin Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 9423
Blair, Nebraska 68009

BEEFEATER
London Distilled
Dry Gin

What's missing from the Beefeater label? ______________________

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ________ State ________ Zip ________ Y

BEEFEATER® GIN. The Crown Jewel of England.

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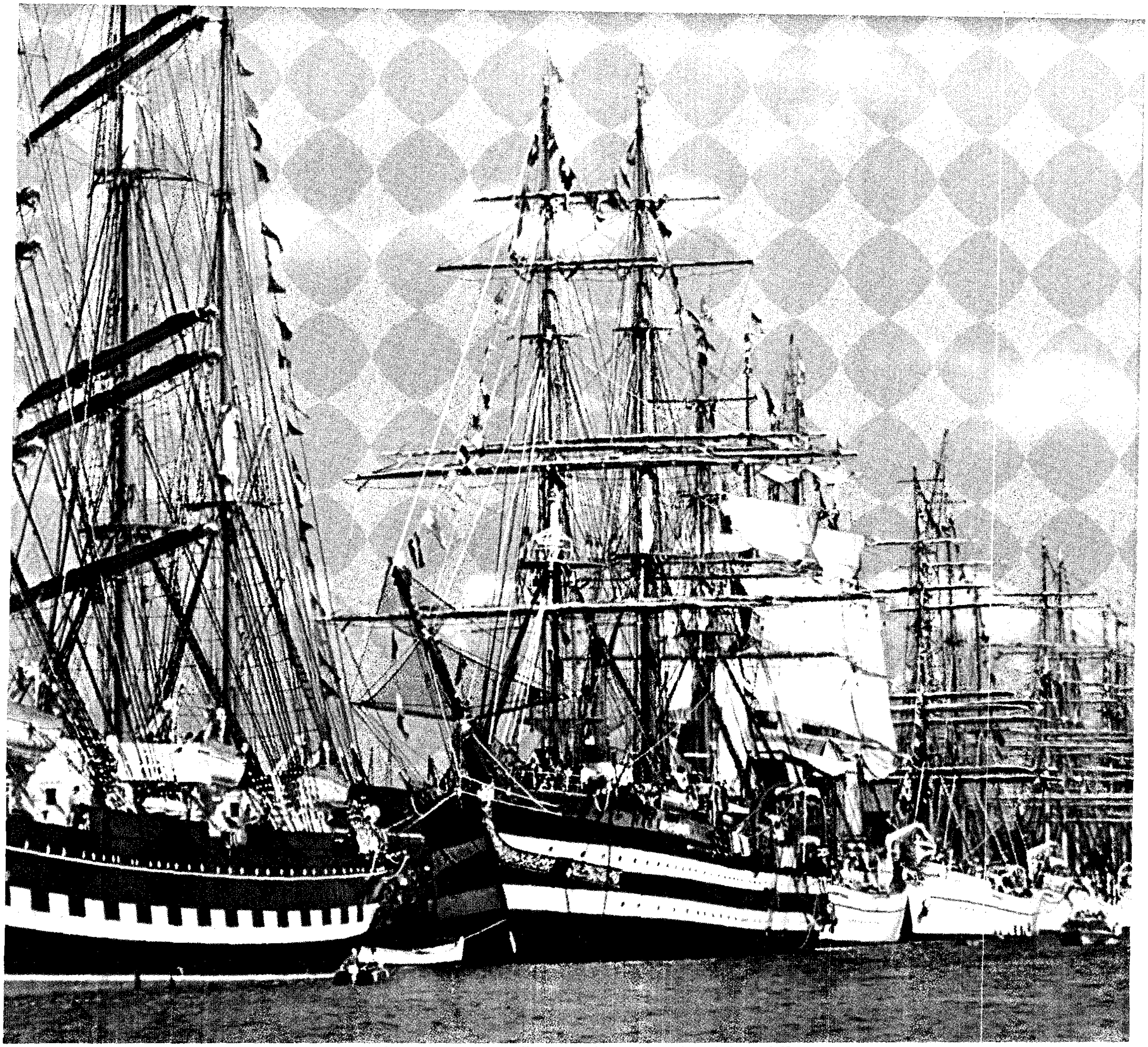


"Sail Amsterdam 1980" is one of the events in this Royal Year.

The Tall Ships are coming in Holland's Royal Year!

Holland has a new Queen. This year Queen Beatrix ascended the throne and our waterways are alive with historic sailing ships and colorful maritime displays.

In Amsterdam, on August 6, one thousand great windjammers will put on a week-long show you'll never forget, including a mock naval battle with booming cannon.

Rotterdam, the world's biggest harbor, will stage its own program of nautical events. And on the Frisian lakes there are old-time sailing barge races. As always, there are festivals, fairs and flower displays that will take your breath away. And this year, there's even a Royal Tour, which includes the ancient castles of Holland.

For a free Vacation Value Kit, including a 240-page guide to Holland and "Sail Amsterdam" brochure, write to: Netherlands National Tourist Office/KLM, P.O. Box 40, Teaneck, NJ 07666. KLM's 747s fly nonstop to Holland from New York, Chicago, Houston and Los Angeles. For reservations call your travel agent or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines.

THE NETHERLANDS JULIANA · BEATRIX 1980

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines / HOLLAND

days ago, in what some Carter people had hoped would be part of this process, Carter visited his campaign headquarters and suggested to his people that they join him in extending a "healing and friendly hand" to their political opponents. But then, apparently unable to resist his own combative instincts, he suggested that Kennedy had waged a campaign of "false promises . . . empty slogans . . . distortions of issues."

Of the three big states up for grabs twelve days from now, California is considered Kennedy's best bet. Among other things, Carter has never done well here, and has not built up much of a base in the state. According to some in the Carter camp, the President and Hamilton Jordan, his top political adviser, feel politically estranged from California, a feeling that no doubt contributes to the estrangement. The Carter people are still debating whether or not the President should make a trip to California before the primaries. The one state where Carter is scheduled to go, Ohio, is the one where he is considered most likely to do well and where his campaign is making the greatest effort. Ohio is relatively conservative in its politics, compared with the other large industrial states, and four years ago Carter carried it in the primary and in the general election. The race is considered very close in both New Jersey and California. As of now, it seems inevitable that, whatever happens on June 3rd, the Party's system of proportional representation will enable Carter to win enough delegates to get the nomination. But Kennedy is striving to make that only part of the equation. One of Kennedy's problems is that so many people regard the contest as over that he must constantly explain why he is still bothering, and why the voters should still bother. Some Carter people maintain that history will show that the nomination was settled last month, when, though Kennedy carried Pennsylvania, he did so by less than a percentage point. Had the margin of victory been greater, they say, the chemistry of the rest of the contest would have been different. Kennedy's strategy, after all, was based on winning in the industrial states, and his victory in the New York primary on March 25th had thrown a fright into the Carter camp. Moreover, after the Pennsylvania primary and the Missouri caucuses, both of which occurred on April 22nd, the Carter people claimed that they had gained forty more delegates than Kennedy had. They also maintained that if, on the basis of intense campaigning in Pennsylvania, Kennedy could manage little better than a tie, he was not a very strong candidate even in the industrial states. Four days later, Kennedy won the Michigan caucuses, but by only one delegate. Carter then won a string of victories—in Texas, North Carolina, Indiana, and Tennessee—while Kennedy won only the District of Columbia. This was as expected, and therefore it didn't affect the psychology of the contest, but it did affect the delegate count. Last week, Carter carried Maryland and Nebraska—a Kennedy victory in Maryland had been considered quite possible—and earlier this week Carter carried Oregon. Next week, there will be contests in Kentucky, Idaho, Arkansas, and Nevada, all of which Carter is expected to carry. So Kennedy has not had a big victory since the one in New York.

"No, you're not in my novel. Just in my essays."

• •

One question, of course, is how Kennedy, who had done so well against Carter in the polls until he challenged him, got to this point. Some of Kennedy's advisers think that his political fate was settled in the first month of the campaign. First—on the day the hostages were seized in Iran, and one year before the election—there was his unsuccessful interview on CBS, of which so much was made. In a few instances during the hour-long program, he appeared incoherent in speech, uncollected in thought, and evasive about Chappaquiddick, and these were the impressions of him that lasted. Then there was the uncertain start of his campaign: the apparent lack of a clear rationale for his candidacy; the difficulty of a sudden transition, even for a Kennedy, from the Senate to a national, closely watched campaign. His tendency to stumble around at times in his campaign speeches then was made much of, as were his critical comments on the Shah of Iran. The theory of some of Kennedy's associates is that this was the period when most people made up their minds about Kennedy. The polls showed him taking a nose dive during that time. The extent to which Chappaquiddick was reëxamined in the press, and the impact of that reëxamination, came as a surprise to almost everyone. Chappaquiddick, plus the Kennedys' marital troubles, developed—with the help of the Carter campaign, especially in its advertising—into the "character" issue. One man I know, who favors Kennedy, believed all along that he should not run, because, as this man put it, "the American people will see him as someone who does not have his life together." Peter Hart, Kennedy's pollster, has a theory that the people don't open what he terms "their windows" very often—that is, there are only certain times at which they make judgments. He thinks that the windows on Kennedy were open in November, and that it was difficult to change people's impressions after that.

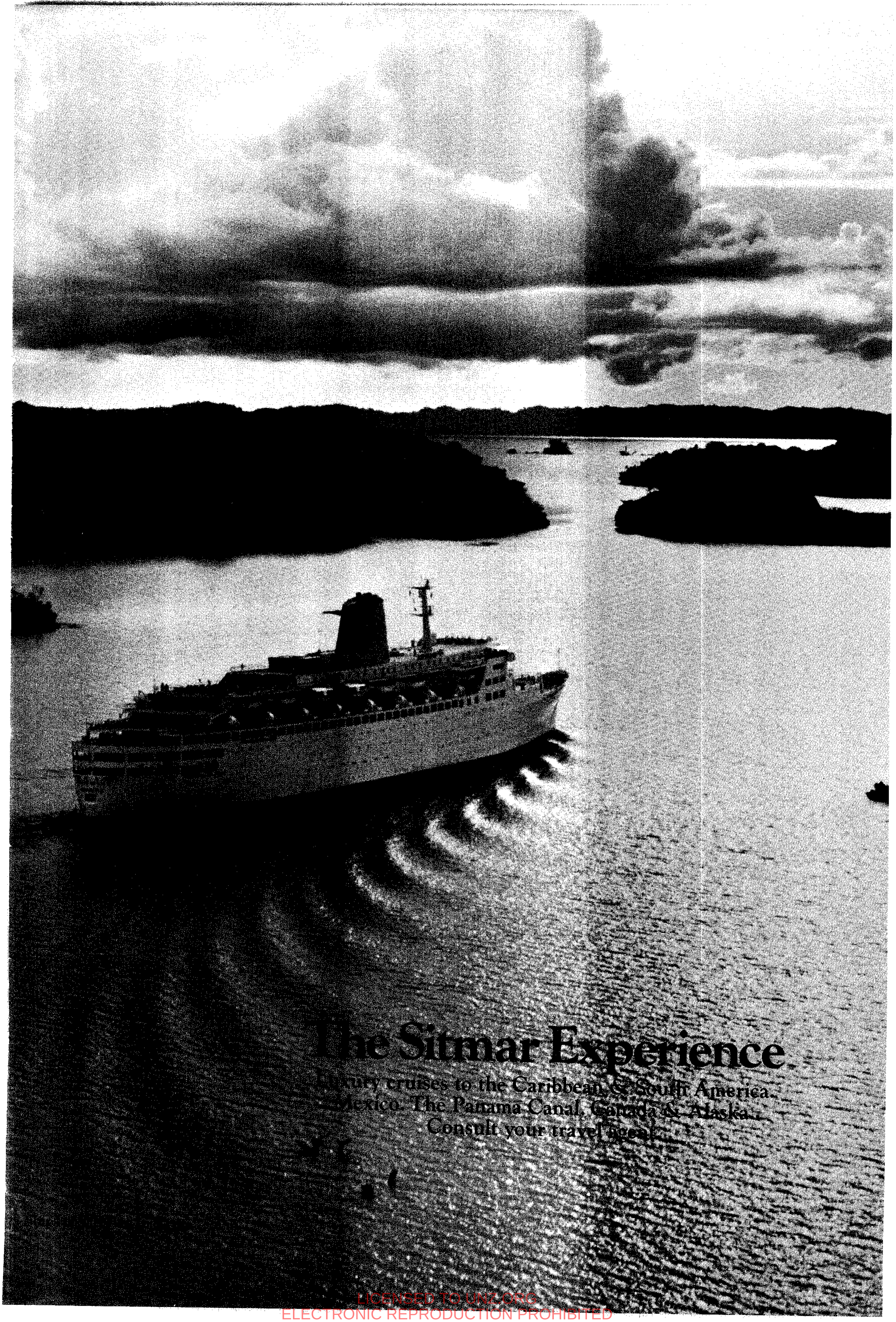
According to this line of thinking, even when Carter's competence came back into question in the public mind, when his handling of the crises in Iran and Afghanistan came under increasing criticism, and when the economic issue, which was supposed to be Kennedy's strongest one, came to the fore, too many people had made up their minds about Kennedy. "People were not able to connect with him," one of Kennedy's aides said to me recently. Even some of his advisers say that his style did not help: that he came across on television as shouting; that his way of attenuating words, in sarcasm, came across somehow as vaudeville, raising the question of whether he was a serious man, and so did the nervous laugh with which he commented on his losses on Tuesday nights. According to a number of the people around him, Kennedy is well aware of the shouting problem and has tried to deal with it, but with limited success. He has a big voice, and it had long been a key part of his political style to arouse his audiences—sometimes even electrify them—with that voice. But the style did not serve him well on television, which tends to magnify. Kennedy's old-fashioned oratory is ill suited to modern communication.

Patrick Caddell, the President's pollster, said to me recently that he thinks that even had it not been for Iran and Afghanistan, from which Carter was presumed to have benefitted so much, Carter would have defeated Kennedy. He said that it would have been an even more slashing campaign than it has been, with Carter arguing, I'm a moral man and you're not, and Kennedy arguing, I'm a leader and you're an incompetent. Caddell believes that the personal aspects are more important to people than anything else when they make up their minds about the Presidency—that this is a phenomenon that was produced by Johnson and Nixon, and one from which Ford was the first to benefit—and that the impact of the issues is minuscule. "Character will always be first," Caddell said, "and Carter would have won on character." Caddell pointed out wryly that the news has been so bad that surely his point has been proved. Some of the networks' "exit polls" on primary days showed that Democrats favored Kennedy on the questions of who would handle the economy better and who was a better leader, but that when it came to the question of "honesty" or "trust," they favored Carter. Another factor, which also had to do with these things but went beyond them, is that a great many people simply don't like Kennedy. It is often forgotten that his brothers aroused a similar feeling, though perhaps not to the same degree. Of course, there are those who believe that Kennedy's politics are all wrong for this period, but this hypothesis cannot be tested, given the other clouds on his campaign. And, of course, one cannot consider what happened to Kennedy in a vacuum: there was also the considerable skill with which the White House used the tools of incumbency.

Today, Carter was in the state of Washington on an official trip to inspect the damage caused by the eruption of Mount St. Helens. Rosalynn Carter was in Los Angeles this morning and has gone on to Oakland. And now Kennedy, looking exhausted and uncomfortable, is in the Alberta King Child Care Center (named for Martin Luther King, Sr.,'s wife, who was murdered). Kennedy's face is pale and blotchy; his body seems chunkier than usual; his suit is rumpled, and the lapel pocket is coming loose, and another jacket pocket has been unartfully mended; the leather of his shoes is cracked and worn. Most campaign events are set pieces, but this one is a bit too stagy, and Kennedy doesn't seem to know what to do; of course, the young children, who are seated around low tables painting plaster-of-Paris objects, haven't a clue who he is. Kennedy wanders around for a while, talking quietly to the children ("I'm Ted") and admiring their work. Kennedy is actually very good with children. Then he sits down slowly—as if bothered by his chronic back trouble—and listens while the center is explained to him by some of its officials. He seems distracted at first, unable to bring himself to focus on what is being said, but then, when the officials show some nervousness about performing before the press, he seems to come to, and, the skilled politician, helps them out. Then he gives a little talk about the need for expanded child-care programs.

Following that, Kennedy goes out into a courtyard to address a crowd of hospital workers about the importance of "bringing health care into the communities" and of national health insurance. Now he speaks strongly and firmly. He says, "I travel across this country and I hear those voices that say we can't do this, we can't provide decent health care, now is not the time to pass national health insurance." And he tells the crowd, "I remember the letter that Martin Luther King sent from the Birmingham jail when he said 'Now is the time.' " Then he says, "I wish Mr. Carter had come right here to the Martin Luther King Hospital, right out here on this platform"—and he steps to one side of the platform. "There'd be room for us, right out here." He points to the other side and then to his side. "He'd be right over there, and I'd be right over here. And we would ask him why it is that we in this country cannot have a President of the United States who's committed to provide a decent quality health care to the citizens of the nation." He says, "I believe that the people of California are entitled to that kind of a dialogue and that kind of debate. Not only on health care but on all the other important issues."

IN a suite at the Biltmore Hotel, in downtown Los Angeles, Kennedy gives a series of television, radio, and newspaper interviews. It is an accepted rule of politics that California, because of its size, is a difficult state to organize politically, and that one campaigns there through "the media." So each morning Kennedy tries to do some radio and television interviews, and late each afternoon does some more. Far more people are hearing these interviews than are hearing his speeches. Besides, this is a way to get free air time. Invariably, he is presented with the delegate count and asked why he is staying in the race. This afternoon, he answers that question as he usually does: "I wish the Carter-Mondale committee was as concerned about the rate of unemployment as they are about the delegate count." Whenever possible, he gets in a line to the effect that "Mr.

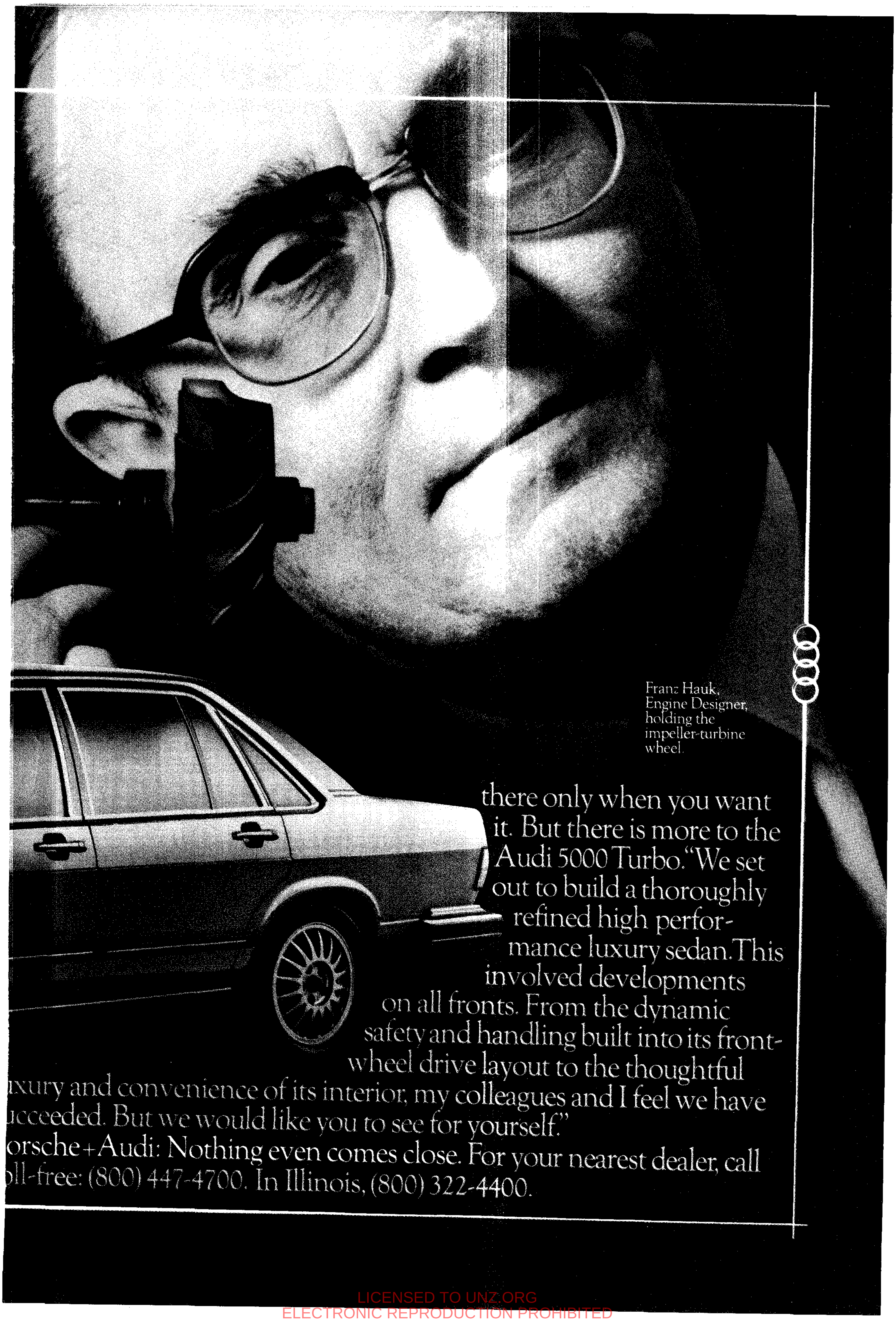

The Sitmar Experience.
Luxury cruises to the Caribbean & South America.
Mexico. The Panama Canal. Canada & Alaska.
Consult your travel agent.

"Engines run on a mixture of air and fuel. Fortunately air is free. But unfortunately natural atmospheric pressure limits its supply," states top Audi engineer Franz Hauk. "This poses a natural limit to the amount of power that can be extracted from a given displacement before an engine simply runs out of air. Making an engine larger will increase power but this will necessarily compound the inefficiency inherent to any naturally aspirated engine design."
Enter the impeller-turbine wheel – key component of the new Audi 5000 Turbo's turbocharger.

This simple device makes horsepower out of thin air for the new Audi 5000 Turbo.

"The turbine wheel fixed to the left of this shaft is spun by an unusual power source – exhaust gases, a combustion engine's waste product. It spins the impeller wheel on the right which is actually a fresh air compressor." Under peak engine load and rpm the impeller will deliver air to the engine under pressure of up to one-and-a-half times the atmosphere's. The result is a greater volume of air and a near 30% increase in power on demand.

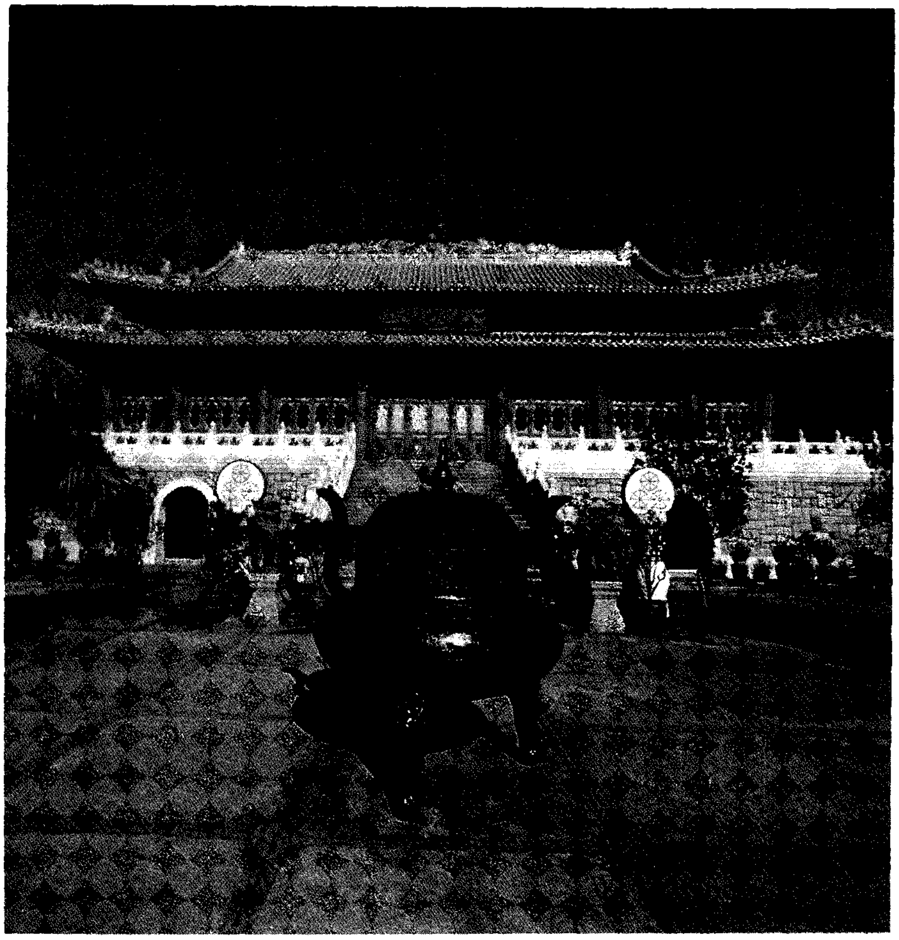
Thus, this simple device, spinning at up to 100,000 rpm, increases the output of the Audi 5000 Turbo's engine in a way that is far more efficient than adding an extra cylinder – the Turbo's extra power is



Franz Hauk, Engine Designer, holding the impeller-turbine wheel.

there only when you want it. But there is more to the Audi 5000 Turbo. "We set out to build a thoroughly refined high performance luxury sedan. This involved developments on all fronts. From the dynamic safety and handling built into its front-wheel drive layout to the thoughtful
uxury and convenience of its interior, my colleagues and I feel we have
ucceeded. But we would like you to see for yourself."
orsche+Audi: Nothing even comes close. For your nearest dealer, call
ll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

To see the best of Chinese culture, come to Hong Kong.



Hong Kong is the home of many beautiful Chinese temples.

And include a day trip to China.

Interest in the Chinese way of life has never been greater than now. And Hong Kong is the place to discover it all.

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"Are you looking at me funny?"

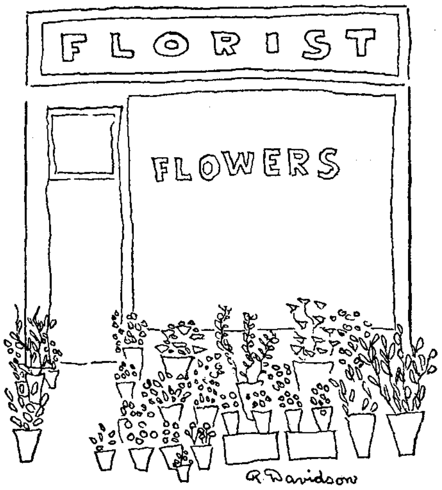
• •

Carter ought to come to California and debate these issues." He points out that he was willing to debate Carter when he himself was ahead in the polls, and that the President was willing to debate for a time after the hostages were seized. On November 6th, two days after the CBS program, the White House accepted the Des Moines *Register's* invitation to debate, and withdrew on December 28th. By that time, Carter was ahead of Kennedy in the polls. Again and again, Kennedy points out in these interviews—and also in his appearances—that Hubert Humphrey debated George McGovern (in the California primary in 1972), that Robert Kennedy debated Eugene McCarthy (in the California primary in 1968), and that John Kennedy debated Lyndon Johnson (at the Democratic Convention in 1960). "I stand in that tradition," he says. Now he says, "The people of Southern California have to make a decision whether they want four more years of Carter economic policies," and he says that there have been twenty-five thousand jobs lost in the Los Angeles area in the last month alone. He says, "The people here in California are entitled to listen to Mr. Carter explain to them why they have an inflation rate in the Los Angeles area of twenty-six per cent. And why he is asking for a ten-cents-a-gallon gasoline tax. Now he ought to come out here to Los Angeles and respond to the questions of the people." He says, "My candidacy speaks for those men and women who have been made unemployed. My candidacy speaks for the elderly people who today have worked a lifetime in the plants and factories of Los Angeles, now living on Social Security, and can't make ends meet. My candidacy speaks for the sixty-five hundred students in Los Angeles County that will not be able to get scholarship assistance because of the reductions and the cutbacks this year. My candidacy speaks for the unemployed. Now, those individuals and groups in our society are entitled to be heard. Their needs are entitled to be addressed." He says that these problems can't be dealt with by speeches calling for Party unity—that if in 1968 Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy hadn't tried to change the Vietnam War policy the divisions within the Party would still be there, and that if in the late nineteen-forties Hubert Humphrey hadn't brought up the subject of discrimination the divisions would still be there, and that "the serious economic challenges" the country is facing cannot be swept away by speeches about Party unity. In one interview, he says the Democratic Party cannot afford to nominate a "pale carbon copy" of Ronald Reagan. Asked about what he would do in the event he did not win enough delegates to justify continuing his campaign, he replies, "I learned many years ago from my father that if you start thinking about coming in second place, you're not going to come in first place."

There is probably a great deal to this. The question of why Kennedy does not get out of the race has been raised repeatedly since he lost the Iowa precinct caucuses by a two-to-one margin, in January. Kennedy and his advisers have more than once considered whether to fold the campaign. But it is not very difficult to understand why Kennedy is staying in. Among other things, as he suggests, quitting was not in his upbringing—quite the contrary—or, probably, in his genes. Moreover, it appears that he really has come to believe that he is, as his aides say, fighting for what he believes the Democratic Party should stand for. It is a more intense form of a fight that he and Carter have been engaged in for quite some time. This is not a scrap between a couple of old pols who realize that it is in part a game: it appears that Kennedy and Carter really dislike each other and what each thinks the other stands for—and that this dislike has deepened as the campaign has gone on. And though Kennedy doesn't talk about it much—he has an abhorrence (again the upbringing, no doubt) of appearing a "crybaby"—it seems that he does resent the Carter campaign's efforts to make such an issue of his "character." So, having started the thing, Kennedy would have a hard time stopping it. And when he goes into a hall or a gym to address a crowd there are people cheering him. The polls may show him being the choice of only thirty-odd per cent of the Democrats as of now, but that still means, to him, that there are millions and millions of people who feel that his candidacy is important. People with less to go on have satisfied themselves that their candidacies were important, that they were a voice. Moreover, who could say? There was always the possibility—a possibility that kept failing to materialize—that somehow the bottom would fall out from under Carter. Kennedy has long since shown that he is a resilient man. Many people seem baffled that he has remained equable and good-humored as he has gone through this campaign, but those traits are deep in his nature, and they are also, it seems, part of his code of being a good sport. One of his aides says that there is an Irish fatalism to him. And given the other losses he has sustained, losing an election is not such a big thing. But, whatever happens, he seems determined to live up to what he sees as his own obligation to family tradition, and to rescue what honor he can from the exercise. This will require some difficult decisions down the line.

Now, asked in one of the interviews whether if he loses in California on June 3rd he will carry his candidacy to the Democratic Convention, he replies quickly, "Yes, I will, because I believe very deeply in the issues I'm speaking to," and he adds, "I think the struggle is over the heart and soul of the Democratic Party." By now, Kennedy looks good. He seems to have organized himself: the juices have started flowing, and he is focussed; his complexion is its normal ruddy color, and the blotches have disappeared. He ends the last interview by saying, "The people of California can say they do not want to be taken for granted by the Carter Administration, and what they can clearly say is that they don't want four more years of incompetency. And what they can clearly say is that they want America to regain control over its own destiny in our economy, in energy, and they want a restoration of American prestige and influence in the world."

EARLY tonight, Kennedy attended a fund-raiser in East Los Angeles sponsored by Mexican-Americans. ("The people in this country are entitled to competency in the government, and they're entitled to a commitment to the improvement of the quality of life," he told them.) Now he speaks to students gathered in an auditorium at U.C.L.A. Wearing his glasses, he reads his speech. It is a sober one and a tough one, indicting the Carter Administration's record, offering some of his own solutions, including wage and price controls, and stating, "The issue of debate raises a question about the integrity of our system itself: Should we choose a President on the basis of the record, the positions, and the purposes of the candidates? Or are we to grope toward that choice without knowing how the incumbent explains his past—or what he offers for the nation's future? What is at stake in 1980 is not just the character of the candidates but the character of our politics and our country." He continues, "This election raises another question that transcends any specific issue: Do we still have faith in our own best impulses and ideals?" He reads carefully and clearly, and he is applauded and mildly cheered from time to time, but he doesn't get this audience worked up. Kennedy's problem is that he gets an audience worked up when he gets worked up, and then he shouts; tonight he is obviously trying not to do that. Though he knows it is a problem, he is inclined to shout when it is late at night and he is tired, or when he gets before an audience he can't resist working up; when he is subdued, so is his audience, as if it senses he is holding something back. Two days ago, in Newark, he gave a speech in which he spelled out a detailed plan for "the reindustrialization of America"—for revitalizing the economy and improving productivity, through various incentives aimed at modernizing certain industries. The idea of "reindustrialization" is coming into fashion, and is something that California's Governor Jerry Brown has talked about. (Brown has not only dropped out of the Democratic race—he seems to have disappeared.) Tonight, Kennedy gives Brown credit for the idea. As Kennedy responds to questions, he speaks with more feeling. He states one of his recurring themes: "I believe a President can make a difference. I believe that Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy made a difference. And when Lyndon Johnson said 'We shall overcome,' those words stated by a President of the United States were a powerful message that went all over this country, that this country was committed to the elimination of discrimination." He says, "We have no magic solutions, but I do believe we can make meaningful progress on the basic questions of the quality of life in this country, and move this country closer to the ideal of economic democracy and social progress and social justice. And that is what I am committed to." Kennedy seems to actually believe what he is saying—a phenomenon that should not be noteworthy. At one point, he remarks that he and Carter come from different philosophies, and that is true. They are men of different temperaments and different outlooks, and they come from different political traditions. It is possible that Kennedy really cannot understand Carter. Carter's way of handling the Presidency is antithetical to Kennedy's view of how it should be handled. And the range of their differences on issues is far broader than were, say, McCarthy's and Johnson's or Robert Kennedy's and Johnson's. Kennedy says now, as he often does, "I'm tired of listening to a President and to an Administration that wrings its hands and says no one can do any better. I come from a different tradition."



Kennedy has broken out of the numbing approach he had at the beginning of his campaign, when all he seemed to have to say was that with him things would be better. He was critical then of Carter's handling of economic and foreign policy, but his grenades didn't seem to land anywhere. He redefined his approach after his devastating defeat in Iowa. The speech he gave at Georgetown University in late January had its own problems, but it did mark Kennedy's self-liberation. After that, he returned to the liberal Democratic politics with which he is comfortable, talking of human needs and of programs to meet them. He talks a lot about programs, sometimes using government terminology—for example, "COET" (crude-oil equalization tax)—with which few are familiar. He talks these days of his answer to inflation, offered in the Georgetown speech—of placing controls on prices, profits, dividends, interest rates, wages, and rents—and says that while it may not be perfect, it is preferable to putting people out of work and slashing the budget for health, education, and housing. And now he has combined this with a sharpened definition of his difference with Carter on the subject of "leadership." He does not talk so much about gasoline rationing, the other major domestic proposal he made in his Georgetown speech. One of his aides explains that this is because the two proposals, added up, sounded like too much big government. Kennedy says that he favors "moving toward" a balanced budget. And he says at U.C.L.A. tonight, "I favor strengthening our conventional forces. But I oppose a helter-skelter militarism that will succeed only in impressing us with our own overkill. I favor a defense second to none. But I also favor a firm commitment to control nuclear weapons before they consume the world in nuclear fire."

There is a sense of unreality about this campaign. It sometimes seems as

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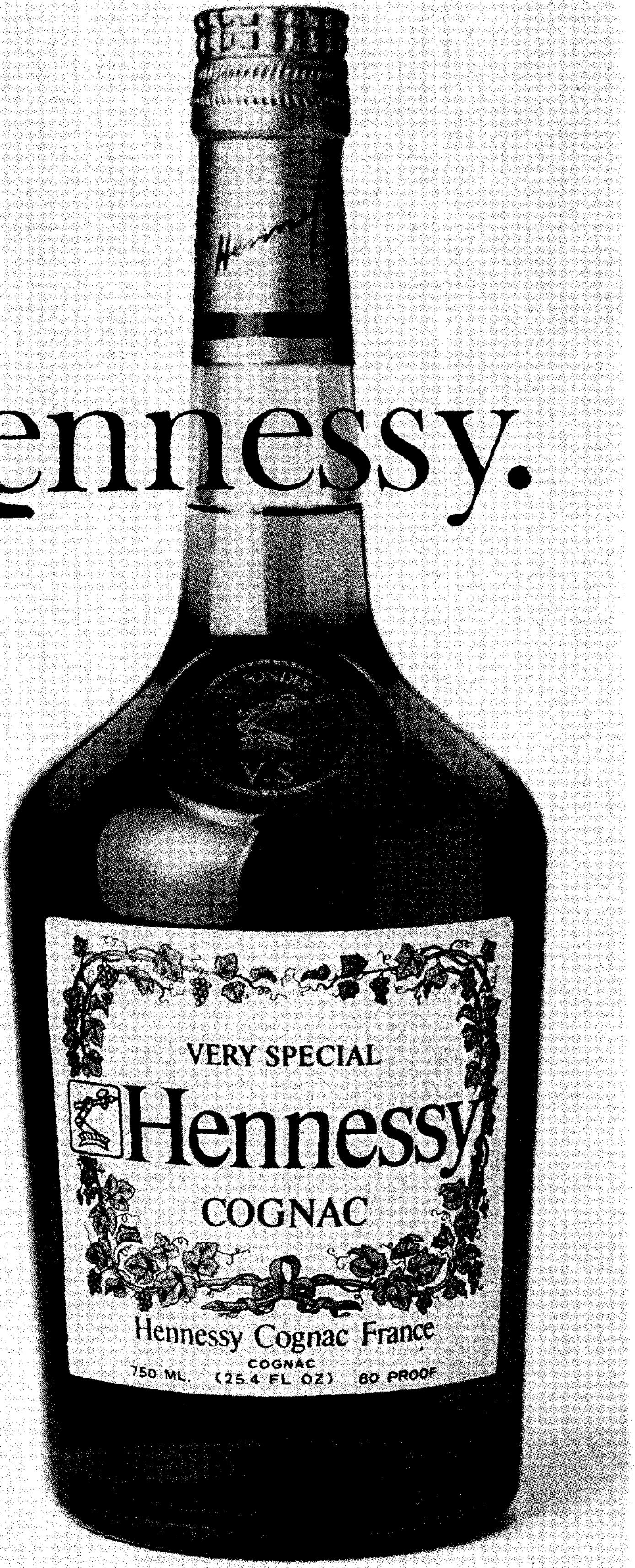
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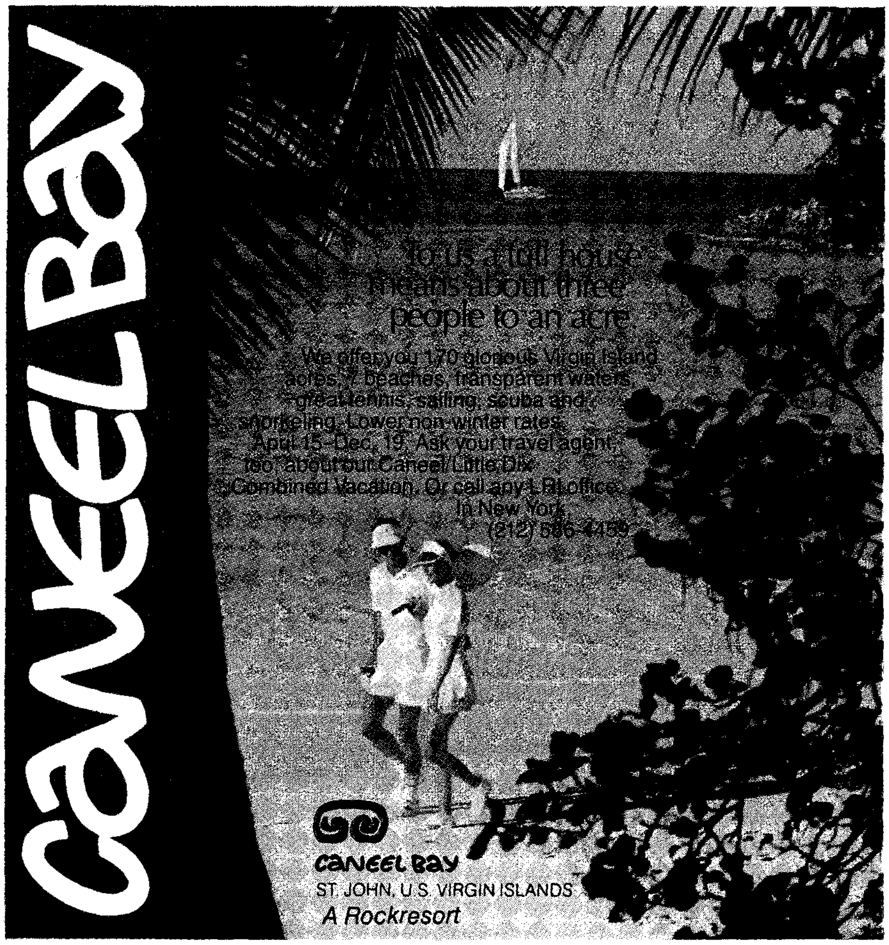

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if Kennedy were talking into a cave. The President may be highly visible on television, but his physical absence from the campaign is almost palpable. Kennedy may reach out to jab at Carter, but it seems that he can't touch him. It is beyond the question of a debate. Of course, Carter has had to try to govern, and to take responsibility for his policies. But how would he have done if he had appeared before union members, campus audiences, ethnic groups, week after week, defending his record and answering questions? Like as not, he would have won, but the feel of the contest would have been different. We shall never know. Out where the campaign is happening, there is a faint aura of illegitimacy about the Carter candidacy—which could have been avoided. Out where the campaign is happening, it sometimes seems that it isn't happening at all.

ON Friday, I have a conversation with Kennedy on the plane en route to Oakland and San Francisco. I ask him if he has found the campaign frustrating.

"I'm not interested in thinking back over the period of the campaign," he replies. "There are ten days to go. There's not really time to think about the campaign, not really a chance to think about that. I would hope that I've benefitted from the experiences of the past. I'm thinking now about the remaining days of the campaign. And then, after June, I'll look to the future." A politician in the midst of a race, like an athlete in a championship match, has to concentrate on the task at hand, can't afford to spend much time reflecting on what happens if he doesn't succeed. His psychic and physical energies cannot be deflected. And Kennedy is not inclined to reflection or introspection in any event.

I ask Kennedy how he thinks the President has been so successful in his approach.

"I think he's been effective in convincing a significant segment of the Democratic Party that no President can make a difference today, and therefore, no matter how bad things get, it's not his fault—nobody could have done better. He's built on the previous experience of the American people—the Nixon period and the Ford period. People weren't called upon to do very much; not much was expected of them. So that was the climate, the atmosphere, in which the campaign started. I think he's been able to convince a lot of Americans that no one can do better and no one has to be very much alarmed at the current challenges of our time.”

“Do you think that’s how you ended up this way?” I ask.

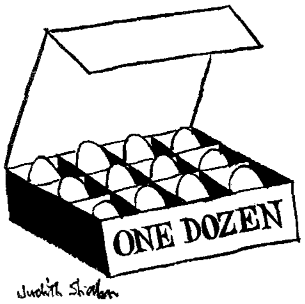
He replies, “I’m sure there are a lot of other factors that contributed to it. Raising my voice on TV and all kinds”—he trails off—“of . . . other . . . things. I’m not as concerned about those matters, nor have I given much thought to them. I’m sure I’ll have a time in my life—but not now.”

I ask him how he will measure the imperatives for him after June 3rd—to keep going, or to stop in the name of Party unity.

“I’m sufficiently realistic to know that there are dates and events beyond June 3rd,” Kennedy replies. “But my energy and focus are on this period. There’ll be two months, plenty of time to consider the situation. But I’m committed to going to the Convention and making the effort for the nomination.” There is no reason not to take him at his word at this point. Recently, I asked one of his closest associates whether, when there is increased pressure on Kennedy after the primaries to step aside and let the Party heal, Kennedy might not yield, and the associate said simply, “That isn’t going to happen. The divisions are too deep.”

Now I ask Kennedy if he cares whether Reagan or Carter is elected, if the choice comes to that.

He replies, “I’m thinking about my own situation. I’ve spoken about what I consider to be the realities of the fall. If it’s Reagan and it’s Carter, it’s also going to be John Anderson, and I don’t think Carter can win under those circumstances. I think the Party has to face up to what the central challenges of the Party are. As I’ve pointed out in my campaign, it isn’t just a campaign, it’s a cause. That’s why I think the talk about unity without responding to these central questions is just empty.”



Kennedy’s campaign aides are already focussing on the state conventions that will be in the final stages of selecting delegates after June 3rd. They foresee great public-relations and psychological value if Kennedy is able to reverse some of the results of earlier stages of the process—as he did last month in Vermont. In March, on the same night that Kennedy was winning the Massachusetts primary, Carter won a nonbinding preferential primary in Vermont, which was of great public-relations value to him. On April 22nd, in the town caucuses, Kennedy received a majority of the delegates to the state convention, to be held tomorrow. Some Kennedy aides say they think Kennedy still believes that he has a chance to get the nomination: that if he does well enough on June 3rd the realization will sink in that Carter is quite weak and that the Anderson candidacy could cost the Democrats the election. Moreover, the Kennedy people, like a great many others, expect that following the Republican Convention, in July, which will be a harmonious one, Reagan will be far ahead of Carter in the polls. At that point, the thinking goes, there will be further doubt about the efficacy of nominating Carter, even if technically he has enough delegates to win. The key test would be a vote on a rule that would bind the delegates to vote on the first ballot for the nominee to whom they are pledged. Since the candidates’ organizations are involved in the selection of their own delegates, the Carter people say they believe that the risks of rebellion are minimal; and in any event they have already begun a careful process of making sure that their delegates stay committed. The Kennedy people have begun to poke around for uncertain Carter delegates. The thought that Carter might be too weak a candidate, and also that Kennedy was unacceptable to too great a portion of the Party, was what gave rise to the talk earlier this spring of nominating a third man. The names of Vice-President Walter Mondale, Edmund Muskie, and Henry Jackson began to be bandied about. At one point, it became difficult to get across the street in Washington without someone’s coming up and saying, for example, “Do you think Muskie could get the nomination?” (The inquirer in that case would often be someone who was associated with Muskie.) The Mondale people were aware of the talk, but circumspect. Muskie, of course, is now Secretary of State. Neither he nor Mondale is in a very good position from which to lead a rebellion, if either should be inclined to do so. In private conversations, White House people have insisted that any attempt to unhorse Carter would leave the Party in ruins. Jackson sharpened his criti-

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cism of Carter, and found new adherents among the liberal elements of the Party as a result of his warnings against "overreacting" on Iran and Afghanistan. Yesterday, Jackson gave a speech in Chicago in which he said that because working people believed the Democratic Party had "reverted to the economic policies of Herbert Hoover," Reagan might win in November. When, in early May, Governor Hugh Carey, of New York, called on both Carter and Kennedy to release their delegates and have an open Convention, few thought it a selfless act. There was some buzzing in the congressional cloakrooms about the possibility of a third man, but nothing serious took form. The problem is that the sequence of events which would lead to the nomination of someone else would require concerted action on the part of a collection of Democrats—not a customary occurrence. Moreover, elected officials tend to have a preference for the regular order. And then, people also considered that Carter is one of the most tenacious politicians in memory.

At a press conference at the Oakland airport, Kennedy talks about the effects on the Oakland area of the recession and Carter's budget reductions, and about Carter's refusal to come to California to debate the issues.

A reporter tells Kennedy that yesterday Mrs. Carter said in Oakland that in 1976 Kennedy had refused to debate his Republican challenger for the Senate.

Kennedy replies that he did debate.

"She was wrong?" asks the reporter.

"*Yeeesss*," Kennedy replies, smiling. (Later, I was told by people in the Carter campaign that they knew that the information given Mrs. Carter was incorrect.)

THIS afternoon, Kennedy met with senior citizens at a housing project in a black section of Oakland and then went to San Francisco, where he gave more television and radio interviews and, this evening, attended a fund-raiser at the Empress of China Restaurant, in Chinatown. To provide a "visual," the campaign arranged for Kennedy to be greeted by a Lion Dance, performed by some young Chinese, to the accompaniment of cymbals and drums, outside the restaurant, on Grant Avenue. As the dragonlike thing, with a blue, gold, and green head, wriggled about and the drums banged and the cymbals clanged, Kennedy looked puzzled and stroked his chin. Only about forty people turned up for the fund-raiser, but, despite the embarrassment, Kennedy managed to squeeze out some enthusiasm. (However disheartened a politician may be by the turnout for a fund-raiser, he must try to make it worthwhile for those who bothered to arrange it and those who paid to come.)

But tonight, at the United Irish Cultural Center, in the Sunset District of San Francisco, Kennedy is given the kind of reception a politician dreams of, and of which there have been very few for him in this campaign. The hall is jammed and an overflow crowd is downstairs. A big green-and-white sign says, in Gaelic, "A Hundred Thousand Welcomes." As Kennedy enters, a band strikes up, and a singing group called the Boys of the Old Brigade sings "The Boys of Wexford." Kennedy, reaching the stage, joins in. Tonight, he forgets about the stricture not to shout, relaxes other campaign inhibitions (he holds a baby during some of the singing), and simply allows himself to have fun. The crowd, ecstatic, shouts, "We want Ted!" Kennedy, pleased, stands and claps and sings along as the Boys of the Old Brigade sing some other Irish songs. This is his kind of event—the kind that he got used to in Boston and that has eluded him this year. Irish labor and political leaders are on the stage. Joe O'Sullivan, a retired president of the San Francisco Building Trades Council, who arranged this event, is presented with an Irish Man of the Year Award.

"Let's hear it for Joe one more time!" Kennedy roars gleefully as he begins his remarks. And as he goes through some introductions he turns to O'Sullivan from time to time and says, smiling, "How'm I doing, Joe?" or "Anybody who can do a rally like this, I'll do whatever you say." To the crowd, he says, "Being at a magnificent Irish Cultural Center like this tonight makes me think it's time to elect another Irishman as President of the United States."

The crowd cheers.

"I want to know, are we going to play 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling' on June 3rd?" he asks.

The crowd wholeheartedly yells "Yes!"

"And I'll tell you something, Joe," Kennedy continues, shouting, his fist pounding the air. "It's time we grew some shamrocks in the Rose Garden." The crowd cheers again. And then he just lets go. His voice ringing, he says, "I believe, as you believe, that the Presidency of the United States can

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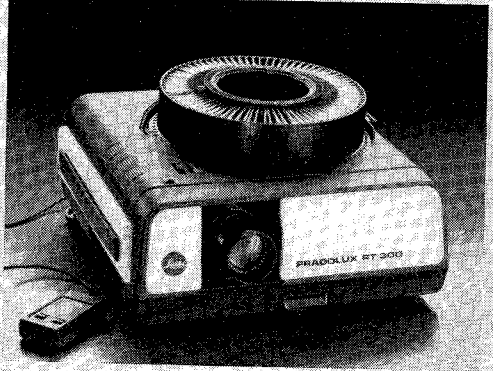

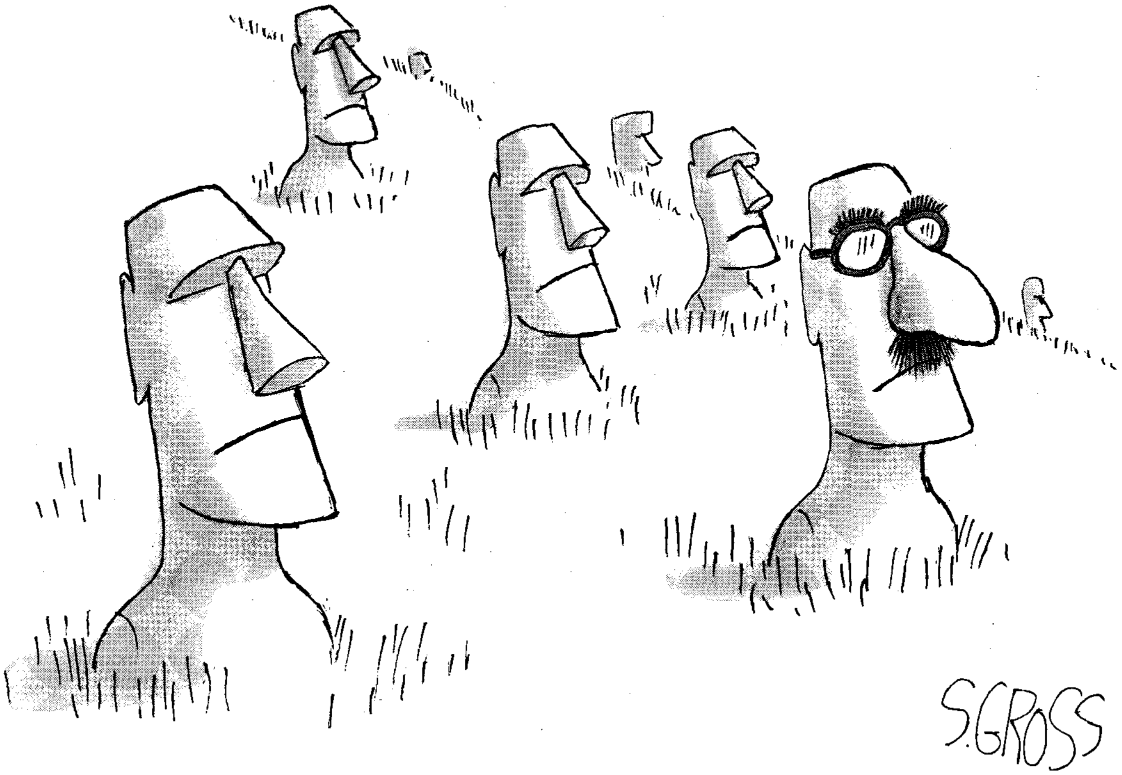

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make an important difference." He cries out, "We have a President now that doesn't really believe that a President of the United States or an individual can make a difference. I reject that suggestion. That runs alien to everything that I believe, everything that I grew up with. I believe that individuals can make a difference, and anyone that doubts that ought to know Joe O'Sullivan. There are men and women like Joe O'Sullivan who are making a difference every day of their lives, to the young and to the old. There are schoolteachers in this room this evening. There are parents that are bringing up young families. There are people who are working with young children and with our senior citizens—all individuals that are making a difference in the quality of life for the people of this great nation of ours. And I say to you that a President of the United States can make a difference. A President of the United States can make a difference. We can read the history of this country and see it so clearly. Franklin Roosevelt made a difference when he pulled this country up by its bootstraps when it was facing the Depression in the period of the nineteen-thirties. Harry Truman made a difference when he converted us from a wartime economy to a peacetime economy. John Kennedy made a difference, Lyndon Johnson made a difference. And Presidents of the United States, I believe, can make an important difference." He talks about unemployment and inflation, and he pounds the lectern, saying, "I wish, my friends, that Jimmy Carter would come here to this hall tonight and debate those issues. Why won't he come to face the Democrats of California? Why won't Jimmy Carter come to California? What are you afraid of, Jimmy Carter?" He works the crowd, shamelessly and successfully, and he is giving them what they want. This may be terrible television, but it's as if he didn't care now: he's having fun, they're having fun, the hell with it. He concludes, "Are you going to be with me on June 3rd?"

The crowd roars "Yes!"

And then a woman sings "The Irish Soldier Laddie," changing a line to "I will march with Kennedy," and the crowd joins in.

MONDAY, May 26th, Memorial Day. The San Bernardino County Fairgrounds, in Victorville, California, about seventy miles northeast of Los Angeles. Ronald Reagan is to attend the Western Deserts Gospel Sing here today. Victorville, surrounded by dry land containing mostly scrub brush and Joshua trees, is in what is known as the "high desert," an elevated region of the Mojave Desert. From the fairgrounds one can see the San Bernardino Mountains, snow still covering some of the peaks. The air is cool and clear. Victorville is a stop on the direct route between Los Angeles and Las Vegas, which is three hours away. This is considered very conservative country—old Western and heavily religious. Roy Rogers has a ranch, Happy Trails, near here, and there is a Roy Rogers museum in Victorville. There are a number of churches and gospel-singing groups in the area. On the fairgrounds, various gospel-singing groups are performing on various stages, families are picnicking, and in various booths people are purveying ribs, fried chicken, cotton candy, records and tapes of gospel singing, and Jesus bumper stickers. One begins to picture Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter competing for the "born again" vote next fall. Recently, Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, said that Reagan expects to keep Carter from "cornering the market" on "born again" Protestants, who, Wirthlin said, constitute about a third of the population and are significant not only in the South but also in such important states as Ohio and Illinois. The evangelical movement is getting increasingly involved in politics, and many of the evangelical ministers who have radio or television programs have been speaking out for Reagan. While Reagan is here, Carter is visiting the U.S.S. Nimitz, the aircraft carrier from which the failed mission to rescue the hostages in Iran was launched, and which conveniently returned to port in Norfolk today.

George Bush pulled out of the Republican race today, leaving Reagan the sole contender and therefore all but officially the nominee. Actually, Bush handily defeated Reagan in Michigan last Tuesday, and Bush and his aides had expected that such a victory would keep his campaign alive until the end. They were proud that out of a crowded field Bush had ended up in a two-man race with Reagan. Howard Baker, who had seemed so promising to so many, never really got his campaign going, and dropped out on March 5th. John Connally, having gambled nearly twelve million dollars and gained one delegate (in Arkansas), was left like a beached whale after the South Carolina primary, on March 8th; he dropped out the following day. Robert Dole also dropped out in March, and Philip Crane dropped out in April. Bush was the only Republican other than Reagan to win any primaries. As in the case of the Kennedy campaign, sources of solace in a political race shift. After Bush won Iowa, he was all the rage. But he foundered in New Hampshire when Reagan, who hadn't bothered to campaign much in Iowa, came on strong, and when people began to get the impression that Bush hadn't anything to say. Reagan's polls indicate that Bush's decline in New Hampshire began after the first Republican debate, not the second, more famous one, in Nashua. Bush's staff now feels that it should have run "issue-oriented" advertising earlier in the course of the New Hampshire primary. It seemed that whenever Bush himself turned up on television, he was talking about "momentum." Then Bush had some bad breaks. He won Massachusetts, but the media attention was on John Anderson, who came in a close second. Earlier this year, Bush aides told me they hoped to have Anderson out of the way by the time of Massachusetts. Bush's people maintain that if Anderson had not still been in the race, Bush would have won or come close to winning in Illinois, and would have won Wisconsin—and perhaps the nomination. They say that they could have won in New Jersey and Ohio, and even done well in California. "Reagan did not have the nomination locked up," says David Keene, Bush's political director. Whether this is daydreaming or not, we'll never know. Campaigns are filled with "what if"s. As it is, Bush came surprisingly close to Reagan in Texas and defeated him in Pennsylvania. By that time, Bush had developed a half-hour "Ask George Bush" format for television which was effective enough that even some Reagan people say the race might have been closer if he had used it earlier. Bush would have liked to stay around to the end, on the theory that (1) you never know, and (2) doing that well would stand him in good stead four years hence. Since he and his aides expected the news of his Michigan victory to bring in the contributions to keep going, Bush was shocked when ABC and CBS, in their late-night election coverage, led with the fact that their projections showed Reagan with enough delegates to win the nomination. The money didn't come in, and Bush, told the cold facts by his advisers this past weekend, decided—very reluctantly—to get out. He had been on the road almost constantly for a year and a half, and it is hard to stop.

Reagan arrives at the fairgrounds shortly after noon and holds a press conference, in an open stable, to give his reaction to Bush's withdrawal. Bales of hay, six deep, have been piled behind where Reagan is standing. Reagan reads a graceful statement, commending Bush for being a "superior campaigner," and thanking him for "his expression of support for my candidacy." Reagan looks ruddy and well. He is asked a few questions about his Vice-Presidential selection. He isn't saying, of course, even if he has an idea who it will be: the Vice-Presidential selection is the thing most likely to keep people interested in the Republican Convention. Then a reporter asks Reagan if he considers himself a born-again Christian. Reagan shambles around a bit, saying, "Well, I know what many of those who use that term mean by it. But in my own situation it was not in the religion of the church that I was raised in, the Christian Church. But there you were baptized when you yourself decided that you were, as the Bible says, as the Bible puts it, that that is being born again. And so, it was, within the context of the Bible, yes, by being baptized." In answer to a question about how his campaign will change now that he has the nomination, he explains that though the schedule may let up some, he's going to press his campaign against Carter: "That's the only person I've been campaigning against in the campaign so far." Because Reagan went after Carter rather than his fellow-candidates, he will have an easier time finding the Party unity he wants. His candidacy has already been blessed by his former rivals, and he is planning to attend a number of "unity dinners" in the coming weeks to help them pay off their campaign debts. He is also planning to meet with some news organizations in the East, in a clear attempt to persuade them that he is a reasonable fellow. In January of 1979, Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, Reagan's campaign chairman, arranged for Reagan to meet with just about every Republican senator. "That allayed a lot of their doubts," Laxalt says. Reagan, who seemed so improbable to so many for so many years, is now the Republican nominee. His next task is to convince as wide a range of people as possible that he is not improbable—a task that the Carter people are already planning to make as difficult as possible.

Herbes de Provence
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Reagan is asked what, after having tried for the nomination for so long and having almost got it four years ago, his emotions are now.

"What are my emotions right now?" Reagan replies. He pauses. "You know, the honest answer is, I don't think it's quite sunk in yet. I've been campaigning so long and so hard that it surprises myself. I haven't been fidgeting around, I've been sitting quietly catching up with the news clippings on the plane. I think maybe someplace along the line later today I'll go home all by myself and let out a loud yell."

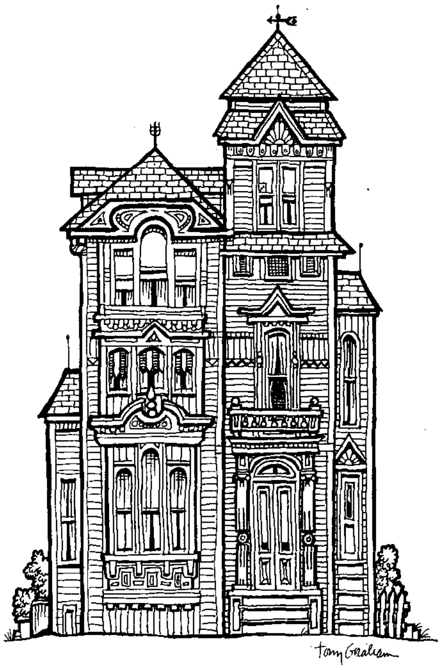
On the stage at the rodeo field, Dale Wade, the manager and bass guitarist of a gospel group called June Wade and the Country Congregation, who has produced this event, announces that Reagan is about to arrive. "Tell him that Victorville loves him," Dale Wade says. "Tell him that Jesus loves him." The large crowd—about five thousand people—gathered in the bleachers cheers as Reagan arrives and takes a seat in a front row to watch the performance. Many in the crowd wave red-white-and-blue streamers. Dale Evans, on behalf of Roy Rogers, accepts an award. June Wade and the Country Congregation sing a song they dedicate to Reagan—"It's a Long, Lonesome Walk to the Top of the Hill." June Wade and the other woman in the group are wearing long white dresses. The stage is framed with pink, turquoise, and gold cardboard, and a large wooden wagon wheel is at the rear. Written on the rim of the wagon wheel is "Western Deserts Gospel Sing," and Reagan's name is at the base. Dale Wade, who repeatedly says "Praise God," introduces a number of people, including the chairman of the board of his record company. Reagan sits with Miss Victorville, who is wearing a white suit and a tiara, and a man in an Abraham Lincoln costume. Reagan smiles, signs autographs, and applauds as June Wade's group sings some more songs. Then Dale Wade introduces Reagan ("a man I very much respect and admire for his Christian testimony and for what he stands for, no matter where he is"), and Reagan goes to the stage and is given a plaque, "in appreciation for your Christian testimony and recognition of gospel music."

Then Reagan gives an unusual

speech. Referring to a line in the Gettysburg Address, he says, "We are engaged in a great conflict to see whether that nation or any nation so conceived can long endure," and goes on, "That is really what is at stake and what is at issue today; whether this nation can continue. This nation under God." He talks, as he often does, about the "loss of confidence, a great concern and worry on the part of the American people." He attributes the loss of confidence to inflation. He cites "our lack of confidence with regard to the energy crisis" and the "doom-criers in the land who tell us that we will never again have things as good as we've had them, that we must learn to live with scarcity." He says, "I don't believe that," and he is applauded. He says, "I think that this country is hungry today for a spiritual revival—one nation, under God, indivisible," and he is applauded. He says, "There are people in our land today who want to take 'In God We Trust' off our money. I've never known a time when it needed to be there more." He says that the people who built America "didn't have an urban-renewal plan or an area-redevelopment program."

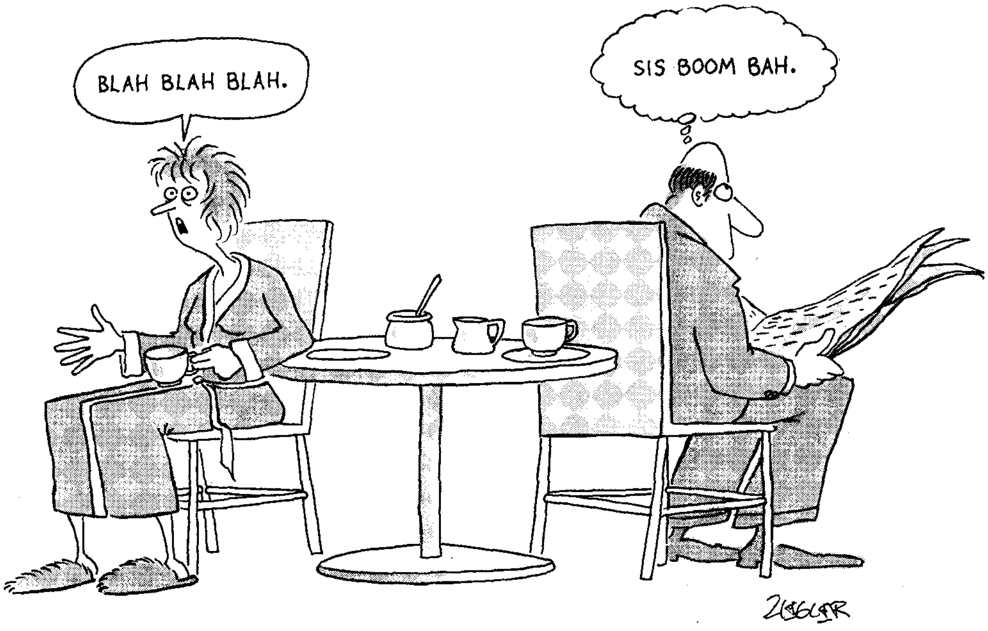
More than any political speaker one can think of, Reagan is fond of making his point through illustrative stories. The stories are sometimes quite long, and sometimes convoluted. He tells them vividly, and they have the ring of scenes in old-time movies. Now he tells of the Reverend Muhlenberg, a Revolutionary War minister, who was preaching a sermon. "A messenger came down the aisle and handed him a note. He stopped his sermon, and he opened the note and read it. And then his congregation was amazed to see him remove his ministerial robes and he was wearing the uniform of George Washington's Army. And he said to his startled congregation, 'There is a time to preach and a time to fight.' " Reagan says that he has been "talking throughout the country about regaining our ability to defend ourselves." He says, "Of the four wars that have taken place in my lifetime, none of them happened because this nation was too strong. We backed our way into the wars because some people thought there was nothing that we were willing to risk our lives for." He cites the leader of the minutemen, who said in Lexington, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." And he asks, "Should he have said, 'Oh, no, let's get out of the way, this is too much trouble'?" And then he says that Carter refers to the Vietnam War "as a time of moral poverty," and he continues, "When fifty thousand people, young Americans, give their lives to protect the people of a small country, a defenseless country, against godless Communist tyranny, I think it is an act of collective moral courage, not moral poverty." (This seems to be a change. Reagan often says in his speeches that there will be "no more Vietnams." When I asked him last February what he meant by that, he said he meant that "never again must this country ever ask young men to fight and die in a war we're afraid to let them win," and when I asked him if he was saying we should or should not have gone into it, he said, "I was one who never believed we should have gone in.")

He says that he was reading some literature on the way here by "some of those organizations that think we should be more like the Soviet Union, that we should adopt more of their principles and so forth." (Reagan frequently begins a story by saying that he was just reading something or just talking to someone.) Then he makes a reference to his military service during the Second World War. (Reagan has written that he was disqualified for combat duty, because of nearsightedness, and was assigned to the 1st Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Forces "to train combat camera crews, make training films, and photograph highly secret projects.") "When the general orders would come in, I'd stick them under the blotter, so that at the end of the day when I had time I could read them. Because in them were always the citations for heroism and bravery." And then he says that he read a news item about how the Soviet Union gave a medal to a Spaniard living in Moscow and he wondered why, and he found out that this man had lived in Cuba for a few years and had also been in jail in Mexico, and that "he was the man who buried the axe in the head of Leon Trotsky." Then he says he remembers that the United States gave the Congressional Medal of Honor for an act he had read about during the war. "It was a B-17 coming back from a raid over Europe all shot up with anti-aircraft fire. The ball turret that hung, as some of us can remember, under the belly of the plane had been hit, it was jammed. The ball-turret gunner was wounded, they couldn't get him out. And as they were coming over the Channel they were losing altitude, and the captain ordered 'Bail out.' And as the men started to bail out, the wounded boy in the ball turret realized he was being left to go down with the plane. And understandably he cried out in terror. The last man to leave the plane saw the captain sit down on the floor, take his hand, and say, 'Never mind, son, we'll ride it down together.' A Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously awarded to a man who was willing to give his life just to bring comfort for the few minutes remaining in the life of a fellow-companion." He says, "The contrast between the two governments is spelled out in what we give, or gave, our awards for: theirs for murder and ours for the greatest sacrifice that a man could make." And he concludes with what he says is a line Tom Paine uttered "in those dark days" of the Revolutionary War: "We have it in our power to begin the world over again." And he adds, "We have it in our power, with God's help, to continue doing just that."



As always, Reagan's delivery is smooth; his head is often slightly tilted to the side. His speech is an amalgam of Christianity and militarism—the preacher-soldier—and goes over well.

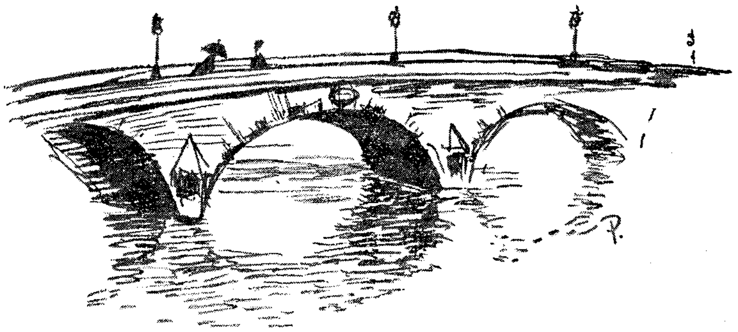
TUESDAY, May 27th. Today, in the city of Industry, in the San Gabriel Valley, outside Los Angeles, Reagan returned to his more familiar speech. He praised the free-enterprise system and deplored government inroads into it. He said that the federal government was created to do only three things: preserve order, protect the national security, and provide us with a stable currency. He said some of his familiar lines: "I believe the time has come for a turnaround in which we bring government back down to within the limits." Balancing the budget is "like protecting your virtue—you just have to learn to say no." He pointed out that he has been criticized for his call for a tax cut of thirty per cent over three years, and he continued to defend it. This is something that is being thrashed out among his advisers: some are more inclined toward a traditional monetary and budget-balancing approach. From talks with Reagan advisers, one gets the impression that they are reaching for a way to blend the two approaches. Some of his congressional supporters, who went around the country in 1978 pushing the Kemp-Roth thirty-per-cent-tax-cut idea and found that the public was skeptical, wish that Reagan would talk about budget cuts first, then tax cuts; they think this would be more generally accepted. Using an argument that Democrats used to make against Republicans, Reagan criticizes the Carter Administration for adopting "the old-fashioned course that you can't control inflation unless you create a recession and have unemployment." And today Reagan said, as he often does, of the energy problem, "The answer is very simple indeed: Get the government out of the energy industry and turn it loose again." Some of his congressional advisers also wish that he would moderate that rhetoric. When I asked Reagan advisers at the Los Angeles headquarters today whether in the fall campaign Reagan would continue to say that there is more oil under the ground than has yet been extracted, as he did today—"Geologists in that industry have told me that there is more oil and natural gas yet to be found than we have so far used, and I am inclined to believe that they are correct and that we'd better get at the business of finding it"—they replied that the Governor would offer "a broad energy program" for the fall.


BLAH BLAH BLAH.
SIS BOOM BAH.
ZIEGLER

Reagan said today that the United States was reaching what the military terms a "window of vulnerability" to Soviet missiles, that he thought for the Soviets "it's a window of opportunity," and that "the President under those circumstances might be faced with the choice of surrender or die." He also said, "There will be no more Taiwans, no more Vietnams, no more betrayal of allies and friends."

Reagan has his lines and his anecdotes down well now, and though he has shown, in debate and in response to reporters' questions, that he can be spontaneous and deft, he chooses not to change what he says very much. He comes across as self-confident, and he is universally described as a nice man. He does have an Irish temper, some of his aides say, and can be quite impatient. Reagan does not come across as an extremist, in part because of his style, in part because he has the reputation of having been a moderate governor, and in part because many listeners have a tendency to assume that he does not really mean what he says—that much of it is said for effect. It is likely that, as people around him maintain, he knows that things are more complicated than he suggests, but to what extent does he know this? He does have an exploitative side, which the nice-guy demeanor smooths over. Every politician exploits people's emotions, or tries to; the question is, Which emotions, and to what degree? Reagan picks at things that are bothering people, making them angry; he talks in a soothing style, but he is not a soothing force.

When one talks with Reagan's advisers, one gets the clear impression that there will be an attempt to have him give more thoughtful speeches in the fall campaign, presenting more detailed domestic and foreign policies. They say that a different kind of campaign will be required from the one that carried him through the primaries. All sorts of lists of task forces and advisers have been drawn up, and all sorts of position papers are being written. But there's no way of knowing yet which new people will actually end up having an intellectual influence on Reagan. Some of Reagan's advisers are uneasy about his sometimes loose use of "facts" and statistics—though they say that "the media" have made more of this than the public has—because they fear that it contributes to a larger problem: an impression that Reagan may not have a clear grasp of what is going on in the world. One of Reagan's advisers has told me he realizes that it is going against Reagan's nature to try to get him to stop using so many statistics. "He loves those numbers," this man said. There is an attempt by some of Reagan's advisers to liken him to Eisenhower. One of them suggested the similarity in a conversation today, and said that now, in a period of nostalgia, Eisenhower is enjoying a new fashion. Reagan, it seems, deliberately plays the politics of nostalgia, by harking back to the good old days, when things were simpler. The trick is how to do this without seeming out of date and out of touch. This is a more serious problem for him than his age. Reagan has taken to deflecting the age question by joking about it. The advisers say that the stress in the fall campaign will be on Reagan as a competent manager, and that Reagan will offer his own ideas for managing the government. They say that they believe Carter's record makes him very vulnerable, but they also expect the White House to make full use of incumbency, as it has against Kennedy, and to try to make Reagan the issue, as it has Kennedy. The Reagan people are obviously pleased with the presence of John Anderson in the race, and eager to paint him as a liberal (just as the White House is eager to portray him as a conservative). One indication of how far ahead the Reagan people are thinking about the implications of Anderson came in the course of a con-



versation I had today with William Casey, the campaign director, when he took from his desk a memorandum explaining the number of seats in the House of Representatives, and in which states, the Republicans would have to win in order to control a majority of the state delegations—and thus be in a position to select the next President if the election should end up in the House.

This afternoon, Reagan gave an indication of how much Anderson's presence means to him, and showed his deft touch, and also his sly side, when he was asked to respond to Jody Powell's comment today that the President would not debate Anderson in the fall. Reagan was asked about this by reporters as he was entering a house in Pasadena where one of his precinct phone banks is. "Of course," Reagan said of the President, "he's reluctant to debate within his own Party." Then he got another lick in by saying, of Anderson, "I see no reason why, if there is a debate, he shouldn't be included." Then, when he was asked why he thinks Carter doesn't want to debate Anderson, he replied, nonchalantly, "Maybe because he thinks they might be appealing to the same voters."

Reagan may have won the nomination yesterday, but he acts as if nothing has happened. Today, Gerald Ford endorsed Reagan, and tonight, at a fund-raising dinner for California Republican legislators at the Beverly Hills Hotel, which Reagan and his wife, Nancy, are attending, a state senator announces that Reagan has just won Kentucky by eighty-three per cent, Idaho by eighty-four per cent, and Nevada by eighty-three per cent. Yet Reagan gives essentially his standard speech. He says that he remembers when the President "told us we had to give up the Panama Canal because he said no one would like us if we didn't." He goes on, "I remember he has said we should have the SALT II treaty because no one would like us if we don't ratify it. And I think it's time we tell him that we don't care whether they like us or not." He makes many of the same points he has been making for months now. He has been speaking quietly, and the audience is attentive but not aroused. And then he says that it is time for the Republican Party to broaden its base, to reach out to "good solid blue-collar Democrats who will no longer follow their Party's leadership," to "go into the minority neighborhoods and the ethnic neighborhoods, not as our opponents have gone into them over the years, insulting and demeaning them, by offering only handouts, as if this was what was necessary to secure their support," but "to go in and say, 'Look, we know that you want what everyone else wants: opportunity, a chance at jobs for the future, a chance to educate your children, and raise them for a better life for them than we have had previously, to be treated with the dignity of an individual sharing the same hopes and aspirations that all other Americans share.' " He says, "And if we do that, I think we'll find that a lot of voters that up until now the Democrats have taken for granted will be ours."

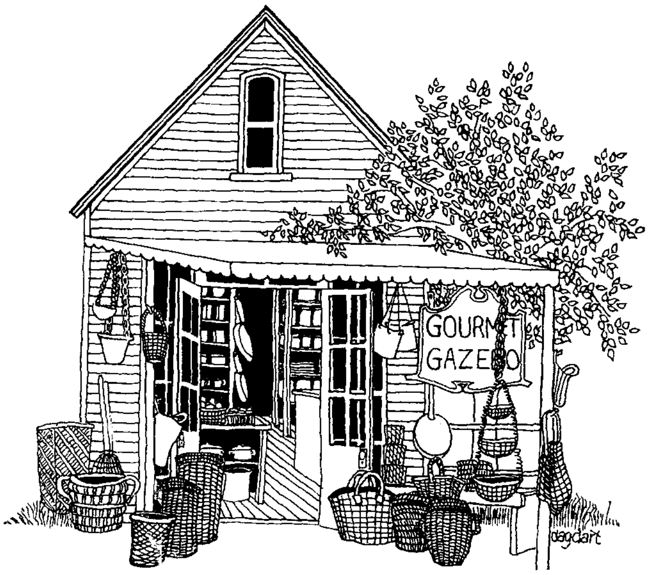
COLUMBUS, Ohio, May 29th. With the last primaries five days off, Carter is making his first avowed "political" trip of the campaign. After the President, through a combination of design and accident, got himself into a policy of remaining in the White House as long as the hostages were held, the problem arose of how to get him out. His advisers believed that travel was necessary in order to nail down the nomination as firmly as possible, to have the President start explaining himself to the country and trying to rally it (with a view to the fall), and also to get him back to campaigning. They feared that he had become rusty. (This is another instance in which politicians are not unlike athletes.) To the President's advisers, that breathtaking week in late April—in which there occurred the failed rescue mission, the resignation of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, and the quick replacement of Vance by Edmund Muskie (to divert attention from the raid and Vance)—seemed as good a time as any for the President to announce that he would now travel. People would be too distracted to focus on any one thing, and there was an ostensible new context. The President's explanation, at a White House briefing for civic leaders that week, that the problems had become "manageable enough now for me to leave the White House," caused his advisers some embarrassment and himself some unnecessary criticism; there were also problems when he ventured forth to Philadelphia the following week and took some swipes at Vance. (His remarks were a display of the mean streak that some of Carter's aides had feared would show up when he campaigned.) The trip to Philadelphia was billed as "nonpolitical"—and thus came out of the government's budget, as opposed to the campaign's—but, of course, the media in Philadelphia reach New Jersey, which has no major television stations. As it happened, the strategy behind the handling of the events after the raid worked. For one thing, the raid turned out to be popular, and helped the President's standing in the polls. Caddell says, "People wanted the President to do something, and something happened. It's that simple. It dissipated the growing anger and pressure over the crisis. It's the one reason no one in the country cared whether Cyrus Vance was leaving—especially once Muskie was chosen." One of the President's advisers says, "Maybe one of this Administration's greatest talents is its ability to contain disaster."

After an extended internal debate, it was decided that the President would not campaign in California. For one thing, the President's campaign began to run into budget problems. Fund-raising has fallen short. A decision was made to reduce the Vice-President's and the First Lady's travel schedules and to increase the budget for advertising. The decision to stress advertising at the expense of campaigning was a controversial one among those involved in campaign policy, some of whom felt that the advertising was essentially negative, and that the President's team, including the President, should be more active in campaigning and putting forward a positive case. In the first months, Carter's spokesmen could go around the various states saying how much the Administration was doing for them, in terms of jobs and programs. Now, as a result of budget cuts and the recession, there was less to brag about. Iran and Afghanistan no longer worked in the President's favor. There was internal disagreement over how effective the campaign of Carter the person versus Kennedy the person continued to be. And some

Carter people felt that Kennedy's pounding away had, in fact, begun to hurt. Another reason it was decided that Carter would not go to California was the fear that the trip might not be successful—because of Carter's basic lack of popularity in the state, because of the political apathy that was believed to prevail there, and because there was a fear of demonstrations. The Vice-President and Robert Strauss, chairman of the Carter/Mondale Presidential Committee, strongly urged the President to go, but the final judgment, shared by Powell, Jordan, and the President, was that it would be far worse to go and then lose the state than not to go and to lose it. Ohio was considered Carter's best state; Ohio was likely to give Carter a good reception; and Ohio was, after all, the "heartland" of America and the state where Carter was most likely to prevent Kennedy from winning all three of the big states on June 3rd, thus denying him the argument that the only major industrial state the President had carried in the primaries was Illinois. So the President would go where he was likely to do best. Moreover, Ohio, which Carter carried against Ford, will be one of the crucial states in the fall. Already, a substantial amount of money has been put into advertising in Ohio—much of it for ads produced by Gerald Rafshoon, the President's media adviser, showing "man in the street" interviews in which people make negative comments about Kennedy. Caddell argued that these were having a strong impact, and recently the Carter budget for Ohio was increased. As of a week ago, the Carter camp expected to win Ohio by eight to fifteen percentage points, and considered the two other big states close and hoped to win them. (The Kennedy campaign, recognizing a probable loss in Ohio, is concentrating the candidate's time and its limited resources on New Jersey and California.) The Carter campaign strategy of spending a lot of money early in the hope of getting Kennedy out of the race did not work, but the strategy of spending everywhere, in order to pile up enough delegates, did. The Carter people are very impatient with all the talk of how Carter must score a psychological as well as an arithmetical victory—and they blame the media for such talk—but now they feel that they must deal with it. One of the President's strategists said to me recently, "The challenge early on was not to do it nicely but to do it at all. Now we want to do it nicely." But once it was decided that the President would campaign, and where, there remained the question of what he would say. One of the President's advisers said to me two weeks ago, "All of a sudden, everyone is talking about what we are going to say about a second term."

Here, in the middle of this Midwestern state, a rally is to be held for the President at a plaza in front of the Nationwide Insurance building at noon. Noon is a good time to get people out for a rally, and the Carter campaign has been working on this event for some time; the day is hot and sunny, and a huge crowd has gathered. Carter is, after all, the President. Much has been made in the press of the fact that Reagan is holding a rally a few blocks away, and people commuting between the two sites report that Carter's crowd is larger. Some people in the crowd say that they are Republicans but have come to see the President. The plaza is good for giving a picture of a dense crowd, and the tall, modern building in back of it is decorated with bunting and a large American flag. Behind where the President will stand is a large green-and-white sign saying "Support President Carter." The Presidential seal is on the lectern where he will speak. There are five bands here, and their music has been helping to build the crowd's anticipation. An announcer tells the crowd, "Air Force One is safely on the ground, and the Presidential motorcade is on its way right now," and the crowd cheers. The announcer keeps telling the crowd what "an historic occasion" this is. Carter is no mere candidate: he is the President and the symbol of the Presidency, which obviously still counts for a lot. Just as the President arrives, red, white, and blue balloons are released into the air—a sight that one associates with Richard Nixon and Republican Conventions. But this is obviously an excellent "visual" for tonight's television programs. The President is wearing a dark-blue suit and a white shirt. He looks good from a distance, but up close he has been looking pale and tired lately. He grins his wide grin and waves, palm out, in all directions to the crowd. This event has to make him feel good. Senator John Glenn, Democrat of Ohio, introduces Carter. (Ohio's other senator, Howard Metzenbaum, also a Democrat, is supporting Kennedy.) Glenn, who has been a friend of the Kennedy family, endorsed Carter a week ago, after some pressure was brought on him to do so. Today, Glenn says that "there have been disappointments" but that the people's choice "has been very clearly expressed," and it is "a time to close ranks."

Carter begins by saying, "I've been waiting a long time for this moment." He is applauded. He says, "And there is no place in the world I would rather be right now than in Columbus, Ohio." He is applauded again. He thanks Ohioans for having provided him the primary victory in 1976 that insured his nomination, for putting him over the top at the 1976 Democratic Convention, and for making a difference in whether he or Ford won in 1976. And he thanks them in advance for providing him a majority of the Democratic delegates next Tuesday. (This past Tuesday, Carter easily won the Kentucky, Arkansas, Idaho, and Nevada primaries, and he is only a few delegates short of the sixteen hundred and sixty-six that he needs. The Carter camp claims that he has sixteen hundred and sixty-two, and the Associated Press gives him fifteen hundred and eighty-four.) Now Carter launches into his argument about why he should be reëlected. He cites Franklin Roosevelt, who said that he would not campaign for his reëlection in 1944 but would correct any errors that his opponents made about him and his Administration, and he says, "Although I will, of course, campaign this fall, now is a good time

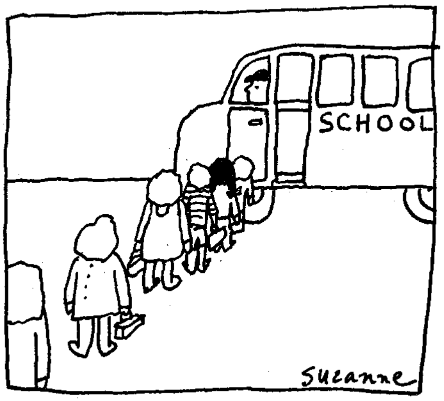


to set the record straight, not only about my own record but also about the strength and the achievement of the United States of America." Then he asks the audience a series of questions, to each of which he gives the answer: the United States. Which nation has the highest productivity per worker? (This to offset the fact that productivity in the United States is declining, as the President has publicly noted elsewhere. Last year, the growth rate was negative.) Which was the only major developed nation to meet the goal of reducing oil consumption by five per cent in 1979? (The actual reduction was about two per cent; five per cent is the amount by which consumption fell below anticipated consumption.) Which nation had the greatest increase in industrial production? Which nation added more than nine million new jobs in the last two and a half years? (This to offset the fact that unemployment is rising—in the last three months, there has been an increase in unemployment of almost a million people. Actually, the President slipped: his jobs figure, which he has referred to on other occasions, covers the last three and a half years.) "Which nation is strongest and at peace? The United States." And then Carter gets to his main theme. "We do live in a time of challenge; we do live in a time of change; we do live in a time of danger. But in every area of change, in every area of challenge, in every area of danger, because of our courage and strength, America is turning the tide."

His voice comes over loud on the amplifying system—he is pumping unaccustomed enthusiasm into his delivery, as if he knows how important this début is. The crowd reaction to the President is warm but not exceptionally enthusiastic. In the course of his remarks, the President removes his jacket, and the crowd applauds. It may just be that he is hot, but he has shown that he is one of them.

Using the phrase over and over, he says that "we're turning the tide" in energy, on inflation, on interest rates, in foreign policy, in military strength. And, in what seems like the beginning of an attempt to portray Reagan in a certain light, Carter says, "As long as I'm President, our nation will be ready and determined to use our great strength for peace," and his voice rings out as he repeats the phrase "for peace." He says that the nation's new energy plan—it's not clear what he's referring to—is "more ambitious than the space program, the Marshall Plan, and the interstate highway system combined." He says, "It will replace foreign oil with American ingenuity and with Ohio coal." (A White House aide informs me later that the President was referring to the money that will accrue to the government from the windfall-profit tax over eleven years—two hundred and twenty-seven billion seven hundred million dollars. Congress has advised that sixty per cent of the money be used for income-tax reduction, and the rest for energy research and development, mass transit, energy assistance to low-income people, and so on, but none of that is binding.) He says, "And I tell you flatly, with the perfect knowledge that if I make a mistake it is going to hurt me, I make this prediction: that in the second half of this year, beginning in the summer, the inflation rate is going to go down, too, and you can count on it." There is only a brief reference to Iran, and none at all to the hostages. He says that he realizes that not all the decisions he has made have been right or popular, and he says that they certainly have not all been easy ones. But, he says, "we have been tested under fire, we have never ducked nor hidden. . . . We have done what was right and we have always told the truth." Although Carter has done his share of shading the facts, the polls indicate that the people feel he is an honest man, and that is one of his political assets. He ends on a note of uplift: "As long as I'm President, the government of the United States will be committed to those fundamental principles that hold our ever-stronger nation together: freedom, democracy, compassion, and human rights. We'll remain committed to the full promise of America—the land of equal justice, the land of full opportunity, and the land of liberty for all Americans." After he concludes, he sits in the open back of his limousine, waving to the crowds, as the motorcade pulls away.

The speech is actually a tryout, and the theme was not arrived at until earlier this week. The problem was to find a speech that could be based on the record and could hold out some promise for the future, and would also be believable. A basic speech defending the record had been floating about, but the President's aides felt that there was a need for something a little more positive, and for a rhetorical peg; thus they arrived at "turning the tide." Some of the President's advisers worried about the "credibility" of the President's message, and are not yet convinced that this is the one he should carry into the fall. It is as if he were asking where Reagan gets off saying things are in such bad shape, but Carter ends up saying that things are getting less bad than they had become under *him*. (One of the President's advisers remarked to me, "Our campaign has gone from 'Why Not the Best?' to 'It Could Be Worse.' ")



While the White House was figuring out what the President could say, it was continuing to try to figure out how to get Kennedy out of the race. A committee has been established under Richard Moe, Vice-President Mondale's chief of staff, to work on this problem. Yesterday, Mondale himself called a Democratic senator who is close to Kennedy to suggest that the senator urge Kennedy not to prolong the fight. Strauss has been casting some lines out. The Carter camp wants people in Congress to point out to Kennedy that the longer he stays in, the more divided the Party will be, and the greater the jeopardy to Democrats in the House and the Senate who are running for reëlection. The trick is how to bring pressure on Kennedy without bringing so much pressure that it stiffens his resistance.

CLEVELAND. Following the rally in Columbus, the President spoke to a fund-raising luncheon there, gave some local interviews, and then flew to Cleveland. (In Columbus, I encountered Strauss outside the luncheon, and he said to me, of the rally, "That was good, wasn't it? I thought it was important to bring the President somewhere nice and safe. No way he wouldn't get a goddam good crowd here today. No way that won't look good tonight. No way they can make a negative out of it. It'll be a positive. It'll look good in New Jersey and California, too. We've got eight states to look good in tonight. He'll look much better than the boy [Kennedy]. Did you see the boy on TV this morning? He looked bad—tired.") There is quite a difference between a President's campaign and anyone else's. Air Force One is an impressive-looking plane. The President's motorcade is very large, as is his staff contingent—even when, for budget reasons, it is being held down. The Presidential seal is on each lectern where he speaks. The logistics are smooth, and transcripts of the President's public utterances are produced in no time.

Now, shortly after five, the President arrives at an auditorium in Parma, a town just outside Cleveland, for a meeting with senior citizens and community leaders. He came here as a candidate in 1976. Parma is a heavily blue-collar, Eastern European community. To the extent that there is a race between Carter and Kennedy in Ohio, it is in this northern, industrial area, where the recession has hit. The southern part of the state is conservative and more rural, and safe for Carter. Parma is being sued by the Justice Department for racial discrimination in housing. At closer range, the President's face looks pasty, and there is a puffiness under his eyes. This auditorium is quite warm, and he frequently dabs his forehead with a handkerchief. (Eventually, he removes his jacket again, and his shirt is wet.) He gives a condensed version of the speech he gave in Columbus, saying, "I thought, just in a short period of time, I would try to put the challenges that we face in perspective, because quite often in our great country there is too much of an overemphasis on the negative side of life." With this audience, he stresses that "our nation is a nation of immigrants." He says, "We do have problems. Our country has problems that we can handle. The challenges that face us today are not nearly so severe as the ones that have been faced in the past." He says that more than a third of the budget goes for programs for senior citizens. (According to the Office of Management and Budget, the figure is about twenty-six per cent, and is arrived at by including, in addition to Social Security, Medicare, and so on, such things as public housing, veterans' pensions, and retirement programs for federal workers and the military.) He takes some questions from the audience. Rafshoon's film crew is filming this scene, just as it filmed the rally in Columbus, for use in forthcoming campaign ads—a practice that gives new meaning to the term "media event." After a few questions, the President tells the audience, "As I look in your faces, it is an inspirational thing for me to know what you mean to our nation, and what our nation means to you. . . .

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Carter's next appearance is at the Olivet Institutional Baptist Church, in a run-down black neighborhood on the east side of Cleveland. This place is a long way from Parma, in several respects. The church itself, a rectangular building, seems fairly new, and has white walls, blue-and-red glass windows, and pale wood panels on the stage. Awaiting Carter's arrival, the choir on the stage is singing robust hymns. Then, on cue, it goes into "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and as it begins the chorus—"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"—the President enters. He stands on the stage, his feet wide apart—a characteristic Carter stance—and joins in the singing. Rafshoon's crew, crouching, moves back and forth among the members of the choir, filming the President and his audience. Carter then sits in one of the chairs on the stage. George Forbes, the president of the city council and a leader of this district, makes some remarks in Carter's behalf. (Louis Stokes, the congressman from this area, is for Kennedy.) Then the Reverend Dr. Otis Moss, the pastor of the church, tells the audience of a recent trip he made to Washington, during which various black government officials told him how much the Carter Administration had done for blacks. The pastor has been to the White House twice in the last two weeks. Carter greets the dignitaries and the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters." He is applauded. Carter learned in Georgia how to speak in black churches, and he put that ability to good use four years ago. He reminds the audience that he was at this church in 1976. Tonight, he talks about "our brother, Vernon Jordan," who was shot in Fort Wayne, Indiana, early this morning. This is Carter's first mention of Jordan in any of his appearances today. He says that just a few minutes ago he spoke on the phone to Jordan's wife and his surgeon, and he asks for a moment of prayer for "our brother, Vernon Jordan." He remarks, offhandedly, that he believes the attack on Jordan was "an assassination effort." (At this point, there is no public information about what happened, and later in the evening Jody Powell tells reporters that the President has no additional information.) He talks of his "close personal relationship" with Jordan. It is true that the two men have known each other a long time, but, as Carter acknowledges here, they have also had serious, and public, disagreements about the Administration's policies toward blacks. Carter says that he was unable to see Dr. Moss the last time he was in Washington, because he had to inspect the volcano in the state of Washington. ("I flew over it, and I was impressed then with the power of God.") He quotes Martin Luther King, Jr., and he says that when Moses led the people out of Egypt they didn't reach their destination immediately. "They turned against Moses. They began to complain about the manna and the quail. . . . They forgot about the freedom that they had found, and they forgot about the slavery that they had escaped." And then he says, "The American people, and particularly the black people, have not yet reached the promised land. But we are on the road toward the promised land." And he is applauded. He talks about how much more the government is doing now for blacks than it was four years ago, repeating as a refrain, "But we haven't yet reached the promised land." He explains that the one new major domestic program the Administration is seeking would provide two billion dollars to train people who might be ready to drop out of high school. (The full funding would not occur until the fiscal year 1982.) He mentions the important black officials in his Administration, and also mentions Andrew Young, who resigned under pressure. He says that he has appointed more black federal judges than all the previous Presidents put together. He says, "This is a time of controversy . . . a time of challenge . . . a time of impatience . . . a time of inconvenience. But it is also a time of opportunity." He says, "A President has got to face a lot of things: rampaging rivers, exploding volcanoes, Republicanism that might come back next November." He says, "We never thought it would take this long to reach the promised land." And he concludes by quoting the Bible.

And then, after addressing a large

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fund-raising dinner in Cleveland—at which he talks once again about the challenges and opportunities; praises the United States for being strong and at peace ("a nation not selfish, not divided, not trying to take advantage of other people"); praises the progress that he says has been made on energy; says that our alliances are stronger than ever; points out that refugees are fleeing to America, not from it; and concludes, "We've got the greatest nation on earth and it's going to be even greater in the future"—the President returns on Air Force One to Washington.

JUNE 3RD. Tonight, Carter wins enough delegates to give him the nomination. He has carried Ohio, and also West Virginia and Montana. But Kennedy has carried California, and also New Jersey and Rhode Island (both of these states heavily), as well as South Dakota and New Mexico. Carter's margin in Ohio and his lead in the delegate count are not as great as his campaign aides had been predicting. For Reagan, of course, the evening is just a formality, and we see him on television looking very pleased and calling on Democrats and independents to join him in "unifying America." (Tonight, the networks include John Anderson in their election roundup; their exit polls showed substantial support for him, as have other recent polls.) The Carters are shown at a victory rally in Washington, smiling but not looking very happy. The President tells his campaign workers, "I have one deep feeling in my heart, and that is thanksgiving to all of you who turned what eight months ago was a prediction of absolute defeat into a wondrous victory tonight." There is that: his case was widely written off as hopeless when this all began. He says, "And I am now dedicated to bringing our Democratic Party back together, after we have faced two formidable candidates who ran tremendous campaigns on their own, to reach out a hand of friendship and coöperation for them and their supporters." And Kennedy is shown addressing the crowd at his Washington headquarters. Having had a good day, he and his campaign workers appear jubilant. It has come to that. Kennedy speaks defiantly: "Today Democrats from coast to coast were unwilling to concede the nomination to Jimmy Carter. And neither am I. . . . We are determined to move on to victory at the Convention and in the election next November."

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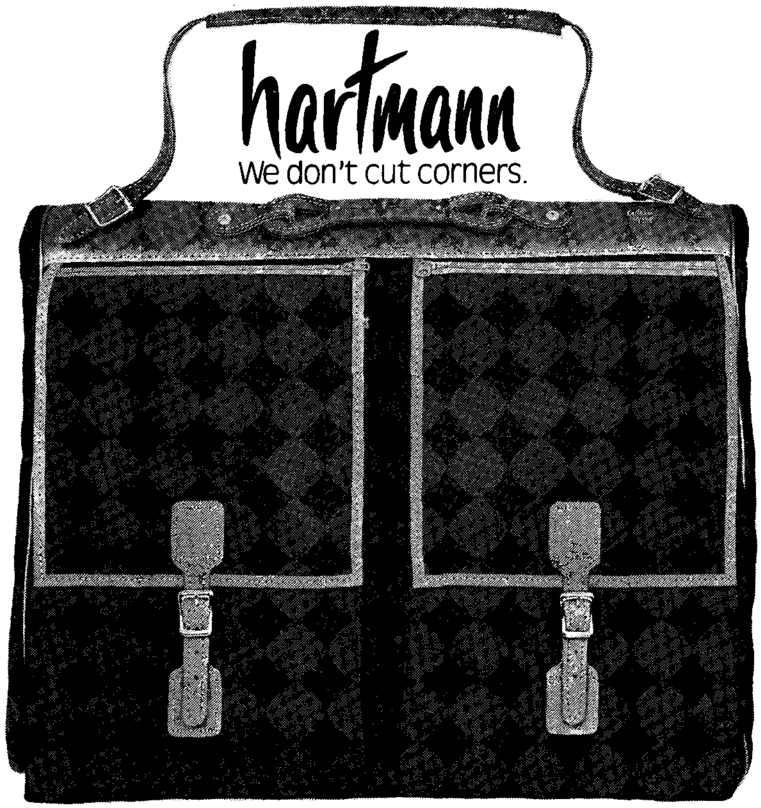

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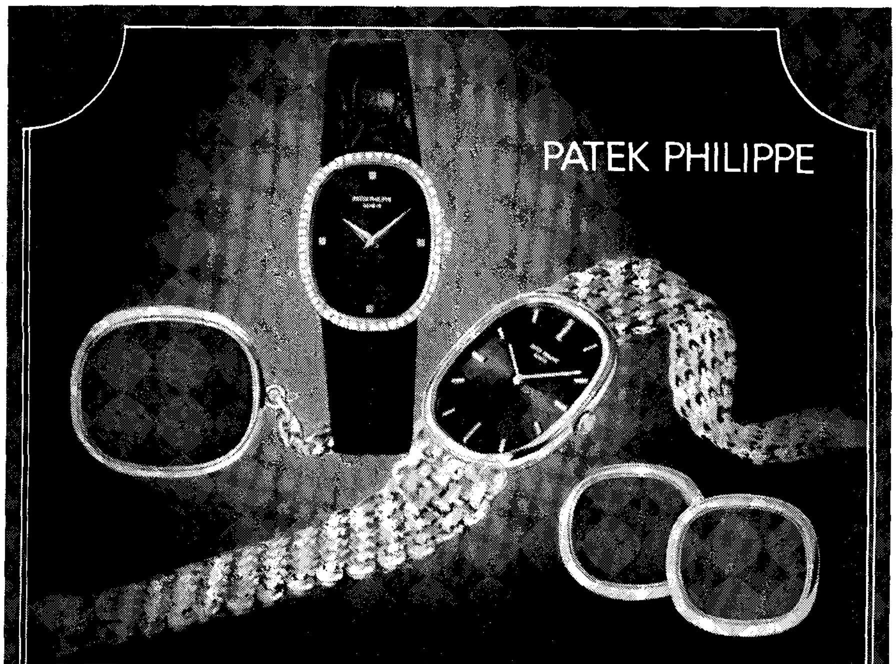

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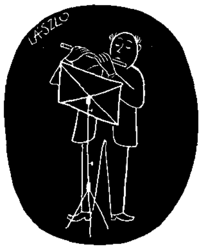
MUSICAL EVENTS

Summer Miscellany

THE April issue of *Early Music* contains an arresting article by that fine player of pianos new and old Malcolm Bilson. It is called "The Viennese Fortepiano of the Late Eighteenth Century" and deals in detail with four passages, by Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn, that "cannot be played adequately on a modern piano." It also contains some striking general observations. "The harpsichord and the modern piano share one thing in common that is contrary to the aesthetic of the fortepiano: continued resonance." (An implicit conclusion is that *in some ways* a modern Steinway does less harm to harpsichord music than it does to piano music of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.) Then:



> The later the music, the more crucial is the choice of instrument. I rather think that for Beethoven it is more crucial than for Mozart, and even more so for Schumann because as pianos developed, and as pianistic style developed, they became ever more interrelated.

And, most controversial:

> I have often heard it stated by scholars and others interested in performance on early instruments that they would rather hear a great artist on the wrong instrument than a mediocre player on the right one. I am no longer willing to accept that statement. Perhaps it is wrong to put the instrument before the artist, but I have begun to feel that it must be done.

In conclusion, Mr. Bilson looks forward to a time when "all instruments will find their proper place in concert halls and on recordings." His remarks recurred to me as I listened to a recital last week by the Canadian pianist Jane Coop, in Carnegie Recital Hall. Miss Coop came with high recommendation. At this, her first New York public recital, she played a standard kind of introductory program: music of the early eighteenth century, of the early, middle, and late nineteenth century, and of the twentieth century—Handel, Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, and Bartók. She played it all on the same piano, which I would describe as a slightly drab, all-purpose kind of Steinway: not too thick, not too thin; not too rich, not too brittle; essentially characterless. Or so it seemed to me, after an attempt to distinguish between the sound of the instrument itself and the sounds its player sought to produce—but one shouldn't blame only the instrument without having heard Miss Coop play another, and another pianist play this one. Perhaps it was the best kind of piano to "cover" all this program with reasonable efficiency. Yet there was no performance that its timbre did not diminish. It was not fiery or fierce enough for Bartók's Sonata (1926); it was too thick and resonant for Beethoven's "Eroica" Variations (1803), and pretty colorless in Chopin's Polonaise-Fantaisie (1846) and Brahms' Opus 119 Piano Pieces (1893). Handel's G-Minor Harpsichord Suite (published in 1720) came off best, even though one had to regard it as a "transcription" into a new sound medium. This old-fashioned kind of piano recital—ranging through the centuries on a modern grand—will probably be with us for a while yet, as will the symphony concert at which an orchestra plays a miscellany of, say, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Stravinsky on the same instruments. Indeed, for practical reasons, such recitals and concerts will be difficult to replace. But as more and more of the public grows to learn and love the right sounds it will become increasingly exigent. The right sounds can already be enjoyed on many recordings—among them Mr. Bilson's of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven played on fortepianos.

Miss Coop was doing only what most pianists do, what they are taught to do. She showed herself to be a cultivated and intelligent musician with cleanly formed ideas about the details, the progress, and the general shape of each work she played. She was decisive, diligent, and sometimes unconventional, but always in a persuasive, not a quirky, way. What I missed was a sense of spontaneous warmth. Beethoven's more exuberant variations lacked not energy but verve. The waltz episode of Brahms' B-Minor Intermezzo didn't dance; the E-Flat Rhapsody was scarcely rhapsodic. The recital gave pleasure but touched no heights; the playing was strong, but it lacked strong emotions.

THE quarterly *Early Music* is a magazine relevant to living music in New York. Another article in the April issue, "The Role of the Keyboard Continuo in French Opera 1673-1776," chimes with the Rameau performance I wrote about last week; its illustrations remind us that Rameau's players sat where they could see the dancers and the singers they accompanied, and that he used a substantial bass contingent, not clumped but balanced left and right. Yet another article, "The Golden Age Regained," the second part of a survey of English cathedral and college choirs, reaches the heartening conclusion that "the standard of performance in [England's] cathedrals has never been as high as it is now." Girls have been admitted to one cathedral choir, that of Bury St. Edmund's, apparently with happy results. The account of the diversity of favored boys' timbres—a spectrum from "Continental" power and passion to King's College gentleness and refinement—is fascinating. So is the relation of prevailing timbres to the acoustics of different buildings.

Cappella Nova, the New York choir I was writing about last week, is happy in St. Joseph's, in the Village; the church seems to enhance and amplify the sound of the twenty-one-voice choir (which has women sopranos but altos of both sexes). The Musica Sacra Chorus, thirty-six strong (nineteen women and seventeen men), did not sound good in Avery Fisher Hall when, earlier this month, it opened a Basically Bach Festival with the B-Minor Mass. Fisher Hall, admittedly, is no apt place for Bach, in performances "authentic" or otherwise. All the same, I wondered whether Richard Westenburg, the conductor, had sufficiently considered its acoustics—whether if he had gone down from the podium to listen in the body of the hall, he would have admired the sound his chorus was making. I found it clear but weak, insubstantial. (I decided to listen to the second half over the air—the performance was broadcast by WNYC—but even then no knob-twiddling could bring strength and body to the choral tone.) Aspirated staccato articulation—the Gloria became "Glo-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-horia in ek-she-he-he-hehelsis" (the Italianized, or "eggshell-sis," pronunciation of Latin was favored)—suggested an excessive striving for clarity such as the richly resonant St. John the Divine acoustics might provoke. In Fisher Hall, the effect was ridiculous. The St. John space could also have smoothed the painfully raw trumpet playing. The orchestra was top-heavy—fourteen violins over two double-basses clumped to one side and ersatz pedal tone from an electronic organ.

Mr. Westenburg's reading was odd and largely unconvincing—sometimes stodgy, sometimes jaunty. Movements—the "Et resurrexit," for one—

that rattled along like a sewing machine, unmolded in their phrases, suddenly pulled to a broad rallentando close. Four distinguished soloists had been engaged, but their singing was for the most part undistinguished. Carol Vaness sounded ill at ease in Bach. Lorna Myers was hooty and heavy in the first half, rather good in the Agnus Dei. John Aler shaped the phrases of the Benedictus sensitively. The bass music took Thomas Paul both above and below his effective range. All in all, the kind of performance to make a listener think that he could have spent his time better with a recording.

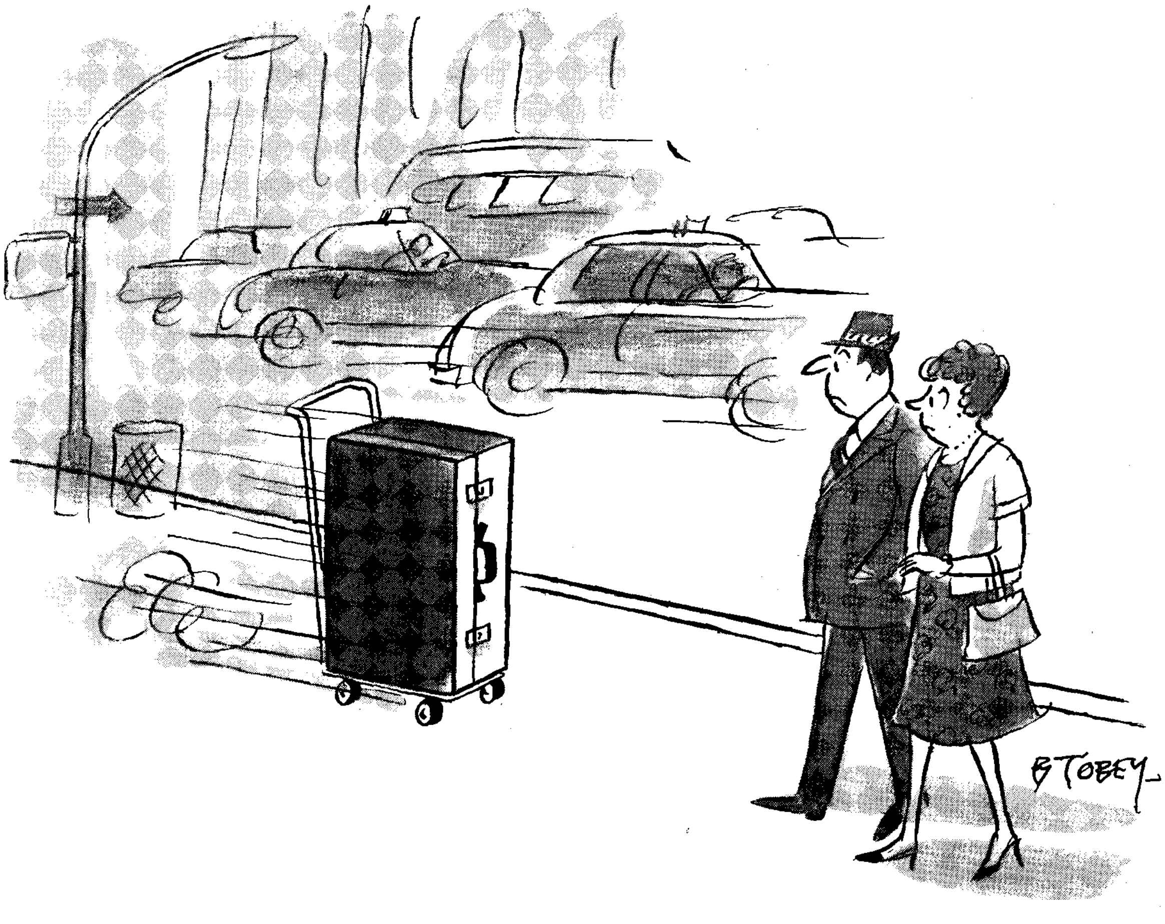
THE May *Newsletter* of the Institute for Studies in American Music, at Brooklyn College, contains an arresting short article by the composer Conrad Cummings. It is called "American vs. French Avant-Gardism" and summarizes its conclusions thus:

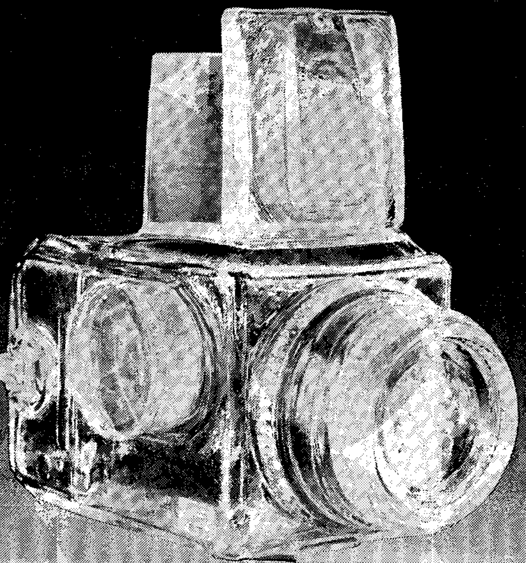
> (1) American avant-garde music tends to be *presentational* while French tends to be *rhetorical;* and (2) American tends toward a concern with *harmonic language* while French tends toward a concern with *texture and sound-masses.*

Mr. Cummings bases his observations mainly on last year's Festival d'Automne, in Paris, which presented twenty-four *performances,* twenty-one of them by American musicians. (*Une performance,* it seems, is the new French term for a one-composer recital some or all of which is executed by the composer. An equivalent series of twenty-one recitals in New York devoted to avant-garde French composers would be an unlikely event.) Tom Johnson, Paul Dresher, John Adams, and Ingram Marshall are composers mentioned. All but the first, I suspect, are names unfamiliar to the man on the plaza, although Dresher's "This Same Temple" and Adams's "Phrygian Gates," both played in Paris, were two of the most impressive works heard at the three concerts the Reich Music Foundation put on at the Guggenheim Museum last year. By "presentational," Mr. Cummings describes, first, what I have criticized as a lack of "presentation" affected by so many American executants. He contrasts Johnson's plain, intent performance of his "Nine Bells" with Joëlle Léandre's vividly mimed performance of Johnson's "Failing;" Dresher's "cool presentational style" in his own music with the "theatrical and virtuosic style" of the French two-piano team that played "This Same Temple;" Marshall's quiet listening at the tape deck with the dramatic activity of the Groupe de Recherche Musicale de Bourges around its mixing console. Mr. Cummings is on to something. The manner of public execution he deems French is not, I think, exclusively so—European, rather—but the "presentational" (or "non-presentational") manner is indeed American. In these pages, I once speculated whether the Juilliard and other American schools teach their students that it is bad form ever to let an audience perceive that players can enjoy playing and take delight in their music. In Europe, faces light up, eyes sparkle, applause is acknowledged with a friendly smile, and a communication beyond the bare presentation of the notes is established with the audience. In America, everything tends to be deadly serious; even when the playing shows wit, the players remain stern, owlish, remote. Compare the demeanor of the Fires of London with that of Speculum Musicae! And this manner seems all of a piece with the spartan, cheerless conditions of much American concertgoing—the indifference to everything except the actual music played. (Carnegie Recital Hall has poor lighting, no buffet, no bar; at Miss Coop's recital her softest passages sank below the noise made by the ventilating system.) Mr. Cummings makes the point—I am still pondering it—that American music is at one with, and best served by, the American performance style; that the French players of American music tended to distort it.

His other observation, about harmony, is perhaps drawn from too narrow and partial a sample of what American and European composers are doing. (In his last paragraph, France is extended to become Europe.) "One suspects that the hypnotic quality of Philip Glass's music is more appreciated by European ears than its elegantly controlled harmonic evolution." Glass and Mario Davidovsky both speak of a concern for harmonic language, and "one sees a connection that might not be obvious." It's certainly not obvious to me. "It is exactly that common element which falls in the center of a big European blind spot."

Philip Glass gave an organ recital of his music this month in the Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn Heights, to benefit Bargemusic, that attractive new home for chamber music which floats in the East River at the Brooklyn end of Brooklyn





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Bridge. (Each weekend this month, there are two concerts of chamber music from a resident ensemble; the setting is simple but not spartan.) The recital ended with the American première of "Fourth Series, Part 4," a work commissioned by Bremen Radio and first played last month in Germany. Now, I suspect that by most Americans, not only by Europeans, the "hypnotic quality" of Glass's music is more appreciated than its "elegantly controlled harmonic evolution." Basically, his works of the seventies suggest toccata or moto-perpetuo figuration imposed on or providing episodes between the statements of a simple passacaglia theme—a theme as simple, on occasion, as a straightforward three-chord cadence. The result is fascinating. After "Einstein on the Beach," I wrote of rhythmic patterns and short melodic motifs endlessly repeated but slowly altering; of bright, insistent timbres whose colors gradually shift as one instrument, then another cuts into or drops from the texture; of simple harmonic progressions underpinning the moto-perpetuo activity. In "Einstein," the large forms are also apprehensible, and impressive. I had not heard Glass in solo recital before. Given out thick and loud on a big church organ with no changes of registration in the long sections, stripped of its glittering, sensuous surface—the play of saxophones and other winds and of voices upon the crisp sparkle of electric keyboards—his music loses some of its instant appeal. "Evolution" seems to be the wrong word to describe its harmonic progress; "repetition"—however "elegantly" controlled—is apter. Eastern music at its most apparently repetitious retains the charm of the individual performers' timbre and technique. Glass's ensemble music, even through the fierce amplification he habitually uses, has something of that quality. But by the church organ his ideas seemed to be coarsened. (How would the program have sounded if played on the lightest, clearest registers of the Tully Hall organ?) All the same, the result was not a bore. Two numbers from "Dance" remained buoyant, and the new piece, constructed in short contrasting sections, pointed to what may be a new Glass development.

SPECULUM MUSICAE'S only New York concert of the season, apart from an appearance at the Bottom Line, was given this month in the Symphony Space, that shabby yet friendly and agreeable auditorium on Broadway at Ninety-fifth Street. The concert ended with Tobias Picker's "Nova," composed last year. "Nova" was planned as a companion piece, in forces, to Schubert's "Trout" Quintet—for the unusual ensemble of violin, viola, cello, double-bass, and piano. That's why it's named for a form of fish. (When—if—"Nova" is played in Paris, the joke will need a footnote.) The piece, in three movements, and lasting ten minutes, is thoroughly enjoyable—rich, exuberant, unschematic. I don't understand what makes this young composer tick but do know that I like his music. It flows forth—uninhibited, unconventional, accessible, yet not undisciplined. It's not exactly "like" anything else. "Nova" lived along every instrumental line, and held the attention.

By adding flute and clarinet to the "Nova" forces, Speculum had an ensemble that compassed five pieces, each for a different combination. The program began with Charles Wuorinen's youthful, cunning "Bearbeitungen über das Glogauer Liederbuch" (flute, clarinet, violin, and double-bass). Then Joe Hudson's "Fantasy/Refrain," for string trio, a refined but rather bitty piece. Martinů's Three Madrigals, for violin-viola duo, were done with wit—if without what I call "presentation." George Crumb's slender, exquisite "Eleven Echoes of Autumn," for flute, clarinet, violin, and piano, was delicately sounded. A delightful summer concert, with no "heavy" music in it but filled with skill and distinction. Benjamin Hudson, the violinist, an artist who combines musical insight and cogency with a full, beautiful tone, played in every piece and was the star of the evening.

—ANDREW PORTER

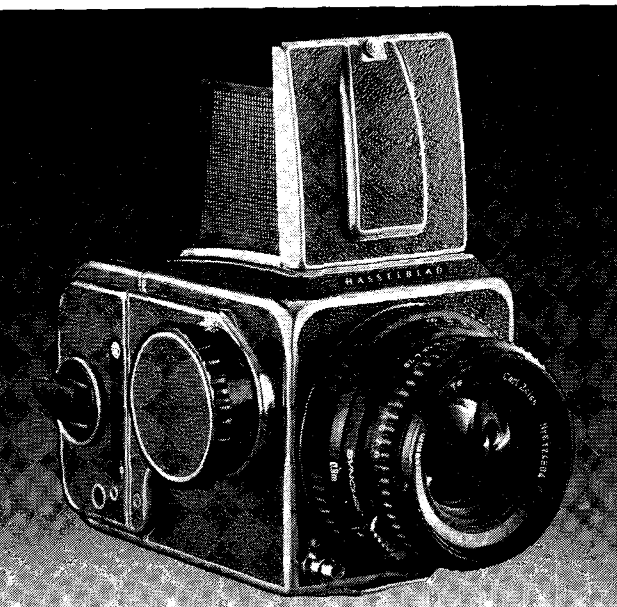
•

DELHI, May 20.—India's Supreme Court ruled today that two elephants should lead a Hindu religious procession in the south of the country, but left unresolved a dispute over the shape of vermilion marks on their foreheads.

Two religious communities have been litigating for years for the right to give their own sign to the elephant which usually leads the annual procession from a temple in Kancheepurma.

The Madras High Court ruled three years ago that the elephant should bear a Y-shaped mark. But the other community, favouring a U-shape, appealed to the Supreme Court, whose interim order said next week's procession should be led by two elephants, one with a Y-shaped mark, the other with a U-shaped one.—Reuter.—*London Times.*

And to hell with alphabetical order.



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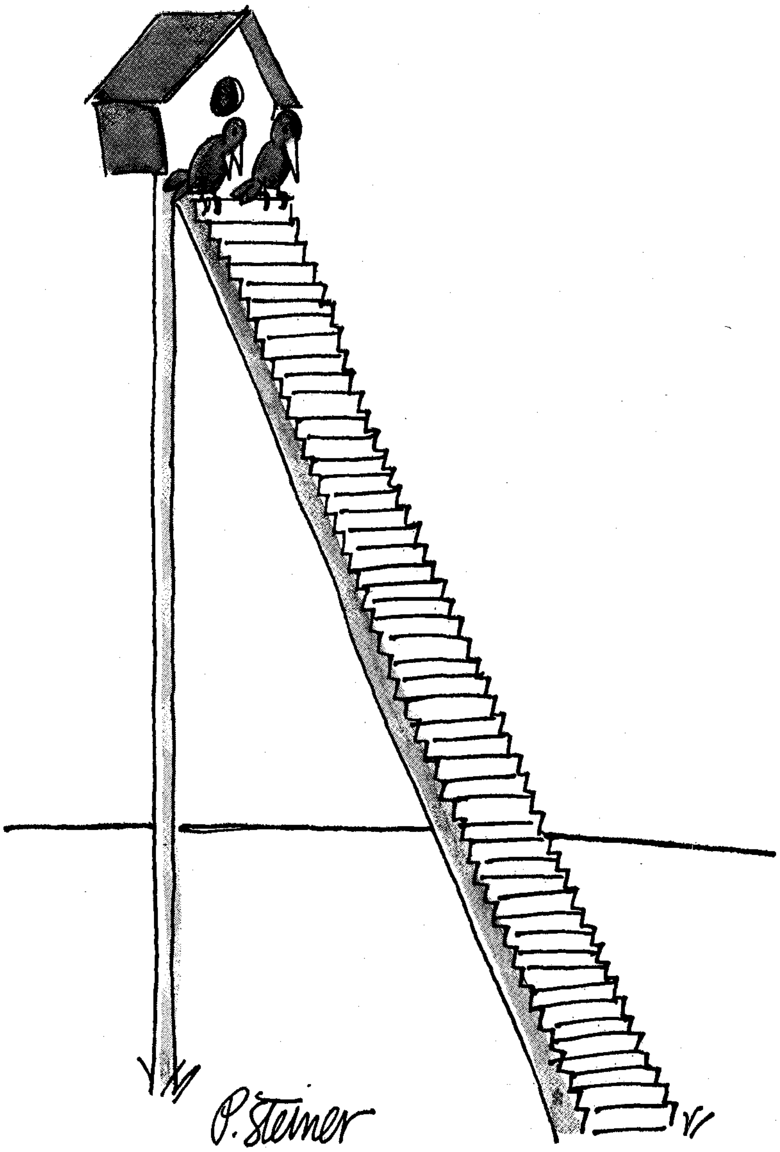
THE CURRENT CINEMA

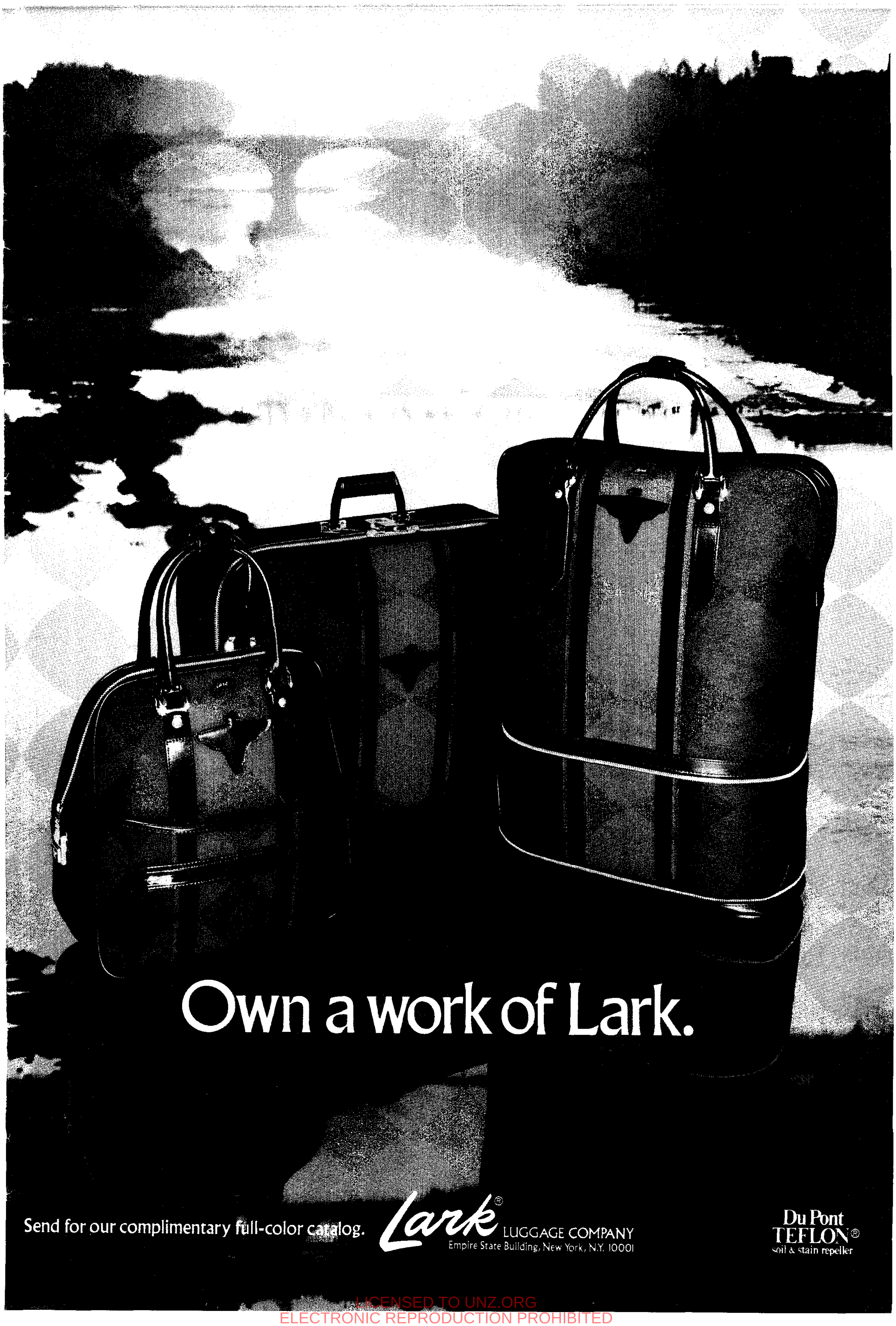
Why Are Movies So Bad? or, The Numbers

THE movies have been so rank the last couple of years that when I see people lining up to buy tickets I sometimes think that the movies aren't drawing an audience—they're inheriting an audience. People just want to go to a movie. They're stung repeatedly, yet their desire for a good movie—for *any* movie—is so strong that all over the country they keep lining up. "There's one God for all creation, but there must be a separate God for the movies," a producer said. "How else can you explain their survival?" An atmosphere of hope develops before a big picture's release, and even after your friends tell you how bad it is, you can't quite believe it until you see for yourself. The lines (and the grosses) tell us only that people are going to the movies—not that they're having a good time. Financially, the industry is healthy, so among the people at the top there seems to be little recognition of what miserable shape movies are in. They think the grosses are proof that people are happy with what they're getting, just as TV executives think that the programs with the highest ratings are what TV viewers want, rather than what they settle for. (A number of the new movie executives come from TV.) These new executives don't necessarily see many movies themselves, and they rarely go to a theatre. If for the last couple of years Hollywood couldn't seem to do anything right, it isn't that it was just a stretch of bad luck—it's the result of recent developments within the industry. And in all probability it will get worse, not better. There have been few recent American movies worth lining up for—last year there was chiefly "The Black Stallion," and this year there is "The Empire Strikes Back." The first was made under the aegis of Francis Ford Coppola; the second was financed by George Lucas, using his profits from "Star Wars" as a guarantee to obtain bank loans. One can say with fair confidence that neither "The Black Stallion" nor "The Empire Strikes Back" could have been made with such care for visual richness and imagination if it had been done under studio control. Even small films on traditional subjects are difficult to get financed at a studio if there are no parts for stars in them; Peter Yates, the director of "Breaking Away"—a graceful, unpredictable comedy that pleases and satisfies audiences—took the project to one studio after another for almost six years before he could get the backing for it.



"It is a lot of steps, but it sure beats flying."

There are direct results when conglomerates take over movie companies. At first, the heads of the conglomerates may be drawn into the movie business for the status implications—the opportunity to associate with world-famous celebrities. Some other conglomerate heads may be drawn in for the girls, but for them, too, a new social life beckons, and as they become socially involved, people with great names approach them as equals, and it gets them crazy. Famous stars and producers and writers and directors tell them about offers they've had from other studios and about ideas they have for pictures, and the conglomerate heads become indignant that the studios they control aren't in on these wonderful projects. The next day, they're on the phone raising hell with their studio bosses. Very soon, they're likely to be summoning directors and suggesting material to them, talking to actors, and telling the company executives what projects should be developed. How bad are the taste and judgment of the conglomerate heads? Very bad. They haven't grown up in a show-business milieu—they don't have the background, the instincts, the information of those who have lived and sweated movies for many years. (Neither do most of the current studio bosses.) The conglomerate heads may be business geniuses, but as far as movies are concerned they have virgin instincts; ideas that are new to them and take them by storm may have failed grotesquely dozens of times. But they feel that they are creative people—how else could they have made so much money and be in a position to advise artists what to do? Who is to tell them no? Within a very short time, they are in fact, though not in title, running the studio. They turn up compliant executives who will settle for the title and not fight for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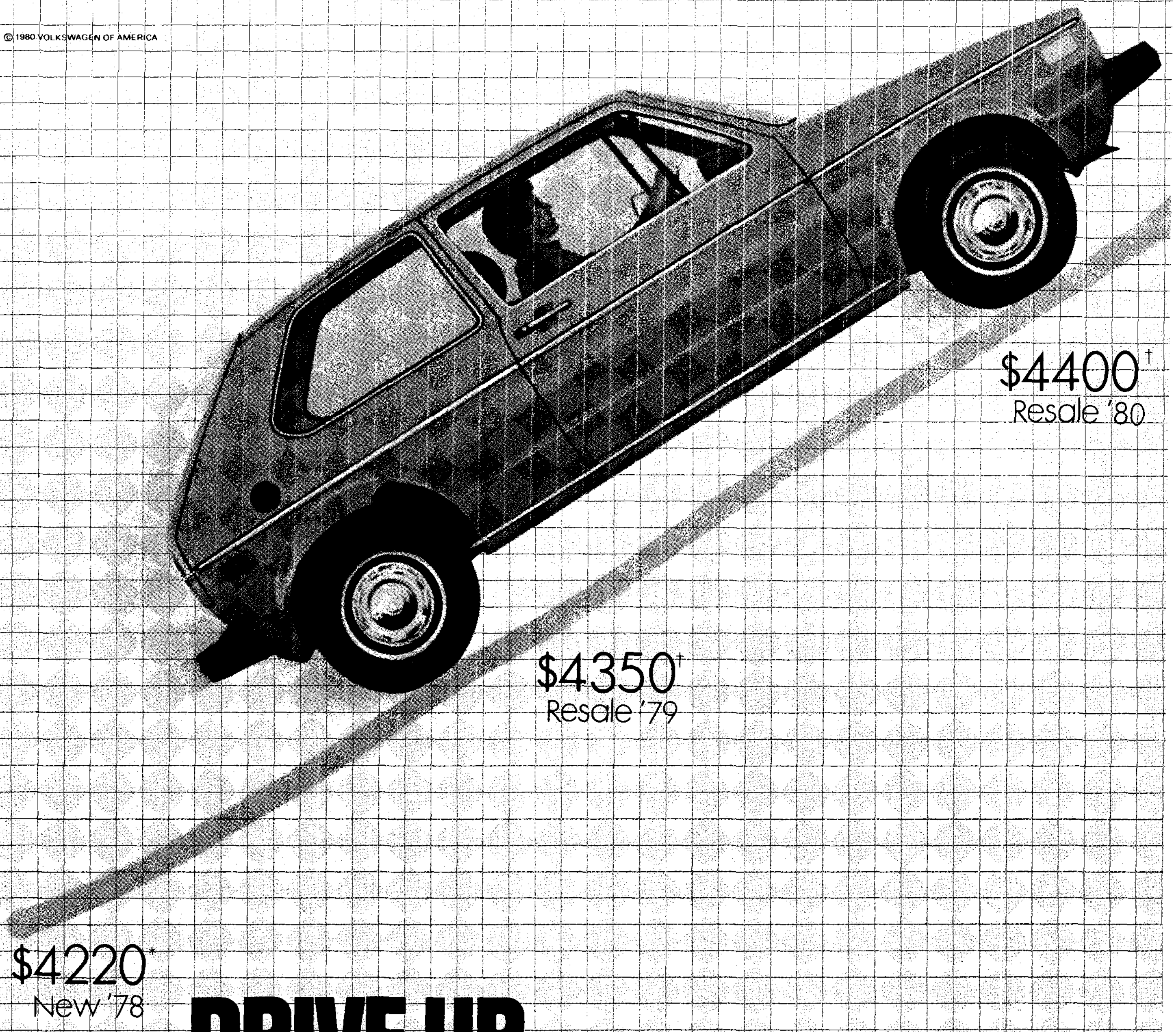

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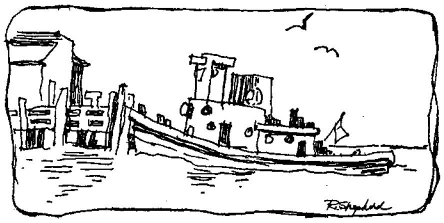
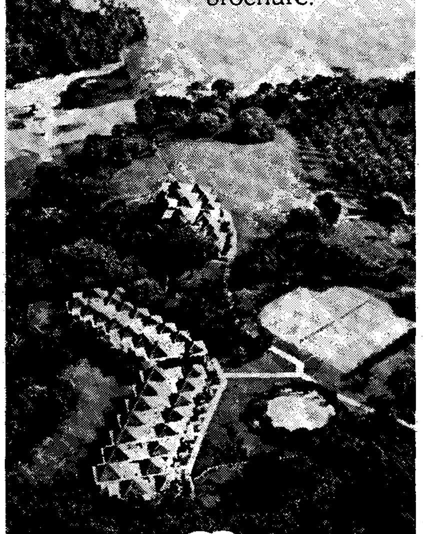
the authority or for their own tastes—if, in fact, they have any. The conglomerate heads find these compliant executives among lawyers and agents, among lawyer-agents, among television executives, and in the lower echelons of the companies they've taken over. Generally, these executives reserve all their enthusiasm for movies that have made money; those are the only movies they like. When a director or a writer talks to them and tries to suggest the kind of picture he has in mind by using a comparison, they may stare at him blankly. They are usually law-school or business-school graduates; they have no frame of reference. Worse, they have no shame about not knowing anything about movies. From their point of view, such knowledge is not essential to their work. Their talent is being able to anticipate their superiors' opinions; in meetings, they show a sixth sense for guessing what the most powerful person in the room wants to hear. And if they ever guess wrong, they know how to shift gears without a tremor. So the movie companies wind up with top production executives whose interest in movies rarely extends beyond the immediate selling possibilities; they could be selling neckties just as well as movies, except that they are drawn to glamour and power.

This does not prevent these executives from being universally treated as creative giants. If a studio considers eighty projects, and eventually twenty of them (the least risky) go into production, and two of them become runaway hits (or even one of them), the studio's top executive will be a hero to his company and the media, and will soon be quoted in the Los Angeles *Times* and the New York *Times* talkng about his secret for picking winners—his intuitive understanding, developed from his childhood experiences, that people want a strong, upbeat narrative, that they want to cheer the hero and hiss the villain. When “Alien” opened “big,” Alan Ladd, Jr., president of the pictures division of Twentieth Century-Fox, was regarded as a demigod; it's the same way that Fred Silverman was a demigod. It has nothing to do with quality, only with he numbers. (Ladd and his team weren't admired for the small pictures hey took chances on and the artists hey stuck by.) The media now echo he kind of thinking that goes on in Hollywood, and spread it wide. Movie ritics on TV discuss the relative grosses of the new releases; the grosses t this point relative to previous hits; which pictures will pass the others in a few weeks. It's like the Olympics—which will be the winners?

THERE are a lot of reasons that movies have been so bad during the last couple of years and probably won't be any better for the next couple of years. One big reason is that rotten pictures are making money—not necessarily wild amounts (though a few are), but sizable amounts. So if studio heads want nothing more than to make money and grab power, there is no reason for them to make better ones. Turning out better pictures might actually jeopardize their position. Originally, the studios were controlled by theatre chains—the chains opened the studios in order to have a source of supply. But the studios and the theatre chains were separated by a Supreme Court order in 1948 and subsequent lower-court rulings; after that, the studios, operating without the protection of theatres committed in advance to play their product, resorted to “blind bidding” and other maneuvers in order to reduce the risk on their films. It's only in the last few years that the studios have found a new kind of protection. They have discovered that they can get much more from the sale of movies to television than they had been getting, and that they can negotiate presale agreements with the networks for guaranteed amounts before they commit themselves to a production. Licensing fees to the networks now run between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 for an average picture, and the studios negotiate in advance not only for network showings and later TV syndication (about $1,500,000 for an average picture), and for pay television (between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000), but for cable TV, the airlines, cassettes, and overseas television. And, of course, they still sell to foreign distributors and to exhibitors here, and much of that money is also committed in advance—sometimes even paid in advance. So if a film is budgeted at $8,500,000, the studio may have $14,000,000 guaranteed and—theoretically, at least—show a profit before shooting starts, even if $4,000,000 is allowed for marketing and advertising. And the studio still has the possibility of a big box-office hit and *really* big money. If a picture is a large-scale adventure story or has superstars, the licensing fee to the networks alone may be between $15,000,000 and $25,000,000, and the total advance guarantees may come to almost double the budget. Financially, the only danger in an arrangement like this is that if the film goes seriously over budget the studio can still lose money. That's why directors who have the reputation of always coming in on schedule are in steady demand even if they've had a long line of box-office failures and their work is consistently mediocre, and why directors who are perfectionists are shunned as if they were lepers—unless, like Hal Ashby, they've had some recent hits.



The studios no longer make movies primarily to attract and please moviegoers; they make movies in such a way as to get as much as possible from the prearranged and anticipated deals. Every picture (allowing for a few exceptions) is cast and planned in terms of those deals. Though the studio is very happy when it has a box-office hit, it isn't terribly concerned about the people who buy tickets and come out grumbling. They don't grumble very loudly anyway, because even the lumpiest pictures are generally an improvement over television; at least, they're always bigger. TV accustoms people to not expecting much, and because of the new prearranged deals they're not getting much. There is a quid pro quo for a big advance sale to television and theatres: the project must be from a fat, dumb best-seller about an international jewel heist or a skyjacking that involves a planeload of the rich and famous, or be a thinly disguised show-business biography of someone who came to an appallingly wretched end, or have an easily paraphrasable theme—preferably something that can be done justice to in a sentence and brings to mind the hits of the past. How else could you entice buyers? Certainly not with something unfamiliar, original. They feel safe with big-star packages, with chase thrillers, with known ingredients. For a big overseas sale, you must have “international” stars—performers who are known all over, such as Sophia Loren, Richard Burton, Candice Bergen, Roger Moore, Clint Eastwood, Burt Reynolds, Alain Delon, Charles Bronson, Steve McQueen. And you should probably avoid complexities: much of the new overseas audience is subliterate. For a big advance sale to worldwide television, a movie should also be innocuous: it shouldn't



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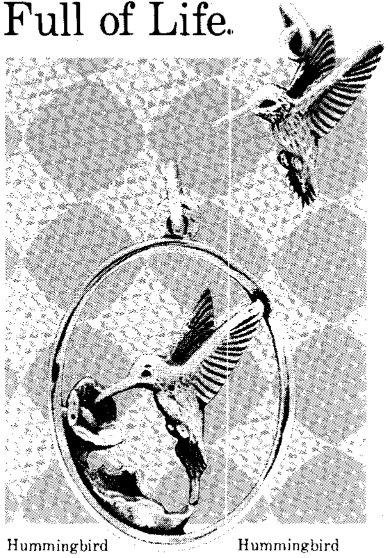
raise any hackles, either by strong language or by a controversial theme. And there must be stars, though not necessarily movie stars. It has recently been discovered that even many Americans are actually more interested in TV personalities than in movie ones, and may be roused from their TV-viewing to go see a film with John Denver or John Ritter. In countries where American TV series have become popular, our TV stars may be better known than our movie stars (especially the ones who appear infrequently). A 1979 Canadian film, "Running," starring Michael Douglas, who has appeared in a TV series and was featured in "The China Syndrome," cost $4,200,000; by the time it was completed, the various rights to it had been sold for over $6,000,000. The lawyer-financier who set up the production of "Foolin' Around," which stars Gary Busey, said he would not have made the picture without the television insurance of a supporting cast that included Tony Randall, Cloris Leachman, and Eddie Albert. Nobody needs to have heard of these independently packaged pictures for them to be profitable, and, in some cases, if it were not contractually necessary to open the film in theatres in order to give it legitimacy as a movie, it would be cheaper not to, because the marketing and advertising costs may outstrip the box-office revenue (unless that, too, was guaranteed). On productions like these, the backers don't suffer the gamblers' anxieties that were part of film business in the fifties and sixties, and even in the early seventies. Of course, these backers don't experience the gamblers' highs, either. Movie executives now study the television Q ratings, which measure the public's familiarity with performers, and a performer with a high rating (which he attains if he's been in a long-running series or on a daytime quiz show) is offered plum movie roles—even if this means that the script will have to be completely rewritten for his narrow range or bland personality.

THERE is an even grimmer side to all this: because the studios have discovered how to take the risk out of moviemaking, they don't want to make any movies that they can't protect themselves on. Production and advertising costs have gone so high that there is genuine nervous panic about risky projects. If an executive finances what looks like a perfectly safe, stale piece of material and packs it with stars, and the production costs skyrocket way beyond the guarantees, and



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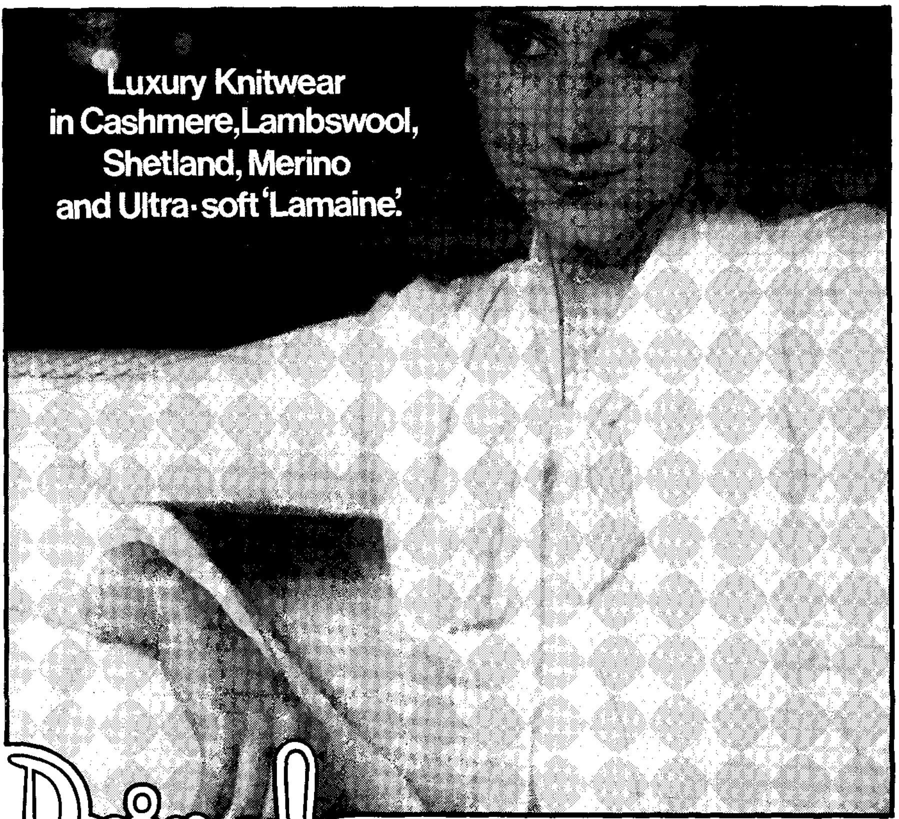
the picture loses many millions, *he* won't be blamed for it—he was playing the game by the same rules as everybody else. If, however, he takes a gamble on a small project that can't be sold in advance—something that a gifted director really wants to do, with a subtle, not easily summarized theme and no big names in the cast—and it loses just a little money, his neck is on the block. So to the executives a good script is a script that attracts a star, and they will make their deals and set the full machinery of a big production in motion and schedule the picture's release dates, even though the script problems have never been worked out and everyone (even the director) secretly knows that the film will be a confused mess, an embarrassment.

Another new factor makes a risky project still riskier: if a movie doesn't have an easily paraphrasable theme or big stars, it's hard to sell via a thirty-second TV commercial. (The networks pay a lot for movies, but they get much of it back directly from the movie industry, which increasingly relies on TV commercials to sell a film.) It's even hard for the studio advertising departments to figure out a campaign for newspapers and magazines. And so, faced with something unusual or original, the studio head generally says, "I don't know how to market it, and if I don't know how to market it, it will lose money." The new breed of studio head is not likely to say, "It's something I feel we should take a chance on. Let's see if there's somebody who might be able to figure out how to market it." Just about the only picture the studios made last year that the executives took a financial risk on was "Breaking Away." And despite the fact that it cost what is now a pittance ($2,400,000) and received an Academy Award Best Picture nomination, Twentieth Century-Fox didn't give it a big theatrical re-release (the standard procedure for a nominated film) but sold it to NBC, for immediate showing, for $5,000,000. So a couple of weeks after the Awards ceremony, just when many people had finally heard of "Breaking Away" and might have gone to a theatre to see it, it appeared, trashed in the usual manner, on television. The studio couldn't be sure how much more money might come in from box offices, and grabbed a sure thing. In order to accept the NBC offer, the studio even bypassed pay TV, where the picture could have been seen uncut. It was almost as if "Breaking Away" were being punished for not having stars and not having got a big advance TV sale. And the price was almost insulting:



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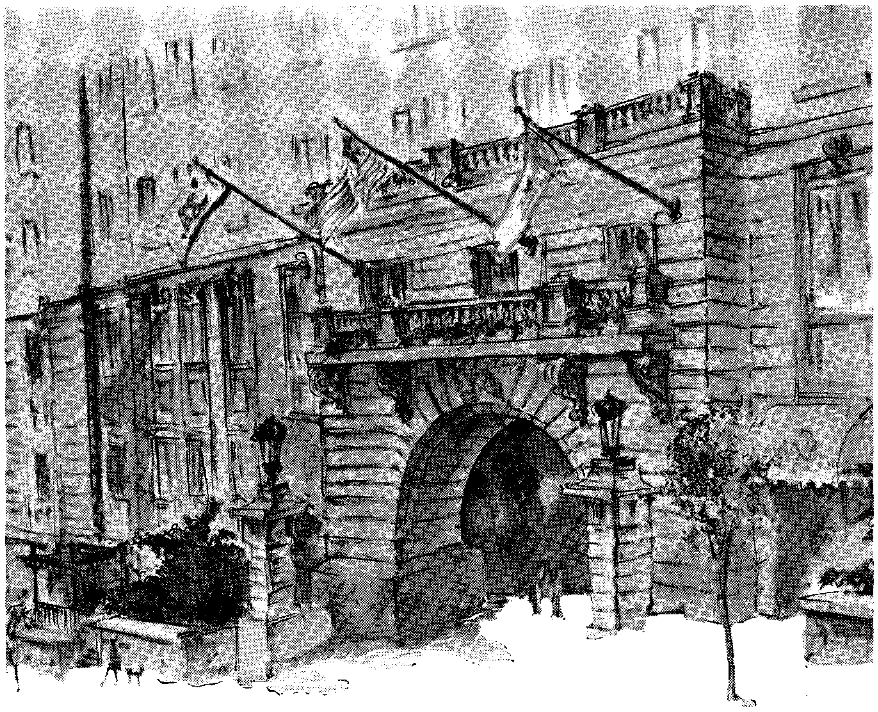
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last year, Fox licensed "The Sound of Music" to NBC for $21,500,000, and licensed "Alien" to ABC for $12,000,000, with escalator clauses that could take the figure up to $15,000,000; Columbia licensed "Kramer vs. Kramer" to ABC for nearly $20,000,000, and United Artists got $20,000,000 for "Rocky II" from CBS. But then how do you summarize in a sentence the appeal of a calm, evenhanded film about fathers and sons, town boys and college boys, and growing up—a modest classic that never states its themes, that stirs the emotions by indirection, by the smallest of actions and the smallest exchanges of dialogue?

IF a writer-director conceives a script for a fiery young actor—K., a young man with star potential who has not yet had a role that brought him to the consciousness of the public—and shapes the central character to bring out K.'s volatility and ardor, he is likely to be told by the studio head, "K. doesn't do anything to me." That rules out K., even if the studio head has never seen K. act (and chances are he wouldn't remember him if he had). The studio head doesn't care if K. could become a star in this part; he wants R., because he can get a $4,000,000 network sale with the impassive, logy R., a Robert Wagner type who was featured in a mini-series. And if the point is pressed, the studio head may cut off discussion with some variation of "I must know what I'm doing, or I wouldn't be in this job." If he is feeling expansive, he may go on with "I won't say that you can't make a good film with K., and some people—some critics and your friends—will like it. But a good picture to me is a successful picture—one that will make money." If the writer-director still persists, it's taken as a sign of stupidity. A finer-grained executive—one of the rare ones who love movies—may put it to him this way: "I like K., I like you, I like the script. But I can't recommend it. It's an expensive picture, and the subject matter makes it a long shot. And if I back too many long shots that don't come in, I'm out on my ass." That's the distillation of executive timidity, and maybe it's better to get it from the coarser man: you can have the pleasure of hating him—you aren't made to sympathize with his plight. Since all the major studios basically play by the same rules, the writer-director will wind up with a picture that is crucially miscast and has a vacuum at its center. By the time it is released and falls by the wayside and he is publicly humiliated, K., disgusted at not having got the part, may have accepted a dumb role in a TV series and become a hot new TV personality, whom all the movie studios are propositioning.

Chances are that even if the writer-director had been allowed to use K., he would have been completely enraged and demoralized by the time he started shooting, because the negotiating process can stretch on for years, and anyone who wants to make a movie is treated as a hustler and an adversary. "Studios!" said Billy Wilder, paraphrasing an old complaint about women. "You can't make pictures with 'em, and you can't make pictures without 'em." Everybody in the movie business has the power to say no, and the least secure executives protect themselves by saying no to just about anything that comes their way. Only those at the very top can say yes, and they protect themselves, too. They postpone decisions because they're fearful, and also because they don't mind keeping someone dangling while his creative excitement dries up and all the motor drive goes out of his proposal. They don't mind keeping people waiting, because it makes them feel more powerful. I'm describing trends; of course, there are exceptions—those who are known (and sometimes revered) for quick decisions, like David Picker in his United Artists days, and Daniel Melnick in his brief stints at M-G-M and Columbia, and David Begelman at Columbia and now at M-G-M. But most of the ones who could say yes don't; they consider it and string you along. (Hollywood is the only place where you can die of encouragement.) For the supplicant, it's a matter of weeks, months, years, waiting for meetings at which he can beg permission to do what he was, at the start, eager to do. And even when he's got a meeting, he has to catch the executive's attention and try to keep it; in general, the higher the executive, the more cruelly short his attention span. (They're television babies. Thirty seconds is a long time to them.) In this atmosphere of bureaucratic indifference or contempt, things aren't really decided—they just happen, along bureaucratic lines. (Generally, it's only if a picture is a hit that executives talk about having given it the go-ahead. They all angle for credit in the media.) During the long wait, the director has lost the cinematographer he wanted and half the performers; in order to get the necessary approvals, he has agreed to actors he knows are wrong, and he has pared down the script to cut costs, chopping out the scenes that once meant the most to him but that he knows he can't get in the tight, ten-week shooting schedule he has been forced to accept. And then, at the last minute, a few days before shooting is to start, the studio is likely to slice the budget further—and he's down to a nine-week schedule, which means trimming the camera moves that were half the reason he'd been eager to work on the idea in the first place. Is it any wonder if the picture that comes out has a sour spirit?

It may just barely come out anyway. If there's an executive shakeup during production or after the film is completed (and shakeups take place every few months), the new studio head has nothing to gain if the film succeeds (he can't take credit for initiating it); he may find it to his strategic advantage for the film to fail. The executives—bed-hoppers, who go from one berth to another—have no particular loyalty to the studio, and there isn't the lower-echelon executive stability to launch a film initiated during the old regime with the same care as one initiated during the new regime. It all depends on the signals that come from the top.

If a big star and a big director show interest in a project, the executives will go along for a $14,000,000 or $15,000,000 budget even if, by the nature of the material, the picture should be small. And so what might have been a charming light entertainment that millions of people all over the world would enjoy is inflated, rewritten to enlarge the star's part, and overscaled. It makes money in advance and sends people out of theatres complaining and depressed. Often, when people leave theatres now they're bewildered by the anxious, nervous construction of the film—by the feeling it gives them of having been pieced together out of parts that don't fit. Movies have gone to hell and amateurism. A third of the pictures being made by Hollywood this year are in the hands of first-time directors, who will receive almost no guidance or help. They're thrown right into a pressure-cooker situation, where any delay is costly. They may have come out of sit-coms, and their dialogue will sound forced, as if it were all recorded in a large, empty cave; they may have come out of nowhere and have never worked with actors before. Even if a director is highly experienced, he probably has certain char-

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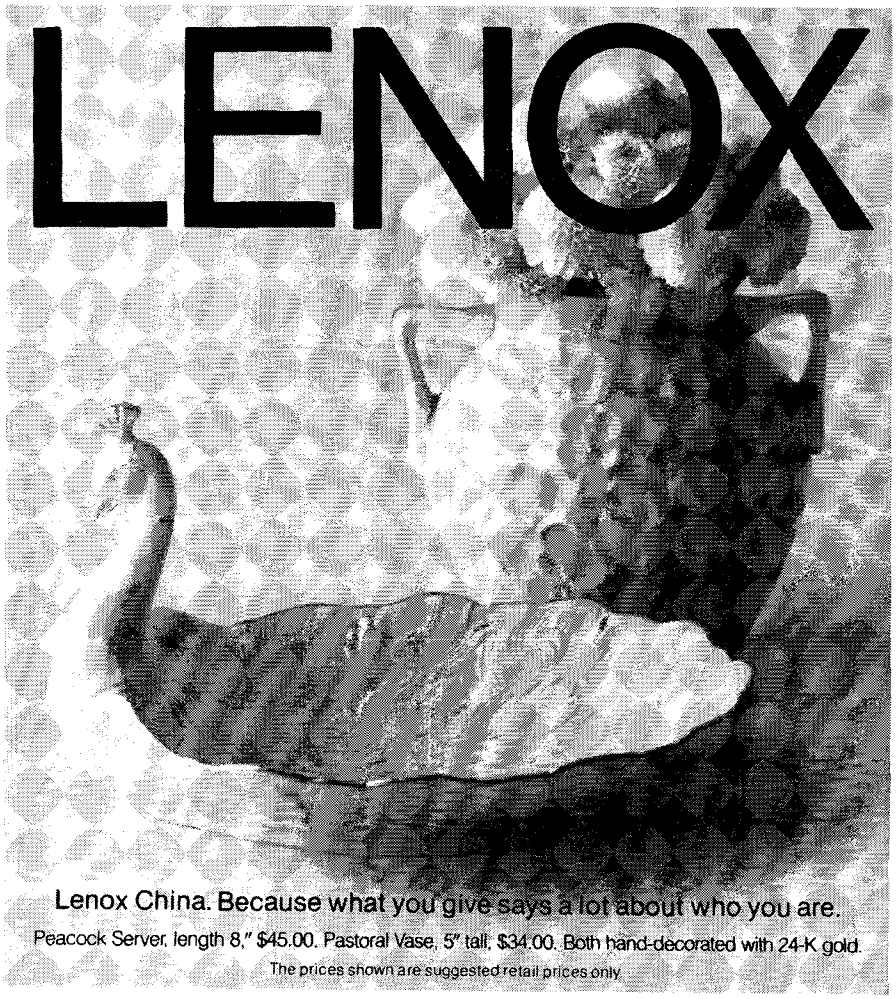

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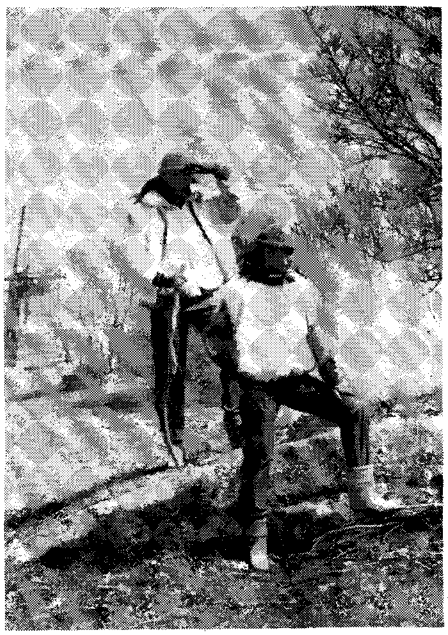

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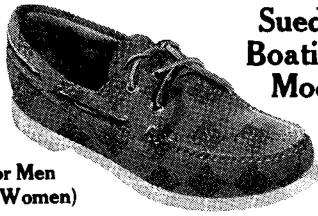

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acteristic weaknesses, such as a tendency to lose track of the story, or an ineptness with women characters; he's going to need watching. But who knows that, or cares enough to try to protect the picture? The executives may have hired the director after "looking at his work"—that is, running off every other reel of one of his films. They are busy people. Network executives who are offered a completed movie commonly save time by looking at a fifteen-minute selection from it—a précis of its highlights—which has been specially prepared for them. God forbid that they should have to sit through the whole thing.

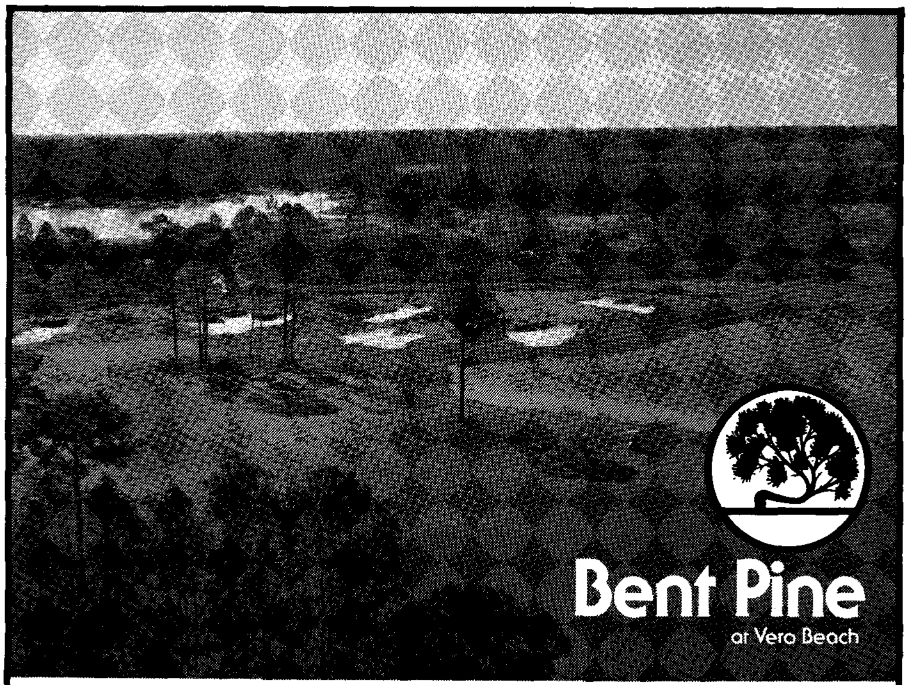
What isn't generally understood is how much talent and hard work are wasted—enough, maybe, to supply the world with true entertainment. A writer who is commissioned to adapt a book and turns in a crackerjack script, acclaimed by the studio executives, who call him a genius, then stands helplessly by as the studio submits it to the ritual lists of the stars and the directors whom they can get the biggest guarantees on. And as, one by one, the stars and directors who aren't right for the project anyway take months to read it and turn it down, the executives' confidence in the script drains away. If a star expresses tentative interest, contingent on a complete rewrite, they will throw out the snappy script and authorize a new script by a sodden writer who has just had a fluke hit, and when the star decides to do something else anyway, they will have a new script written for a different star, and another and another, until no one can remember why there was ever any interest in the project. It may be shelved then, but so much money has already gone into it that in a couple of years some canny producer will think it should be brought back to life and reworked to fit a hot new teen-ager from television—who eventually will decide not to do it, and so on. To put it simply: A good script is a script to which Robert Redford will commit himself. A bad script is a script which Redford has turned down. A script that "needs work" is a script about which Redford has yet to make up his mind. It is possible to run a studio with this formula; it is even possible to run a studio *profitably* with this formula. But this world of realpolitik that has replaced moviemaking has nothing to do with moviemaking. It's not just that the decisions made by the executives might have been made by anyone off the street—it's that the pictures themselves seem to have been made by anyone off the street.

The executives are a managerial class with no real stake in the studio; they didn't build it, it's not part of them, and they're moving on—into a bigger job at another studio, or into independent production (where there's more money), or to form their own companies. The executives just try to hold things together for the short period that they're going to be around; there isn't even an elementary regard for the conservation of talent. And, as in any chaotic bureaucracy, the personalities and goals of those at the top set the tone for all the day-to-day decisions; the top executives' apathy about the quality of movies infects the studio right down the line. The younger executives who are pushing their way up don't want to waste their time considering scripts that may not attract a star. For them, too, a good picture is a picture that makes money, and so after "The China Syndrome" clicked at box offices, they could be heard talking about what a wonderful craftsman its director, James Bridges, was, and after "The Amityville Horror," with its unbelievably clunky script, by Sandor Stern, showed big grosses, they wanted to sign up Stern as a writer-director. At the bottom as at the top, the executives want to score; they want a hit, not just for the money but for the personal pleasure of the kill.

PART of what has deranged American life in this past decade is the change in book publishing and in magazines and newspapers and in the movies as they have passed out of the control of those whose lives were bound up in them and into the control of conglomerates, financiers, and managers who treat them as ordinary commodities. This isn't a reversible process; even if there were Supreme Court rulings that split some of these holdings from the conglomerates, the traditions that developed inside many of those businesses have been ruptured. And the continuity is gone. In earlier eras, when a writer made a book agreement with a publisher, he expected to be working with the people he signed up with; now those people may be replaced the next day, or the whole firm may be bought up and turned into a subdivision of a textbook-publishing house or a leisure-activities company. The new people in the job aren't going to worry about guiding a writer slowly; they're not going to think about the book after this one. They want best-sellers. Their job is to find them or manufacture them. And just as the studios have been hiring writers to work on screenplays, they are now beginning to hire writers to work on novels, which the publishers, with the help of studio money, will then attempt to promote to best-sellerdom at the same time that they are being made into movies. The writer Avery Corman has suggested "the horrifying prospect of a novelist being fired from his own book." It won't horrify the people who are commissioning these new books—pre-novelizations.

There are certain kinds of business in which the public interest is more of a factor than it is in the manufacture of neckties. Book publishing, magazines and newspapers, movies and television and live theatre—these are businesses, of course, but traditionally the people who work in them have felt privileged (by birth or ability or talent or luck, or by a combination of those factors). That has been true not only of the actors and journalists but of the entrepreneurs and the managers. There have always been a few businessmen in these fields who had the sensibility of artists (without the talent or the drive); if they had a good critical sense and a generous nature, they were appreciators of artists and didn't resent them. And so they became great producers in the theatre and movies, or great book and magazine editors. Contemporary variants of these people insist on being celebrity-artists themselves, and right now they all seem to be writing and directing movies.

In movies, the balance between art and business has always been precarious, with business outweighing art, but the business was, at least, in the hands of businessmen who loved movies. As popular entertainment, movies need something of what the vulgarian moguls had—zest, a belief in their own instincts, a sentimental dedication to producing pictures that would make their country proud of their contribution, a respect for quality, and the biggest thing: a willingness to take chances. The cool managerial sharks don't have that; neither do the academics. But the vulgarians also did more than their share of damage, and they're gone forever anyway. They were part of a different America. They were, more often than not, men who paid only lip service to high ideals, while gouging everyone for profits. The big change in the country is reflected in the fact that people in the movie business no longer feel it necessary to talk about principles at all. They operate on the same assumptions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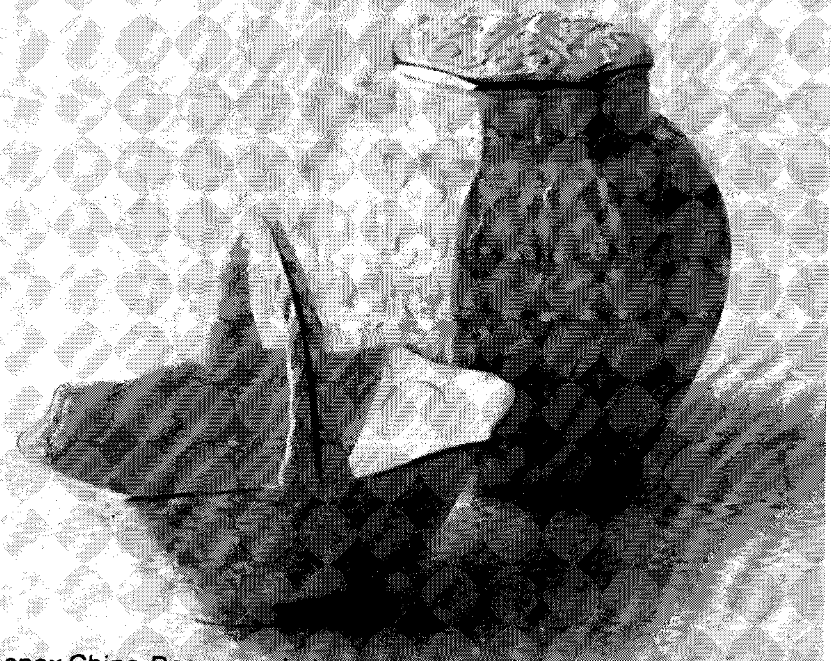
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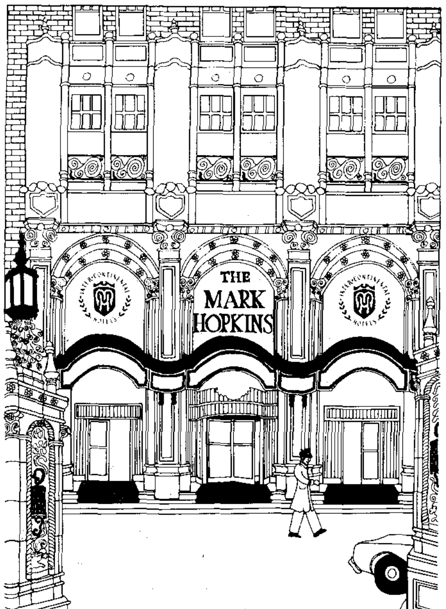

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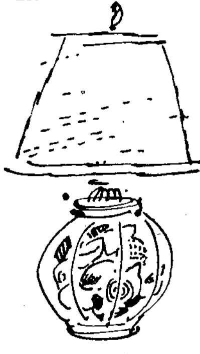
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as the newspapers that make heroes of the executives who have a hit and don't raise questions about its quality.

WHEN the numbers game takes over a country, artists who work in a popular medium, such as the movies, lose their bearings fast. There's a pecking order in filmmaking, and the director is at the top—he's the authority figure. A man who was never particularly attractive to women now finds that he's the padrone: everyone is waiting on his word, and women are his for the nod. The constant, unlimited opportunities for sex can be insidious; so is the limitless flattery of college students who turn directors into gurus. Directors are easily seduced. They mainline admiration. Recently, a screenwriter now directing his first picture was talking about his inability to find a producer who would take some of the burden off him; he said he needed a clone—someone who would know what was in his mind and be able to handle a million details for him. But anyone observing this writer-director would know that he needs a real producer, and for a much more important reason: to provide the sense of judgment he has already lost. Nobody really controls a production now; the director is on his own, even if he's insecure, careless, or nuts. There has always been a megalomaniac potential in moviemaking, and in this period of stupor, when values have been so thoroughly undermined that even the finest directors and the ones with the most freedom aren't sure what they want to do, they often become obsessive and grandiloquent—like mad royalty. Perpetually dissatisfied with the footage they're compulsively piling up, they keep shooting—adding rooms to the palace. Megalomania and art become the same thing to them. But the disorder isn't just in their heads, and a lot of people around them are deeply impressed by megalomania. What our directors need most of all, probably, is a sense of purpose and a subject that they can think their way through. Filmmakers want big themes, and where are the kinds of themes that they would fight the studios to express? It's no accident that the two best recent American movies are both fantasy fairy tales—childish in the fullest, deepest sense. Working inside a magical structure, Carroll Ballard in "The Black Stallion" and Irvin Kershner in "The Empire Strikes Back" didn't have to deal with the modern world; they were free to use the medium luxuriantly, without guilt. You can feel the love of moviemaking—almost a revelry in moviemaking—in their films, as you can also in Walter Hill's "The Long Riders," despite its narrative weaknesses and a slight remoteness. But we don't go to the movies just for great fairy tales and myths of the old West; we also hope for something that connects directly with where we are. Part of the widespread anticipation of "Apocalypse Now" was, I think, our readiness for a visionary, climactic, summing-up movie. We felt that the terrible rehash of pop culture couldn't go on, mustn't go on—that something new was needed. Coppola must have felt that, too, but he couldn't supply it. His film was posited on great thoughts arriving at the end—a confrontation and a revelation. And when they weren't there, people slunk out of the theatres, or tried to comfort themselves with chatter about the psychedelic imagery. Trying to say something big, Coppola got tied up in a big knot of American self-hatred and guilt, and what the picture boiled down to was: White man—he devil. Since then, I think, people have expected less of movies and have been willing to settle for less. Some have even been willing to settle for "Kramer vs. Kramer" and other pictures that seem to be made for an audience of over-age flower children. These pictures express the belief that if a man cares about anything besides being at home with the kids, he's corrupt. Parenting enobles Dustin Hoffman and makes him a better person in every way, while in "The Seduction of Joe Tynan" we can see that Alan Alda is a weak, corruptible fellow because he wants to be President of the United States more than he wants to stay at home communing with his daughter about her adolescent miseries. Pictures like these should all end with the fathers and the children sitting at home watching TV together.

The major studios have found the temporary final solution for movies: in technique and in destiny, their films *are* television. And there's no possibility of a big breakthrough in movies—a new release of energy, like the French New Wave, which moved from country to country and resulted in an international cross-fertilization—when movies are financed only if they fall into stale categories of past successes. But once the groups that are now subsidizing studio-made films begin to weary of getting TV shows when they thought they were buying movies, there should be a chance for some real moviemaking. And when the writers and directors have confidence in what they want to express, if they can't find backing from the studios they ought to be able to find backers outside the industry who will gamble on the money to be made from a good picture, once it is completed. It's easier to make money on movies now: there are more markets, and we know now that the films themselves have a much longer commercial life than early moviemakers could have guessed. The studios may find that they need great moviemakers more than the moviemakers need them. Billy Wilder may be right that you can't make pictures with 'em, but of course he's wrong that you can't make pictures without 'em. There are problems both ways, but there may be fewer problems without them, and less rage.

It would be very convincing to say that there's no hope for movies—that audiences have been so corrupted by television and have become so jaded that all they want are noisy thrills and dumb jokes and images that move along in an undemanding way, so they can sit and react at the simplest motor level. And there's plenty of evidence, such as the success of "Alien." This was a haunted-house-with-gorilla picture set in outer space. It reached out, grabbed you, and squeezed your stomach; it was more griping than entertaining, but a lot of people didn't mind. They thought it was terrific, because at least they'd felt something: they'd been brutalized. It was like an entertainment contrived in Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" by the Professor of Feelies in the College of Emotional Engineering. Yet there was also a backlash against "Alien"—many people were angry at how mechanically they'd been worked over. And when I saw "The Black Stallion" on a Saturday afternoon, there was proof that even children who have grown up with television and may never have been exposed to a good movie can respond to the real thing when they see it. It was a hushed, attentive audience, with no running up and down the aisles and no traffic to the popcorn counter, and even when the closing credits came on, the children still sat quietly looking at the images behind the names. There may be a separate God for the movies, at that. —PAULINE KAEL

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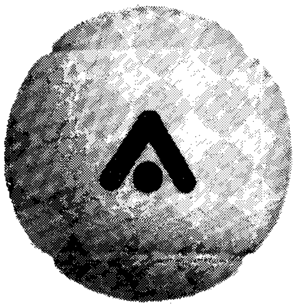

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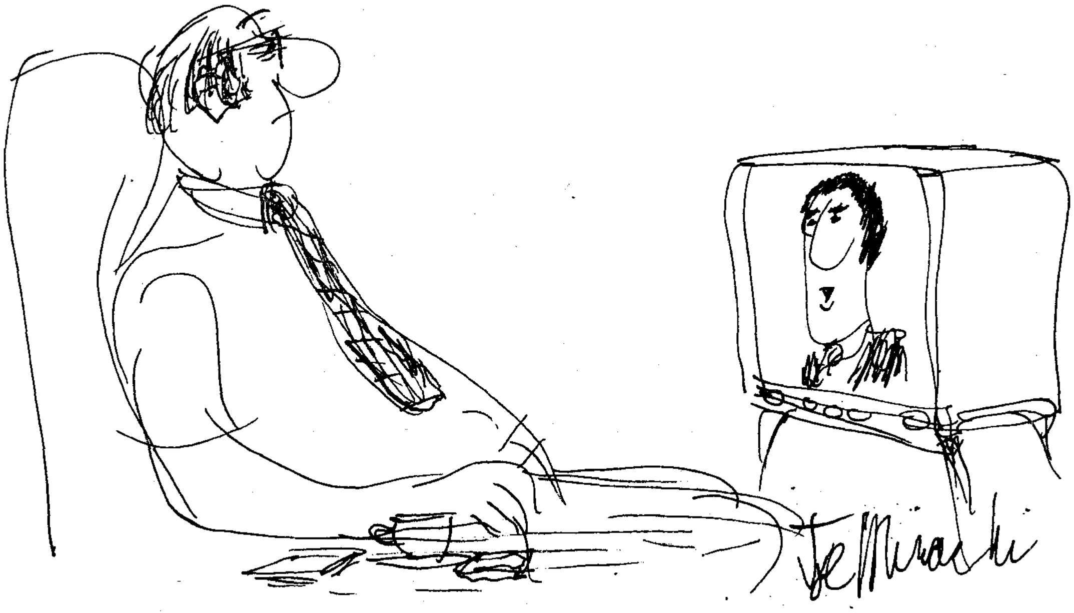
BOOKS

Imagining Things

THE rather spacey name of Ursula K. Le Guin has for fifteen years been familiar to devotees of science fiction, but only recently has her reputation, passing through the same cultural space-warp utilized by Ray Bradbury and Kurt Vonnegut, entered what is hailed from the other side as "mainstream fiction." Her writing, even when under the exclusive aegis of Ace Books and *Amazing Stories*, had a mainstream tact, color, and intelligence, combined with the requisite sci-fi expertise and appetite for coining new worlds and languages. She has lived for years in Portland, Oregon. Her academic connections are multiple: born in Berkeley in 1929, daughter of the anthropologist Alfred L. Kroeber and the writer Theodora Kroeber, she received degrees from Radcliffe and Columbia, and during a Fulbright year in Paris met and married the historian Charles Le Guin. The social sciences inform her fantasies with far more earthy substance than the usual imaginary spaceflight, and her hypothetical futures have a strong flavor of familiar history. She herself, in an introduction to her prize-winning novel of 1969, "The Left Hand of Darkness"—a heartwarming tale of emerging statehood and evolved androgyny on a wintry planet sixty light-years from Earth—has argued that science fiction is not predictive but descriptive of the here and now, a "thought-experiment" in which "the moral complexity proper to the modern novel need not be sacrificed." Her new novel, "The Beginning Place" (Harper & Row; $8.95), describes with plenty of moral and psychological complexity the mating of two modern young people; its fantastic terrain, the twilight realm of Tembreabrezi, which the hero and the heroine enter through a miraculous gate in some scruffy woods within sight of a paint factory, belongs not to any conjecturable future but to that vast, vaguely medieval never-never land whose place in our shared nostalgia was sealed by Malory's telling of the Arthurian legends, revived by Tennyson and William Morris, and given phenomenal modern currency by Tolkien's saga of Middle-earth. Professor Tolkien's patient exercise in self-amusement, which so surprisingly came to amuse millions of others, has spawned a veritable galaxy of mock-archaic trilogic otherworlds, from Frank Herbert's dry Dune to Mrs. Le Guin's wet Earthsea, as well as giving new circulation to C. S. Lewis's theological fables of Narnia and Perelandra and even to James Branch Cabell's musty Poictesme series. Peter Beagle, introducing the paperback "Lord of the Rings," asserts, in the furious vocabulary of the old counterculture, "The Sixties were no fouler a decade than the Fifties . . . but they were the years when millions of people grew aware that the industrial society had become paradoxically unlivable, incalculably immoral, and ultimately deadly. In terms of passwords, the Sixties were the time when the word *progress* lost its ancient holiness, and *escape* stopped being comically obscene. [Middle-earth offers] a green alternative to each day's madness here in a poisoned world."

Certainly the contemporary world presented in "The Beginning Place" is poisoned. Hugh Rogers, the hero, works as a checker in Sam's Thrift-E-Mart, in a well-evoked piece of littered suburban sprawl outside an unnamed city. He has seen fields from the highway but cannot find the way to walk to them: "Rubbish of paper and metal and plastic underfoot, the air lashed and staggering with suction winds and the ground shuddering as each truck approached and passed, eardrums battered by noise and nothing to breathe but burnt rubber and diesel fumes. He gave it up after half an hour and tried to get off the freeway, but the suburban streets were divided from the freeway embankment by chainlink fence. . . . The defeat left him shaky and angry, as if he had been assaulted." His home environment, too, in a dreary flat spread of streets called Kensington Heights, is poisoned; his father has deserted, and his mother is an aggrieved nagger whom dutiful Hugh, an only child, helplessly offends—"He knew that it was his deep voice, his size, his big feet and thick fingers, his heavy, sexual body that she couldn't stand, that drove her to the edge." He is twenty, has no friends his age, and his modest dreams are to go to library school and to own a car. One day, he runs from his house in a panic and blunders upon his green alternative, a section of woods where it is strangely quiet and always twilight and a sweet cold little river runs. "This is a good place, Hugh thought. And I got here. I finally got somewhere. I made it." Time passes more slowly here than in the real world: a day equals an hour. Without being missed, he spends more and more time in the "wild, secret place": "It was there, and he could come back to it, the silence that gave words meaning, the center that gave the world a shape." Hugh is lugging camping equipment in, to prolong his stays, when, astoundingly, he finds he is not



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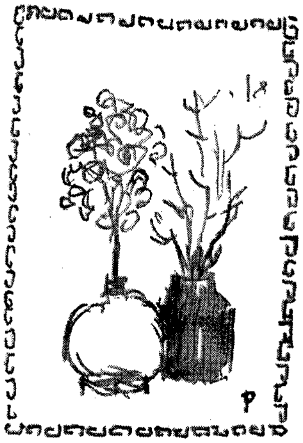
alone: someone has posted a "NO TRESPASSING" sign, and he encounters a girl. Irene Pannis also comes from a poisoned environment: a run-down farm where her dead father has been replaced by a sexually threatening stepfather. She has been visiting the twilit wood, which she thinks of as "the beginning place," or "the ain country," longer than Hugh—since she was thirteen—and knows the language. For the land has inhabitants; a town can be reached by walking the south road, across three rivers, up a steepening way through forests. There, in Tembreabrezi, "the fire was burning in the big hearth of the inn. An excellent perfume of onion, cabbage, and spices pervaded the rooms. Everything was as it had been, as it ought to be, with a couple of improvements to be admired: the floors were covered with a reddish straw matting, instead of sand scattered on the bare wood." The steep streets are stepped and cobbled, and white geese "vague and as if luminous" gabble in a pen by the Mayor's house, which has a dozen gables and dormers and whose "windows, bay and bow, many-paned, lay no two on one level."



The adventure that Irene and Hugh come to share in this storybook village is excitingly told, and so simply, boldly composed of the ancient motifs of curse and quest that any summary would reveal too much. Read as a metaphor of sexuality emerging from masturbatory solitude into the perilous challenge and exchange of heterosexual encounter, "The Beginning Place" is full of just and subtle touches. Both Irene and Hugh first fall in love with images of themselves: Irene is dark, and Hugh is fair, and the objects of their infatuation in Tembreabrezi—the saturnine Master, the fair Allia—exaggerate these aspects. The dragon they must slay—white and wrinkled and blind, hideous and piteous, loud with pain and craving, heavy with viscera—would appear to be our sorry carnality incarnate, with a runny touch of the subconscious chaos, the foul disorder of bad dreams, that threatens to melt Portland in "The Lathe of Heaven" (1971). Mrs. Le Guin is a magisterial imaginer, whose invented realities outrun any rigidly allegorical interpretation. The exact meaning of the fact that Hugh can always get *into* the enchanted realm but gets lost within it and that Irene has trouble getting in but always knows the way and can get *out* eludes me but feels right. The terror that only Hugh fails to experience and the singing that only Irene can produce in this twilight devoid of birdsong are details that command belief without an equation, gathering their own weight within a fairyland that never seems too remote from actual states of mind. Daydream, trance, faith, and passion all exist on the borders of waking thought. Of his mother's interest in occultism, Hugh reflects, "It was screwy, but no screwier than most things people got interested in: baseball scores, aluminum futures, antique medicine bottles, nuclear proliferation, Jesus, politics, health foods, playing the violin." As deftly as she makes the muddled patchwork landscape around Kensington Heights yield a supernatural dell, the author manipulates the four personae her two characters yield: Hugh and Irene in their real, "poisoned" lives, and these same two in Tembreabrezi, where they bear the slightly altered names of Hiuradjas and Irena. In another feat of shading, she turns the "ain country" sinister and malevolent—as solitary sexual dreaming will become—and the polluted real world, returned to at night, in the rain, beautiful: the true beginning place.

This elegant parable of late adolescence fails of credibility only when it presses its moral too earnestly and starts to sound like a marriage manual, forcing Hugh to mumble homilies like "Two people are always sort of responsible for each other." Their first physical union comes on with far too many trumpets: "As he entered her, as she was entered, they came to climax together, and then lay together, mixed and melded, breast against breast and their breath mingled, until he rose in her again and she closed on him, the long pulse of joy enacting them." While not noted for her sexual realism, Flannery O'Connor renders devirgination more fairly in "Wise Blood": "Since the night before was the first time he had slept with any woman, he had not been very successful with Mrs. Watts." The Catholic fantasist sees no need to thump the pulpit here, where Mrs. Le Guin does. "The Beginning Place" delivers its humane message well enough, before its make-believe is coarsened by good intentions.

SPEAKING of Flannery O'Connor, Anne Tyler is now nearing the age of thirty-nine, at which O'Connor died. After the eight inventive, polished novels of American life that the younger woman has produced since 1964, the only question remaining about her talent is: Will it ever, in its scintillating display of plenitude, make a dent as deep in our national self-awareness and literature as that left by the work of O'Connor, and Carson McCullers, and Eudora Welty? For Anne Tyler, in her gifts both of dreaming and of realizing, evokes comparison with these writers, and in her tone and subject matter seems deliberately to seek association with the Southern ambience that, in less cosmopolitan times, they naturally and inevitably breathed. Even their aura of regional isolation is imitated by Miss Tyler as she holds fast, in her imagination and in her person, to a Baltimore with only Southern exits; her characters, when they flee, never flee North. Yet she is a citizen of the world, born in Minneapolis, a graduate student of Russian at Columbia, and now married to a psychiatrist from Iran. The brand names, the fads, the bastardized vistas of our great homogenized nation glint out at us from her fiction with a cheerful authority; nor is there anything stunted about her emotional anthropology—daughterhood, motherhood, sorority, and espousal all find vivid embodiment among her characters, where men are as confidently presented as women, and the range of particularized types is as broad as any in contemporary fiction. Still, her books, their dazzlements subsided, leave an unsettling impression of having been writ in water, or with a cool laser of moonlight. Her latest novel, "Morgan's Passing" (Knopf; $9.95), compounds the faults of her quicksilver virtues, for it has as its heroine a fabricator of puppets, and as hero a man whose life is a succession of poses, struck in a thick beard and an array of funny hats and costumes. If we suspected we were being toyed with before, we know it now.

Halfway through the book, however, with the grudging paragraph above already assembling in the reviewer's head, there came a scene, of a messed-up family plowing through a summer weekend at a tacky beach house on the Delaware shore, that a reader would have to be heartless not

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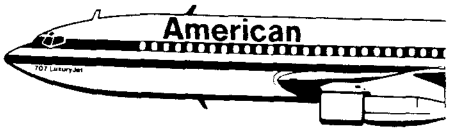

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to love and admire. The impulsively invited guests, the young puppeteers Emily and Leon, arrive, and the host, the middle-aged, costume-wearing hardware-store manager and father of seven daughters Morgan, leads them in:

> He led them up the front steps and into the living room. The house's smell—mildew and kerosene—struck him for the first time as unfriendly. He noticed that the cushions in the rattan chairs were flat as pancakes, soggy-looking, and the rattan itself was coming loose in spirals from the arms. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea. Emily and Leon stared around uncertainly.... Then Emily said, "I brought a camera."
>
> "Eh?" said Morgan. "Oh, a camera!"
>
> "Just a Kodak."
>
> "But that's wonderful!" he said.... He saw that things would be fine after all. (Life was full of these damp little moments of gloom that came and went; they meant nothing.)

It is by means of the snapshots Emily takes on this soggy, confused weekend, and later sends him, that Morgan confronts at last his love for her. It is by means of faithfully, modestly rendering life's minute ups and downs, its damp and sunny patches, and its trailing wisps of meaninglessness that Anne Tyler expresses her sense of reality. "Morgan's Passing" is a novel without a crisis. Like Mrs. Le Guin's "The Beginning Place," it concerns the union of a man and a woman achieved in an unpropitious world, out of unlikely beginnings; but when Emily and Morgan confront their particular dragon—the married state they are both already in—the dragon does not so much fall as melt away, as their spouses obligingly accede and a shifted cast of characters resumes life much as it was before: fitful, zany, wistful, tender, and somehow hollow.

Puppetry, as announced by Brookie Maxwell's charming dust jacket, is the dominant metaphor. The descriptions of Emily's fond puppet-making remind us of Jeremy Pauling's papery sculpture in "Celestial Navigation," not to mention Miss Tyler's own light-fingered artistry. Much of the action in this novel of eccentric behavior has the abruptness of a Punch-and-Judy show: a rejected husband walks fully clothed into the sea; a three-wheeled mail truck runs over a man's leg as he is stretched beneath his car; a senile mother mistakes her middle-aged son for a burglar. Emily has begun her married life with Leon among a troupe of young actors to whom "everything was a skit." Morgan's daily life, in which he goes about impersonating a doctor, a priest, a shoemaker, or a post-

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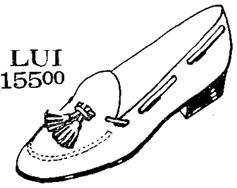

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man, is a succession of skits. His improvising, good-natured wife, Bonny, uses Magic Markers to color bare spots in their rugs and furniture, so that he feels "he was living in one of those crayoned paper houses that the twins used to make." Emily keeps her baby in a cardboard box. Morgan advises his daughter to organize her belongings in a cardboard box. He feels that in his household there are "always threads and tangles trailing," and notes that his wife's clothes are held together with safety pins and Scotch Tape. Both Morgan and Emily are puppeteers; she literally and he in his way of casting himself and people he meets in swiftly imagined roles. "We're not who you imagine," Emily protests to him. But she too lives in a fabricated world. When she visits her kinfolk in the South, she sees them sitting on the sofa "abandoned, sagging, like large cloth dolls." When her cousin's husband, Claude, reaches up to pat her on the shoulder, "the rest of him stayed sunk in the cushions; his arm seemed disproportionately long and distant from his body"—a puppet's gesture, that. The first time she sees Morgan, wearing a pointy red ski cap, he "really could have been someone from a fairytale . . . the troll, the goblin." As she gets to know him and his guises better, she thinks "he could have stepped into a puppet show and not been out of place." And when he looks at her, "she looked beautifully remote to him, so distinct from everyone else that she seemed smaller even than the children." Held in his arms, "her body was so thin and pliant that it always seemed he was missing something, leaving a part of it behind." When she runs, her legs "flew out like sticks," and another character complains to her, "You always act so *wooden*." In bed, she feels like a puppet to herself: "At night in bed, she never lost her surprise at finding herself alongside this bearded man, this completely other person. She felt drawn to him by something far outside herself—by strings that pulled her, by ropes."

The passage continues, with an erotic expressiveness unusual for Miss Tyler, "Waking in the dark, she rolled toward him with a kind of stunned sensation. She was conscious of their two surfaces meeting noticeably: oil and water." (How fine that "noticeably" is!) The peculiar otherness that is one of love's preconditions, emphasized in "The Beginning Place," figures here also; the puppets are opaque to each other. Morgan "couldn't imagine what it felt like to be Emily,"

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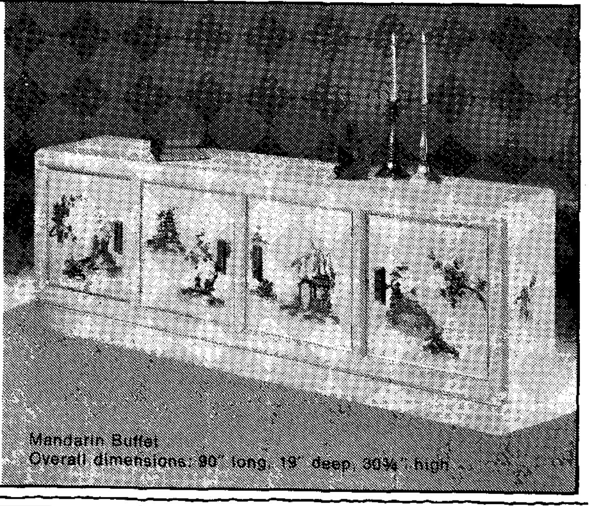
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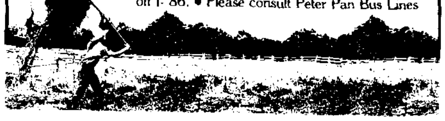

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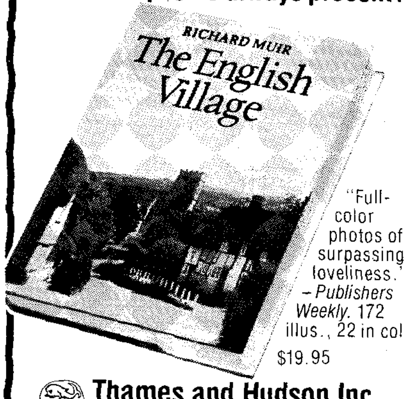

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and she listens solemnly, "unsmiling, trying to figure him out," to some jokey noises he has left on a tape recorder. She is later told, "He only feels he's real when he's in other people's eyes." He is sometimes left feeling "emptied" and insists of his life, "It's come to nothing. It's come to nothing." He complains, "Somehow it's as if this were all a story, just something that happened to somebody else. It's as if I'm watching from outside, mildly curious, thinking, So this is what kind of life it is, eh?" There is a certain melancholy in "Morgan's Passing"—the puppetmaster's ennui. Emily announces more than once, "I'm tired of puppets." The lovers collapse together as if in rebellious weary recoil from so much strenuous "imagining things." And it is tempting to ascribe some of this fatigue to Miss Tyler herself, in a work so forcedly buoyant, so scattered and manic in its episodes, so enigmatic and—dare we say?—fey in its central character. Though we are admitted to Morgan's head now and then, we never hear him talking to himself in the level, calculating voice that would make his "act" plausible, as the strategy of a sane masculine person. Though many amusing episodes, Baltimore blocks, and shrewd home truths are winningly mustered, the scenes dance before our eyes; we rarely feel *in* them, as we do for some pages of seaside awkwardness, or during a Quaker meeting that Emily attends in her home town, or whenever a young child appears on the page. Miss Tyler's first novel, "If Morning Ever Comes," like "Morgan's Passing" shows an unlikely mating dance, and a houseful of women—six daughters instead of Morgan's seven—which the man of the house abandons, with eerily slight consequences. Both books concern home and running away from home, travelling light and enduring clutter—the two comic alternatives in Miss Tyler's America. The first novel, written when the author was only twenty-two, is prodigiously skillful, and calm in its skills; nothing of the virtuoso manipulator disturbs its steady and finally moving delineation of a marital commitment as it grows within a young man who, like Morgan (and like Hugh), doesn't quite know who he is. We feel—in the phrase of Warner Berthoff, in his rueful study of postwar American writing "A Literature Without Qualities"—"that the writer's own most intimate apprehension of life stands directly behind everything presented." The most intimate apprehen-

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sion behind "Morgan's Passing" seems to be a jauntily oblique unease about puppetry, fiction, and the like.

Still, what a magical puppeteer this writer remains! She snaps her minor characters onto the stage with a verve that makes us laugh:

> She was a small, hunched old lady with hair that was still jet black; it was held flat with tortoise-shell combs from which it crinkled and bucked like something powerful.
>
> His name was Jim. He had the flat, beige face of a department-store mannequin, and he seemed overly fond of crew-necked sweaters.
>
> The salesgirl, awkward on her platform sandals as some frail, hoofed animal, hung in the background, clutching one elbow.

This is O'Connor cartooning without the cruelty, without the pinpoint tunnel to Jesus at the end of all perspectives. With no obvious faith and no apparent paranoia to give her vision impetus, Anne Tyler continues to look close, and to fabricate, out of the cardboard and Magic Markers available to the festive imagination, images of the illusory lives we lead. More than that it would be unkind to ask, did we not imagine, from the scope of the gift displayed, that something of that gift is still being withheld. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HARDCASTLE, by John Yount (Marek; $10.95). The title and the dust jacket—a depiction, in smeary blacks, of a steep, slipshod Appalachian mining town, circa 1930—do not prepare the reader for the gentleness and the generosity that illuminate this story of such a town and time. The central characters are two men and two women: a starving and penniless traveller; the mother and son who take him in, feed him up, and get him well-paying work, in partnership with the son, as a mine guard; and a young widow whose husband was shot down by a mine guard after he tried to steal a kerchief for her from the commissary. When the two men (whose job is essentially to instill fear in the hearts of disgruntled miners) have a chance to turn in some union organizers, they turn in their badges instead; the mining company takes revenge on them (and on the union) by evicting dozens of families from company houses, loading them onto trucks, and dumping them on the rebels' doorstep. The task of feeding and sheltering this crowd is staggering, and the story of how the four people attempt it is one of terrific courage and cleverness, but what makes the story exceptional is the passages that record how the four become fast friends over nursing a sick child, dining on rabbit stew, training a giddy coon hound, cleaning an ancient gun—work that, performed with patience and pride, suddenly makes their hard lot seem not just a shame but a crime.

INNOCENT BLOOD, by P. D. James (Scribners; $10.95). Miss James sets a generous table here: plot enough to satisfy the most Victorian taste, and enough violence and psychopathology to please an Elizabethan, or even a television viewer. There is strangulation, suicide, death by automobile and cancer, blindness, the rape of a child, the mutilation of a dead body, a battered child, sterility, a variety of incest, revenge. Plus a happy ending. There is also much fashionable rue, and the posing of a fashionable question: Is it environment or heredity that most shapes the human personality? The story involves the brilliant young adopted daughter of a prominent London sociologist, her discovery that her mother is in prison for murdering a child, her meeting with her mother upon her release on parole, her attempt to realize a normal filial relationship—and all the while the father of the mother's victim patiently stalks the two women with a knife. Miss James has entertained us often and exceedingly well in the past, but this long and high-strung novel carries the uncomfortable weight of "seriousness." Shakespearean tags drop from every tongue, and even the humblest characters are sensitive to art and church architecture. And the writing: "The minds of her generation were patterned like nursery wallpaper with images of death; violence lay around their cradles." Graham Greene has a lot to answer for. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

GENERAL

THE ENGLISH VILLAGE, by Richard Muir (Thames & Hudson; $19.95). An exceptional survey of the English village, from the Stone Age to the near future. After a few pages of linguistic and archeological background, the reader is treated to a spread of color plates: a picture-

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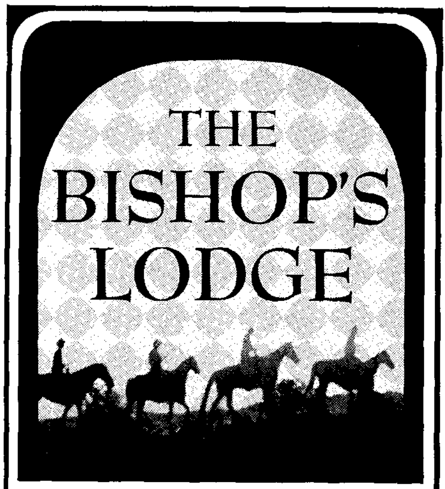
Viking

Most of the text first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

perfect Northamptonshire village built of "the magnificent local oolite;" a Cambridgeshire church built of "the pale local chalk clunch;" a Berkshire cottage called Watercress Lodge, with a green door, whitewashed walls, dark-brown thatch, and a fine old gent posed on the sill; and nineteen additional idyllic views illustrating a theme to which the author repeatedly returns—that while a village rarely remains unchanged for longer than a human lifetime, its buildings may last for centuries, and its name for as long as anyone needs to know it. Mr. Muir, a Yorkshire geographer whose interest in villages dates from his days as a reporter for the *Pateley Bridge & Nidderdale Herald*, establishes some familiar historical landmarks—the Saxon invasion, the Black Death, Parliamentary Enclosure, and the First World War are accorded equal rank as forces of general upheaval—and fills in the intervening expanses with crowds of unusual details, from the bizarre duties of a feudal ale taster (sitting in a puddle of brew for half an hour to test its sugar content) to the backbreaking labor borne by a farmer's child in the late nineteenth century (picking stones, setting out potatoes, singling turnips, scaring birds, spreading muck), closing with a sombre evaluation of the village's prospects, as the oldest houses are snatched up by affluent commuters and the local folk are once again compelled to move along—this time to flimsy flats in town.

SHERMAN'S MARCH, by Burke Davis (Random House; $12.95). A retelling of the terrible march through Georgia—and the Carolinas—which, as much as anything, brought an end to the Civil War and made General William Tecumseh Sherman at once one of the greatest heroes and one of the greatest villains in this nation's history. What gives this narrative its unusual richness is the author's collation of hundreds of eyewitness accounts. When a farm is plundered or a plantation put to the torch, we are told whose farm and which plantation, and the actions are described in the words, often picturesque and often eloquent, of those who were there, either as participants—Union soldiers, Confederate soldiers—in the fighting and destruction or as victims of Sherman's frank vow to "make Georgia howl." Mr. Davis intercuts these scenes with closeups



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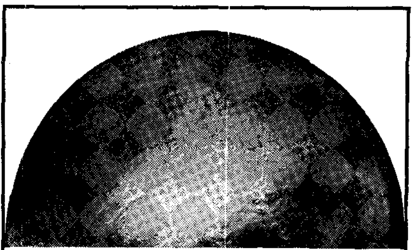

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of the chief actors in this nightmarish drama, and he also manages to give us a coherent historical account of the whole episode. A powerful illustration of the proposition put forth in Sherman's most famous remark.

WHITNEY FATHER, WHITNEY HEIRESS, by W. A. Swanberg (Scribners; $17.50). This is an absorbing book, because, apart from the biographer's professional skills, his subjects are at once complex and attractive—the father mysterious, the daughter candid. William Collins Whitney (1841-1904), a lawyer and politician, married money and, after superb service as Secretary of the Navy during Cleveland's first term, set out to make a fortune of his own. He did so by using his Tammany connections to obtain a near-monopoly of New York City's public-transportation franchises, proceeding to water stock in his transit corporations, and retiring in time to let the investors go broke. Whitney's business morals seem to have little connection with the rest of his thoughtful and responsive personality, but a man who managed to be on the best of terms with both Mrs. Astor and Boss Croker must have had many faces, or, perhaps, many masks. The book's other protagonist, his youngest child, Dorothy (1887-1968), lost her mother when she was six and her father when she was seventeen. Her guardian was her oldest brother, Harry Payne Whitney, a society sportsman, who could do nothing but observe as Dorothy—atypically for her time and class—developed a knowledgeable social conscience; along with the expected careers of marriage, motherhood, and art appreciation, she helped found and support such institutions as the New School for Social Research, the *New Republic*, and, in England, the progressive school at Dartington Hall. It is plain that Mr. Swanberg has a bit of a crush on Dorothy, but so—for reasons he makes clear—did practically everyone who knew her.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR, by Harrison Salisbury (Times; $17.50). An insider's narrative of the New York *Times*' role in the past twenty-five years of American life. Arguing that the *Times* has become a virtual branch of government, Mr. Salisbury offers a detailed account of the *Times*' victory in the Pentagon Papers case, which, he asserts, led to the Watergate investigation and to

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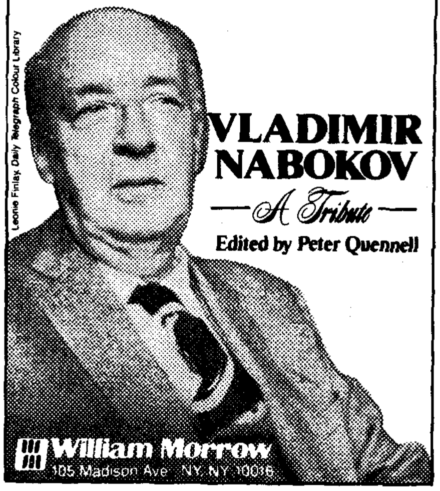
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the fall of the Nixon Administration, and relates these matters to the other social and political convulsions of the time—the civil-rights struggle, the protests against the war in Vietnam, and so on. The result is a broad study of postwar America as well as an intimate view of the workings of a powerful newspaper.

NOTE: Anthony Bailey's "Acts of Union: Reports on Ireland, 1973-79," most of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House ($8.95). . . . "The Search for Life on Mars: Evolution of an Idea," by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr., has been published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston ($10.95). The contents were first printed in these pages. . . . "Laughing in the Hills," Bill Barich's account of a season at a race track, has been published by Viking ($10.95). Much of the contents *originally appeared here, in* somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NO MORE MONDAY MORNINGS, by C. P. Crow (Viking; $9.95). Jake Stratton, an amiably discontented Manhattan public-relations man from Texas, is understandably curious when he receives a series of insistent offers for a ten-acre piece of rocky woodland that he owns upstate, in Columbia County. A quiet investigation turns up an unsavory C.I.A.-underworld alliance—and thereby, to Stratton's nimble Sun Belt wits, a chance to make a financial killing that will relieve him forevermore of the curse of blue Monday. Mr. Crow is a lively writer, full of invention and teasing suspense, and it is a measure of his dexterity that he finds it unnecessary to spill a single drop of blood. His version of the ancient gratification of seeing the tricker tricked is vicarious satisfaction of the purest kind.

•

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He said the plane was named after his mother, Enola Gay Tibbets, " 'cause I knew this plane would go down in history. And I wanted to name it for my mother, who was the only one to encourage me to fly."—*Section B, page 12.*

Before coming to Tucson, all four met and talked at length with Tibbets. The captain was 29 when he led his crew over Japan. The Enola Gay was named for his mother, who had always discouraged her son from pursuing flying.—*Section 1, page 1, same issue.*

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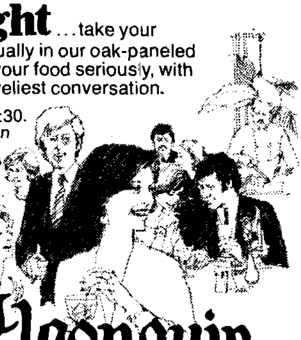
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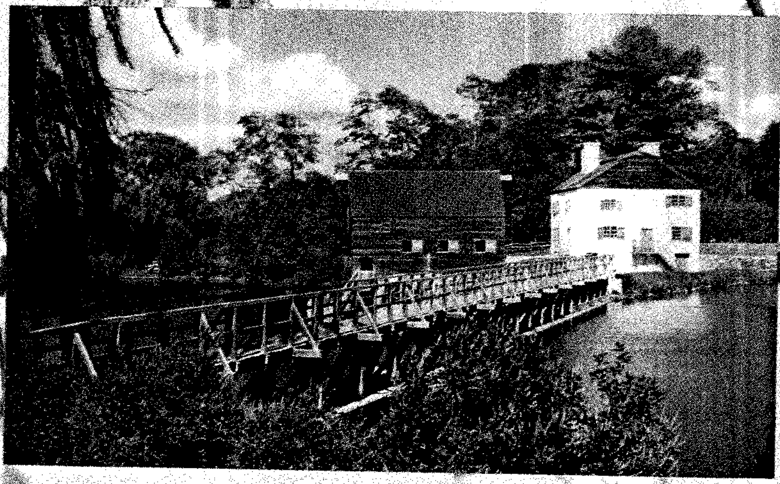

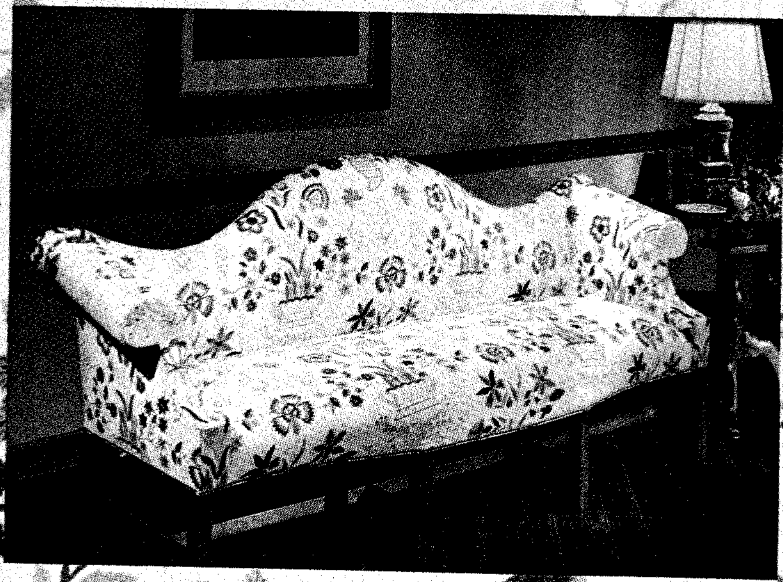

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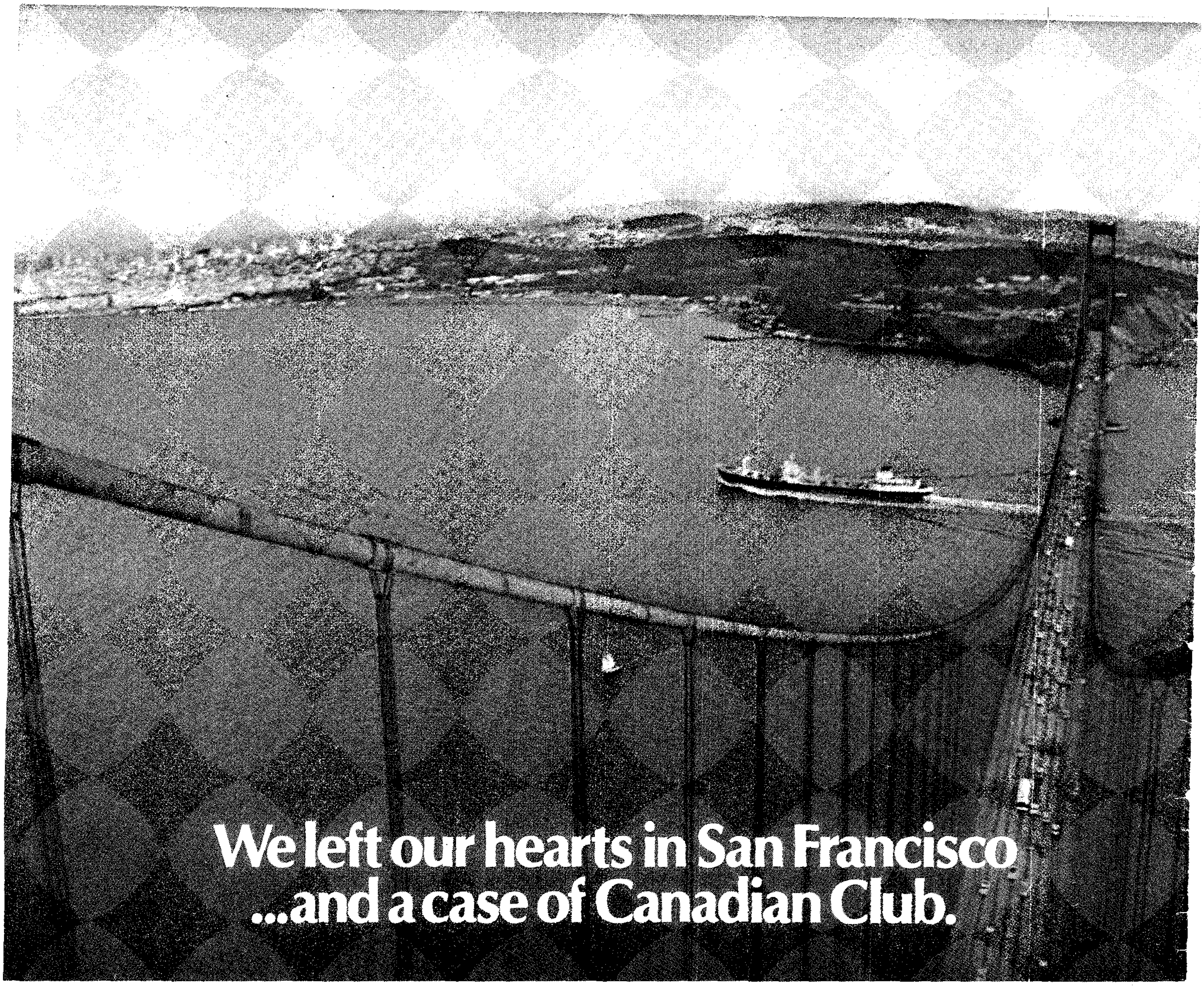
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